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OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

EDITED BY

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, K.G.

ASSISTED BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

HUNTING

PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
LONDON



SPOTTISWOODE & Co. LITH., LONDON.

IN THE BADMINTON COUNTRY

HUNTING

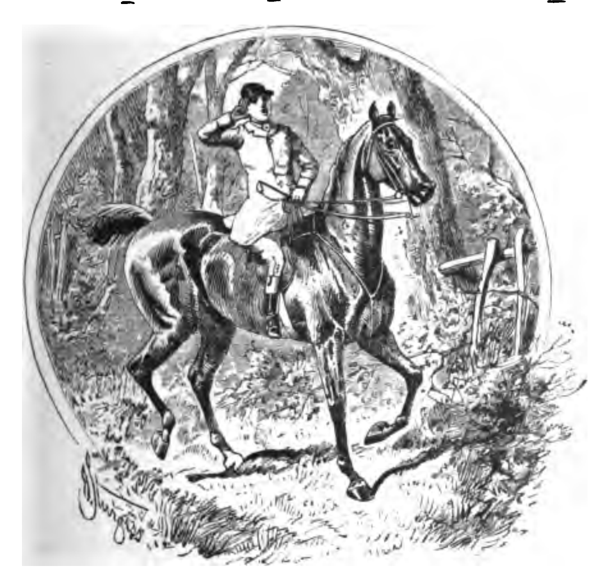
BY HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, K.G.

AND

MOWBRAY MORRIS

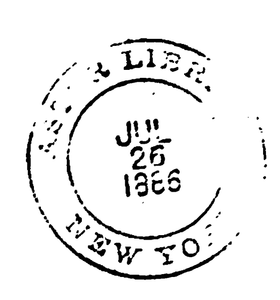
WITH CONTRIBUTIONS BY THE EARL OF SUFFOLK AND BERKSHIRE
REV. E. W. L. DAVIES, DIGBY COLLINS, AND ALFRED E. T. WATSON



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS by J. STURGESS and J. CHARLTON

SECOND EDITION

LONDON
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1886



DEDICATION

TO

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

BADMINTON: *October* 1885.

HAVING received permission to dedicate these volumes, the BADMINTON LIBRARY of SPORTS and PASTIMES, to HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, I do so feeling that I am dedicating them to one of the best and keenest sportsmen of our time. I can say, from personal observation, that there is no man who can extricate himself from a bustling and pushing crowd of horsemen, when a fox breaks covert, more dexterously and quickly than His Royal Highness; and that when hounds run hard over a big country, no man can take a line of his own and live with them better. Also, when the wind has been blowing hard, often have I seen His Royal Highness knocking over driven grouse and partridges and high-rocketing pheasants in first-rate

workmanlike style. He is held to be a good yachtsman, and as Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron is looked up to by those who love that pleasant and exhilarating pastime. His encouragement of racing is well known, and his attendance at the University, Public School, and other important Matches testifies to his being, like most English gentlemen, fond of all manly sports. I consider it a great privilege to be allowed to dedicate these volumes to so eminent a sportsman as His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and I do so with sincere feelings of respect and esteem and loyal devotion.

BEAUFORT.

PREFACE.

A FEW LINES only are necessary to explain the objcct with which these volumes are put forth. There is no modern encyclopædia to which the inexperienced man, who seeks guidance in the practice of the various British Sports and Pastimes, can turn for information. Some books there are on Hunting, some on Racing, some on Lawn Tennis, some on Fishing, and so on ; but one Library, or succession of volumes, which treats of the Sports and Pastimes indulged in by Englishmen—and women—is wanting. The Badminton Library is offered to supply the want. Of the imperfections which must be found in the execution of such a design we are conscious. Experts often differ. But this we may say, that those who are seeking for knowledge on any of the subjects dealt with will find the result of many years' experience written by men who are in every case adepts at the Sport or Pastime of which they write. It is to

point the way to success to those who are ignorant of the sciences they aspire to master, and who have no friend to help or coach them, that these volumes are written.

To those who have worked hard to place simply and clearly before the reader that which he will find within, the best thanks of the Editor are due. That it has been no slight labour to supervise all that has been written he must acknowledge; but it has been a labour of love, and very much lightened by the courtesy of the Publisher, by the unflinching, indefatigable assistance of the Sub-Editor, and by the intelligent and able arrangement of each subject by the various writers, who are so thoroughly masters of the subjects of which they treat. The reward we all hope to reap is that our work may prove useful to this and future generations.

THE EDITOR.

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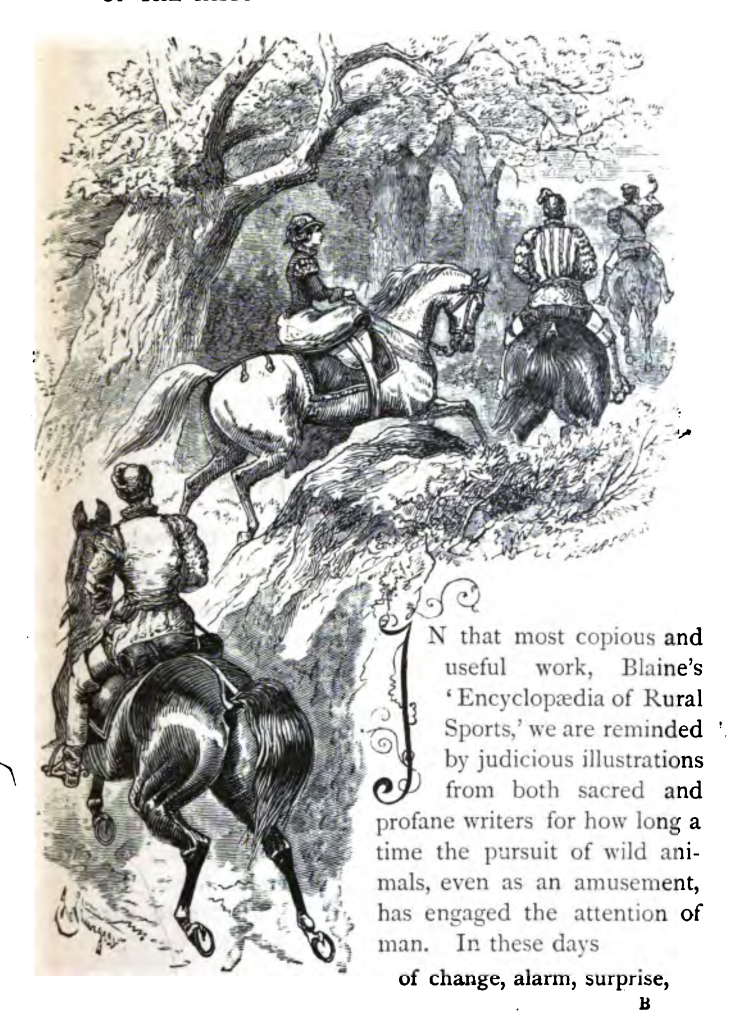
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CHAPTER I.

OF THE HISTORY AND LITERATURE OF HUNTING.



IN that most copious and useful work, Blaine's 'Encyclopædia of Rural Sports,' we are reminded by judicious illustrations from both sacred and profane writers for how long a time the pursuit of wild animals, even as an amusement, has engaged the attention of man. In these days of change, alarm, surprise,

when the brutality of field-sports is being denounced with so much eloquence and energy that one cannot but wonder how the world has remained unconvinced through so many years, it is, perhaps, idle to speculate how much longer our attention will be suffered to employ itself on a pastime which so many wise men have agreed to brand as wanton and debasing. A sort of melancholy pleasure, therefore, has attended the researches into which our studies have led us. 'Still distant the day,' about a quarter of a century ago sang Egerton Warburton, that Homer of the hunting-field,

> Still distant the day, yet in ages to come,
> When the gorse is uprooted, the foxhound is dumb.

When that race of 'harmless vegetarians,' for whom Mr. Froude anticipates the mastery of the world, shall have come into their kingdom, then Nimrod will no doubt be dead as Pan, and the sports of the field as much an old-world story as the 'bloody laws' of the Roman circus. Those days, however, are not yet. This pious crusade against sport is, after all, no new thing. Even in this small matter we are not really refining on the morals and manners of our fathers.

> The man who plants cabbages imitates, too!

That member for County Waterford, who, as he himself has told us from his place in Parliament, once and only once joined in the cruel game, and then on the side not of the hunters but the hunted—does not he find his prototype in Master Harry Sandford, whose valorous defiance of a whole field of brutal huntsmen brought a horsewhip across his shoulders, and tears into our ingenuous eyes? Nay, we may go farther back still; we may go back to the eleventh century, and to Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, of whom we read in Mr. Green's 'History of the English People,' that when once a hunted hare took refuge under his horse, 'his gentle voice grew loud as he forbade the huntsmen to stir in the chase while the creature darted off again to the woods.'

As to speak of hunting, then, in the future may seem but

a vain thing, so the more excuse may there be for gathering up into one convenient compass the scattered records of its ancient and honourable past. That we shall find anything new to say of it either historically or, if the word may serve, scientifically, we may hardly hope. Though it is certainly true, as Gervase Markham observed on a somewhat similar occasion, that 'Time (which is the mother of experience) doth in our labours show us more new and more nearer ways to our ends than at the first we conceive,' still, since he discoursed on the arts of hunting and of 'riding great horses,' so many men have followed in his steps, that it would be a bold spirit indeed who should sit down now to such a theme with the assurance that he had anything fresh to offer either to the knowledge of the veteran or the curiosity of the tyro. A 'Country Gentleman,' writing little more than a century ago, found himself constrained to admit, 'there hath already (by many well-experienced men) been so much written of this subject that I know not well what to write, except I should in some sort repeat another man's tale.' Nevertheless the literature of hunting is of many kinds. To present in a convenient shape the best, to use the fashionable phrase of criticism, of all that has been thought and said on the subject, is the prime purpose of our book. If so far we shall be held in some sort to have succeeded, we shall trust to be excused for having added one more to the many volumes that have been written on a sport which one of its most honourable chroniclers has declared to be 'most royal for the stateliness thereof, most artificial for the wisdom and cunning thereof, and most manly and warlike for the use and endurance thereof.'

We do not propose to begin, as children love to have their stories told them, at the very beginning. Writers of all sorts and conditions, from the gravest, have not disdained to record the pleasures of the chase, and to expound its mysteries. From Xenophon to Major Whyte-Melville, from Oppian to Mr. Bromley-Davenport, from Dame Juliana Berners to the curious individual known to men and columns as 'Ouida,' the list is

indeed a long and varied one. To exhaust it would involve a demand upon space and time scarce less, if less at all, than that which would have been required by Mr. Caxton's 'History of Human Error,' had that immortal though unwritten work been ever released from the brain of its illustrious projector. Attractive, therefore, as it might be to turn the eyes of the imagination backward o'er the 'abyss of time' to Xenophon putting his precepts into practice among the hares he loved so well to follow in his quiet Elean home; or side by side with Synesius, the squire-bishop of Cyrene, to chase the ostrich or the antelope through the heavy African sands; we propose to resist the attraction, and to confine ourselves to the history of the chase as followed and recorded within our own islands; starting from the time when it began to be regarded rather as a recreation than as a means for supplying what Mr. Matthew Arnold has eloquently styled the 'great first needs of our poor mortality—lodging, food, and raiment.' It is possible that our readers may be inclined not to regret our self-denial.

Beckford, in the introductory chapter to his 'Thoughts on Hunting,' observes that Somerville is the only man, so far as he knows, 'who has written on this subject so as to be understood;' an observation supported by the preface to the edition of 1820, in which it is stated with amazing effrontery or ignorance, that 'till Mr. Beckford's book appeared no work on the subject of hunting had been published, except an anonymous publication in 1733, entitled "An Essay on Hunting."' This is a cruel slur on some most worthy men and amusing writers. Indeed, the early masters of the 'Noble Art of Venerie,' as they mostly delight to style their favourite pastime, are in their way as quaint and entertaining companions as a man not too steadily serious, to use Johnson's phrase, need wish to pass an idle hour with. Their style is, no doubt, not exactly Addisonian; their spelling is somewhat arbitrary; the entertainment they provide is apt on occasion to take a form of expression contrary to the modern code of good manners. Let it be

granted, too, that one would hardly go to them now for instruction, though as a matter of fact the first principles of the craft have changed but little since their day; we may teach differently, but we teach pretty much the same doctrine. Still, they were quite as keen about their business as Somerville, and, allowing for the inevitable change of years, knew quite as much about it. And, certainly, they are very much more amusing than Somerville, if not quite so classical as is that erudite squire.

'The earliest manuscript on hunting I have met with,' says Strutt, in his 'Sports and Pastimes of the People of England,' 'is one in the Cotton Library at the British Museum, written at the commencement of the fourteenth century.' The manuscript Strutt saw was an English version of a French treatise, according to a note in Warton's 'History of English Poetry' at that time in the possession of a Mr. Farmor, of Tusmor in Oxfordshire. Its full title was as follows: 'Art de Venerie le quel Maistre Guillaume Twici venour le Roy d'Angleterre fist en son temps per Aprandre autres.' This Master William Twici was huntsman to Edward II. The King, as became a royal sportsman, had another 'Maister of the Game,' an Englishman, one John Gyfford, and he it was who made the translation of the Frenchman's treatise that Strutt saw. A second translation, or rather a rescript of the first with additions, was made later by Henry IV.'s huntsman, for the special edification of that 'imp of fame,' Harry of Monmouth, Prince of Wales. This may be identical with the 'Maister of the Game,' to be mentioned later, but neither Strutt nor 'Cecil' (who, in his 'Records of the Chase,' quotes largely from it) makes this clear. From the extracts the latter gives, it is, however, evident that the writer, whether the Duke of York or another, had carefully studied his predecessor's work.

Next we come to the treatise popularly ascribed to Dame Juliana Berners, of pious and immortal, if somewhat apocryphal memory, and included in the famous 'Boke of St. Albans,' so called from having been printed at that town in 1486. A cloud

of mystery hung for a long while over the lady and her work, nor indeed has it ever been wholly cleared away. Her name has been variously printed as Barnes, Bernes and Berners. Even her sex was for a time doubtful, for Baker, in his Chronicles, supposing Julyan (as her Christian name was originally printed) must needs be a man's name, describes the worthy prioress as 'a gentleman of excellent gifts, who wrote certain treatises of Hawking and Hunting.' Nor is her share in 'The Boke' known for certain. By earlier authorities she was held to have been responsible for all three divisions of the volume, Hawking, Hunting, and Heraldry; by the latest, Mr. William Blades (in the preface to his edition of 'The Boke' published in 1881), she is dismissed with sad contempt as having 'probably lived at the beginning of the fifteenth century, and possibly compiled from existing MSS. some rhymes on hunting.' Yet, as a matter of fact, this is all that a strictly conscientious historian can permit himself to say about her. Down to a late period she was popularly supposed to have presided over Sopwell Nunnery in Hertfordshire, a house founded about 1140 under the rule of St. Benedict, and subject to the Abbot of St. Albans; subject indeed in late years after a fashion not contemplated, let us hope, by its original founders. This conjecture, one would have thought, might have rendered her authorship of a book on field sports, to say the least, somewhat problematical. But the obstacle was satisfactorily removed by the further supposition that our dame's youth was passed at Court, where she would naturally have joined in all fashionable amusements. Unfortunately for the history-makers, Mr. Blades has pointed out that in the lists of the Prioresses of Sopwell for the fifteenth century no such name as Barnes or Berners is to be found. He also mentions another curious fact on the authority of Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, which may possibly help to explain the mystery, though he does not precisely venture to say so. It seems that men called *Berners* were employed by the sportsmen of that century to wait upon them with relays of horses—second horsemen, in fact—and also to feed the hounds.

Somewhere between these two comes 'The Maister of the Game,' not mentioned by Strutt, but a copy of which 'Cecil' says he had seen in the possession of a Mr. Richard Dansey, of Herefordshire. He supposes it to have been written by Edmund de Langley, Duke of York, son of Edward III., who was noted among his contemporaries for his delight and skill in hunting and hawking, and was made by his father, as Harding tells us in his Chronicle,

> Maister of the mewhouse, and of hawkes feire,
> Of his Venerie, and maister of his game.

From the extracts quoted by 'Cecil' it seems to be superior in point of style to Twici's work, and also more exhaustive and practical, but to those extracts our knowledge is confined.

In the following century our bibliography appears to have been enriched by only two writers, George Turberville, and Sir Thomas Cockaine. Of the latter history is silent, but Turberville, or Tuberville, was a personage of some note, a poet and diplomatist, as well as a sportsman. He was educated at Winchester, and at New College, of which he was a Fellow. He went to Russia as secretary to Randolph, Elizabeth's famous ambassador, and published a poetical description of that country, besides other volumes of verse, songs, sonnets, and translations. Anthony Wood in his 'Athenæ Oxonienses' describes him as a most accomplished gentleman, and 'much admired for his excellencies in the art of poetry.'

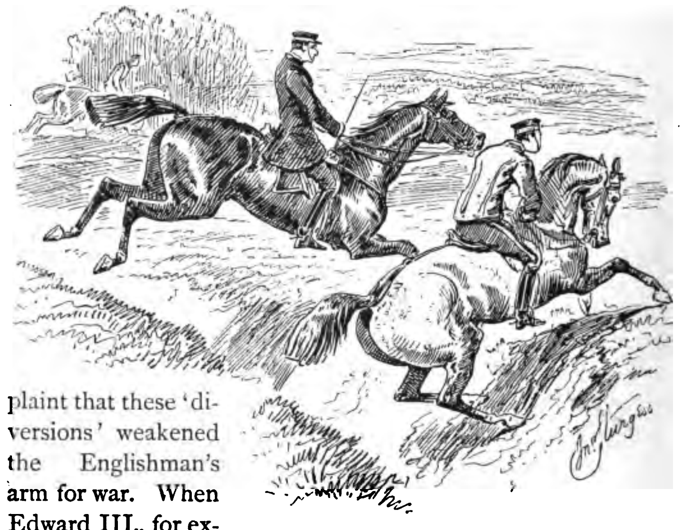
As far as we have got hitherto, there is certainly some colour for Beckford's contemptuous dismissal of all writers before Somerville. It is certainly not easy to gather from these books any very precise idea of the way our forefathers took their pleasure in the field. Turberville's and Cockaine's—the latter but a small pamphlet—are worth looking at chiefly for the quaintness of the woodcuts, and also of their language. Twici busies himself chiefly with the different notes to be sounded on the horn, according to the game being hunted and the state of the chase; but he also gives the names of the various beasts

that are legitimate objects of sport, and some directions for blooding the hounds and breaking up the game, the huntsman being particularly warned against giving any part of the fox to the hounds, 'for it is not good for them.' Dame Juliana, or whoever is to be credited with the book that goes under her name, has practically done little more than put into doggrel rhyme the precepts of Twici and his English translator, though the rhymester quotes the legendary authority of Sir Tristram, who seems to have been regarded in those days as the particular patron of huntsmen; we find Cockaine, for example, gravely asserting that 'it hath been long received for a truth that Sir Tristram, one of King Arthure's knights, was the first writer and as it were founder of the honourable and delightful sport of hunting.' They have their own interest, all these works, but the interest is one which appeals rather to the antiquarian than the sportsman. They tell the latter little, and it is hard to imagine that they can have told their own contemporaries very much.

Our knowledge of what we may call the dark ages of hunting is derived mainly from the indefatigable Strutt, who has, if we may employ a sporting metaphor, drawn all sorts of coverts which up to that time had been undisturbed, and but for him had very likely remained so to this day. It is true that what he has contrived to unearth is not very much, but it is something; it gives us some idea of the estimation in which hunting was held by our remote ancestors, if not very much of the way in which it was pursued. He found, for example, that Alfred the Great, that pious and learned king, was a 'most expert and active hunter, and excelled in all the branches of that most noble art, to which he applied with incessant labour and amazing success.' While the Danes ruled in England the sport began to be fenced about with certain restrictions tending to confine it to the upper classes, though Canute, who also prohibited all hunting and hawking on the Sabbath, while rigorously forbidding all trespass on the royal hunting-grounds, allowed each man to disport himself at will on his own. Any violation of these restric-

tions was severely punished, in certain cases with death. These game-laws were in existence at any rate down to the time of John, and lost, we may be sure, none of their rigour under the Norman rule. Hunting was then pre-eminently a royal pastime. Even Edward the Confessor, who abhorred all secular amusements, made an exception in favour of the chase both with hound and hawk. He took the greatest delight, says Strutt, quoting William of Malmesbury, 'to follow a pack of swift hounds in pursuit of game, and to cheer them with his voice.' Everyone knows the cruel measures taken by the Conqueror to make and stock the royal hunting-grounds, an example followed, though in a less brutal degree, by his son Henry, who made the great park at Woodstock, and walled it round with seven miles of stone; wherein after him his nephew, the first of our Plantagenet kings, kept, if history speak truth, other game than stag and boar. Gradually the great nobles followed suit. Henry, Earl of Warwick, made a park at Wedgenoke, and others began to inclose ground in various parts of the country, without much regard to the rights of the commons. A contemporary writer, John of Salisbury, gives a gloomy picture of the height to which the ruling passion had grown, and of the hardships to which the lower classes were subject for their rulers' pleasure. 'In our time,' he says, 'hunting and hawking are esteemed the most honourable employments and most excellent virtues by our nobility, and they think it the height of worldly felicity to spend the whole of their time in these diversions; accordingly they prepare for them with more solicitude, expense, and parade, than they do for war; and pursue the wild beasts with greater fury than they do the enemies of their country. By constantly following this way of life they lose much of their humanity, and become as savage nearly as the very beasts they hunt. Husbandmen, with their harmless herds and flocks, are driven from their well-cultivated fields, their meadows and their pastures, that wild beasts may range in them without interruption.' And he then gives the following piece of advice to all whom it may concern: 'If one

of these great and merciless hunters shall pass by your habitation, bring forth hastily all the refreshment you have in your house, or that you can readily buy or borrow from your neighbours; that you may not be involved in ruin, or even accused of treason.' This refreshing practice is, happily, still much in vogue, though not from the same interested motives. Perhaps the worthy chronicler did not disdain a little to overcolour his picture, after the fashion of sundry good souls of our own day. History, at any rate, hardly bears out the complaint that these 'diversions' weakened the Englishman's arm for war. When Edward III., for example, was engaged in his French wars, he had always with him in the field sixty couple of stag-hounds and as many harriers, with which he diverted himself when not more sternly engaged—a practice followed, we may add, though in less royal fashion, by a still greater conqueror than Edward, for throughout the Peninsula campaign Wellington always kept a pack of hounds at headquarters, and chased the foxes quite as vigorously and successfully as he did the French. But there is no doubt that



'Chased the fox as vigorously as he did the French.

hunting, as then enjoyed by the upper classes, entailed much suffering and oppression on the lower. The clergy were particular offenders. By a charter of Henry III. archbishops and bishops were allowed, when travelling through the royal forests, on the King's service, to kill two deer under certain conditions. In time their permission came to be construed more largely, and the priest grew as mighty a hunter as the baron. Chaucer has many a hit at this unclerical practice. In the Prologue to his 'Canterbury Tales' the monk is described as—

> A fayre for the maistrie,
> An outrider that loved venerie;
> A manly man to bell an abbot able.
> Full many a deinte hors hadde he in stable.
>
> . . . .
>
> Therefore he was a prickasoure a right:
> Greihoundes he hadde as swift as foul of flight:
> Of pricking and of hunting for the hare
> Was all his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.

Again, in the 'Ploughman's Tale,' if that be truly Chaucer's, which is specially directed against the luxury and loose living of the clergy, it is laid among the monk's malpractices that he will

> ride on courses as a knight
> With hawkis and with houndis eke,

and that,

> He mote go hunte with dogge and bich
> And blowen his horne and cryin Hey.

Of a certain Walter, bishop of Rochester in the thirteenth century, Strutt tells us that 'he was an excellent hunter, and so fond of the sport that at the age of fourscore he made hunting his sole employment, to the total neglect of the duties of his office.' Another occupant of the episcopal bench, Reginald Brian, bishop of Worcester, we find writing, in the following century, to his brother, bishop of St. Davids, to remind him of a promised gift of some hounds. His heart languishes, he says, for their arrival: 'let them come then, oh!

reverend father! without delay; let my woods re-echo with the music of their cry and the cheerful notes of the horn, and let the walls of my palace be decorated with the trophies of the chase!' Again, William de Clowne, Abbot of St. Mary's in Leicestershire, was so famous a hunter and so renowned for his breed of hounds, that he was granted, by royal charter, the privilege of holding an annual fair or market for their sale. From the earliest times, indeed, it seems Churchmen were wont to be particular sinners in this respect, for Mr. Froude tells us that Wulsig and Walnoth, Abbots of the great monastery of St. Albans in the ninth century, were notorious for neglecting their duties for the society of hound and hawk, as well as for other society even less convenient for an abbot. Henry II. and Richard II. both in their times tried to put a stop to such scandals, but probably more with a view to thwart the power and ambition of the priesthood than from any strictly moral motive. At any rate neither they nor their successors seem to have been able to effect much. In the reign of Henry VI. the clergy are particularly warned against 'hawkynge, huntynge, and dawnsynge;' and at the time of the English Reformation the see of Norwich alone owned thirteen parks well stocked with game of every kind!

The presence of ladies in the hunting-field dates from very early times. At first probably they were content to be spectators only, watching the sport from wooden stands erected for the purpose, beneath which the game was driven. But they evidently soon aspired to a more active part. From an illustrated manuscript of the fourteenth century, some cuts from which are given by Strutt, we learn that ladies took the field on horseback, and bestrode their horses, moreover, after the fashion of men! How they disposed of the garments proper to their sex, which they apparently still retained, does not seem very clear. The costume now in vogue among Amazons did not apparently come into use till three centuries later, and then only partially. Strutt quotes a writer of that time to the effect that the ladies of Bury in Suffolk, 'that used hawking and hunting,

were once in a great vaine of wearing breeches,' whence arose, he says, many severe and ludicrous sarcasms. It was urged, on the side of the ladies, that in case of accident decency was thus better preserved; but to this the answer was, 'that such accidents ought to be prevented in a manner more consistent with the delicacy of the sex, that is, by refraining from such dangerous recreations'—and possibly, as Goldsmith's connoisseur observed of a different matter, there is much to be said on both sides. Queen Elizabeth was a notable huntress. Blaine, in his 'Encyclopædia of Rural Sports,' quotes an



'Queen Elizabeth was a notable huntress.'

account from an eye-witness of her Majesty's prowess at Kenilworth during her magnificent entertainment by Leicester in 1575; and in her seventy-seventh year, when at her palace at Oatlands, she is described in a contemporary letter as still 'well and excellently disposed to hunting, for every second day she is on horseback and continues the sport long.' Though Lord Tennyson has called her the 'man-minded offspring' of her father, it does not appear that she was sufficiently masculine to adopt the seat in vogue among her sex in the fourteenth century. According to Blaine that fashion was put out of court

in England by Anne of Bohemia, wife of Richard II., who was the first to ride in the modern manner; though in Portugal, if Sir Nathaniel Wraxall may be trusted, the earlier style still prevailed in the latter half of the last century. If this were so, we must suppose that the 'Bury ladies' aped the sterner sex only in their garb and not in their seat; that, in fact, they draped themselves much as the Dianas of our own time, save that they did not consult decorum to the extent of a skirt. From a passage in Pope's correspondence we learn that in his time hunting was high in fashion among the Court ladies, though in one instance, at any rate, it seems to have been a fashion followed, like so many other fashions, less from inclination than etiquette. 'I met the Prince,' he writes to some anonymous fair, 'with all his ladies on horseback coming from hunting. Mrs. B—— and Mrs. L—— took me into protection (contrary to the laws against harbouring Papists), and gave me a dinner with something I liked better, an opportunity of conversation with Mrs. H——. We all agreed that the life of a Maid of Honour was of all things the most miserable; and wished that every woman who envied it had a specimen of it. To eat Westphalia ham in a morning, ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks, come home in the heat of the day with a fever and (what is worse a hundred times) with a red mark in the forehead from an uneasy hat; all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for fox hunters, and bear abundance of ruddy-complexioned children.' The most renowned Diana of that century seems to have been Lady Salisbury, who kept a pack of dwarf foxhounds at Hatfield, and went a-hunting in great state, her servants magnificent in sky-blue uniforms, black collars, lappels, and jockey-caps. In the 'Sporting Magazine' for March 1795, there is an account of her triumphs in a great run of two hours and a half: 'Out of a field of fourscore,' says her enthusiastic chronicler, 'her ladyship soon gave honest Daniel the go-by; pressed Mr. Hale neck-and-neck, soon blowed the whipper-in, and continued, indeed, throughout the whole of the chase to be nearest the brush,'

A worthy match to her would have been that stout old French lady of whom Mr. Vyner tells us in his 'Notitia Venatica;' Dame Marie Cécile Charlotte de Lauretan, Baronne de Dracek. When she lived is not made precisely clear, but Mr. Vyner saw her picture in 1839 when he visited the old castle in which she used to hold her state, about sixteen miles from Calais. She was painted on her favourite grey horse, dressed in a green coat, with a gold waist-belt. Her hair was powdered and



'Magnificent in sky-blue uniforms.'

arranged in large curls, and her hat was high crowned with a gold band. Her nether woman was clad in boots and leather breeches, and she rode as men do. Eight hunters were in her stable, and in her bedroom she kept her favourite guns and saddles. She hunted three days a week, and had a dinner party on every hunting day. More than 670 wolves are said to have fallen by her hand; and when sterner game was not to be had,

she did not disdain the badger or the fox. She died of apoplexy in her own house at seventy-five years of age. There was a certain Miss Draper also, appropriately christened Diana, the daughter of a famous old Yorkshire squire, who won great praise in her time. She was wont to assist her father in the field, 'cheering the hounds with her voice.' It is also noted of her that she 'died at York in a good old age, and, what was more wonderful to many sportsmen who dared not follow her, she died with whole bones in her bed.' Her father was quite 'a character,' and as he must be the earliest of the old fox-hunters of whom we have any note, if it be true, as the 'Druid' says, in 'Scott and Sebright,' that he commenced operation in 1726, the following account of him, from 'The Hunting Directory,' may be interesting :

> In the old, but now ruinous, mansion of Berwick Hall, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, once lived the well-known William Draper, Esq., who bred, fed, and hunted the staunchest pack of foxhounds in Europe. Upon an income of only 700*l.* he brought up creditably eleven sons and daughters; kept a stable of excellent foxhounds, besides a carriage with horses suitable for the convenience of my lady and her daughters. He lived in the old honest style of his country, killing every month a good ox of his own feeding, and priding himself on maintaining a substantial table, but with no foreign kickshaws. His general apparel was a long, dark drab hunting-coat, a belt round his waist, and a strong velvet cap on his head. In his humour he was very facetious, always having some pleasant story, both in the field and in the hall, so that his company was much sought after by persons of good condition, and which was of great use to him in the advancement of his children. His stables and kennels were kept in such order, that sportsmen observed them as schools for huntsmen and grooms, who were glad to come there without wages merely to learn their business. When they had obtained proper instruction he then recommended them to other gentlemen, who wished for no better character than Squire Draper's recommendation. He was always up during the hunting season at four in the morning, mounted on one of his nags at five, himself bringing forth his hounds, who knew every note of their old master's voice. In the field he rode with judgment, avoiding what was unnecessary, and helping his

hounds when they were at fault. After the fatigues of the day, which were generally crowned with the brushes of a brace of foxes, he entertained those who would return with him, and which was sometimes thirty miles' distance, with old English hospitality. Good old *October* was the liquor drunk; and his first fox-hunting toast was *All the brushes in Christendom.* At the age of eighty years this gentleman died as he chiefly lived, for he died on horseback. As he was going to give some instructions to a friend who was rearing up a pack of foxhounds, he was seized with a fit, and dropping from his old favourite pony, he expired! There was no man, rich or poor, in his neighbourhood but lamented his death, and the foxes were the only things that had occasion to be glad Squire Draper was no more.

Though hunting was, as we have seen, in its early days the exclusive amusement of the noble classes, an exception was always made in favour of the citizens of London from almost immemorial times. Strutt quotes a charter granted to them by Henry I. which contains the following clause: 'The citizens of London may have chases, and hunt as well, and as fully, as their ancestors have had; that is to say, in the Chiltre, in Middlesex and Surrey.' According to 'Cecil,' the Lord Mayor himself kept hounds from a time vaguely specified as 'many centuries ago;' and Lincoln's Inn Fields, St. James's, and May Fair were the favourite places of meeting. The privileges granted by Henry were confirmed by all succeeding kings. In the reign of George I. we find 'riding on horseback and hunting with my Lord Mayor's hounds when the common-hunt goes out,' reckoned by Strype among the favourite amusements of Londoners. This 'common-hunt' was, no doubt, the origin of that 'Epping Hunt' which has been the butt of so many wits from the time of D'Urfey down to our own. In the 'Sporting Magazine' for 1795 there is an account of a run with the Lord Mayor's hounds, designed to show how unfounded were the jests cut at the good citizens' expense, and that the sport was a serious and a legitimate business. A stag is turned out, and it is particularly noted that his antlers had been sawn off, a practice which has

long been common in the Royal Hunt, but was then an innovation. This gallant beast was taken in 'Burleigh's Pond,' as we see in an accompanying engraving, but reserved for a future occasion. So far all may have been well enough, but the chronicler, unfortunately for his cause, is a little too minute in his details. Not only were booths for refreshment erected at the place of meeting, but, after the proper sport of the day was over, a 'genteel marquee' was pitched, appropriately enough near an inn known as 'The Bald-Faced Stag,' wherein a lady, 'elegantly dressed' in a riding-habit, and with 'a bewitching face and fascinating address,' presided over sundry E.O. tables.

To turn again to our bibliography, in the seventeenth century we find a great improvement. Gervase Markham's 'Country Contentments,' and Richard Blome's 'Gentleman's Recreation,' are not only intelligible enough for any reader, but also extremely useful and practical; so that Beckford's saying is itself intelligible only on the supposition that he was unaware of their existence. Markham was the son of a Nottinghamshire squire, and a man of many pursuits and accomplishments. He was a soldier, a poet, and a playwright, as well as a sportsman and farmer. It was in his latter capacities, however, that he won most fame. His treatises on horsemanship and sport were so highly esteemed in his time that, according to a document in Stationers' Hall, he bound himself by an agreement with his publishers to write no more, lest the copyrights they already held should be injured by further publications. Of Blome, or Bloome, we know less. There is a man of that name very roughly handled in the 'Athenæ Oxonienses' for pirating an edition of Bareham's 'Display of Heraldry.' He is described by Wood as 'a kind of arms painter (originally a ruler of paper, and now a scribbler of books), who hath since practised for divers years progging tricks in employing necessitous persons to write in several arts, and to get contributions of noblemen to promote the work.' Blome's book was certainly published by subscription, one of the editions containing the coats-of-arms of the various subscribers. It also includes a treatise on heraldry,

as well as a disquisition on the arts and sciences, so that we may reasonably conclude that more than one hand went to its composition. Still, despite Wood's objurgations, the book is really both a curious and valuable one, in the department of field-sports at any rate, whatever may have been Blome's precise share in it. It contains, moreover, a number of plates, which are not only good specimens of the engraving of the day, but useful as showing the costume in which our fathers took the field. On the whole it may be said of all our early works on sport to be the one which gives the fullest and most practical information on the subject. Markham is practical, too, but he occupies himself more with the breeding, training, and management of horses and hounds, than with the actual pursuit of the game, though he does not altogether neglect that. Blome is naturally, moreover, less archaic in his language and style than the elder writer, about whom still hangs that flavour of quaintness which belonged to English prose down to the age of Dryden. Hunting, for example, he defines as 'a curious search or conquest of one beast over another, pursued by a naturall instinct of enmitie, and accomplished by the diversities and distinctions of smells onelie, wherein nature equallie deviding her cunning giveth both to the offender and offended strange knowledge both of offence and safety.' He writes of 'highway dogges,' hounds, that is to say, which will carry the scent along a high road; of 'dogges of nimble composure,' meaning quick and well-made; and of certain others being 'the most principall best to compose your kennell off.' In Blome's book of course we get much less of this style of writing, though he, too, can amuse as well as instruct us; by warning, for example, those who go forth to hunt the hare, that it is 'a very melancholy beast,' and therefore 'very fearful and crafty.'

First in the next century comes that anonymous author of that 'Essay on Hunting' which Beckford's editor declares, as we have seen, to have been the only book written on the subject prior to the famous letters. It was published in 1773 and is said by the same authority to be full of 'good sense and

practical knowledge.' Whether this statement is more in accordance with fact than the other we cannot say, as we must confess to have never met with a copy. Our only knowledge of it is derived from the 'Druid,' who was more fortunate than we. The author, as he tells us in 'Silk and Scarlet,' 'presumes on pardon from the loquacious world, if among so many treatises, vindications, replies, journals, craftsmen, hyp-doctors, and lay preachers, the press be borrowed a day or two for a plain essay on the innocent recreation of us country squires.' The hunting of the hare was clearly the recreation nearest the heart of this particular squire. In the 'Druid's' words, 'a fox, it is true, is curled up at the end of the essay; but he runs hare throughout.' Still more candid is the next writer, a Mr. Gardiner, author of 'The Art and the Pleasures of Hare Hunting, in six letters to a Person of Quality,' who evidently thinks the 'triumph of the timid hare' is the only triumph worthy of a true sportsman. Three years later we get into a wider field with 'The Country Gentleman's Companion,' compiled by 'a Country Gentleman from his own Experiences;' a sensible little book, owing a great deal, of course, to its predecessors, despite the author's prefatory disclaimer, nor always acknowledging its debts, but yet with a good deal to say for itself, especially on the breeding and management of hounds, and the general economy of the kennel. Between the anonymous 'Essay on Hunting' and these two works comes Somerville's 'Chase,' which most people interested in the subject have probably read once at least in their lives; if they have never studied the original, they must at any rate have got a very fair idea of it from Beckford's book, in which from first to last the most important part of the poem is practically reprinted. Beckford himself of course marks an era not only in the literature but in the history of hunting. Whatever may have been the real value of the writers before him, it is certain that to all who have come after him he has been a 'guide, philosopher, and friend.' It is scarcely too much to say that since his 'Thoughts upon Hunting' were first printed in 1781 there has been no writer who has gone at all

seriously into the science and economy of the subject who has not more or less made use of their amusing pages. For they are as amusing as sensible. Even those who regard the subject itself with indifference or dislike could not but allow on trial that Beckford is at least never tedious or dull, for all his own modest declaration that 'fox-hunting, however lively and animating it may be in the field, is but a dull dry subject to write upon.' He has generally some witty story or shrewd saying at hand to point his moral, and his style is quite a model for such a work. No man ever so happily illustrated Johnson's saying of the importance of being able to write trifles with dignity. At the same time he is never pompous or pedantic, any more than he is slovenly or vulgar. Beckford was in fact a remarkably well-read and cultivated man, one of the very best specimens of the English country squire the last century affords us—a striking antithesis, indeed, to that other fox-hunting squire whom Fielding drew, more typical of the breed, perhaps, than Beckford. Cousin to that famous Lord Mayor, John Wilkes's champion, patron that was to have been of poor Chatterton, and father to the great lord of Fonthill, our author inherited from his father a comfortable estate in Dorsetshire which enabled him to indulge his tastes both for letters and sport. His 'Familiar Letters from Italy to a Friend in England,' the record of a continental tour made just before the outbreak of the French Revolution, are most agreeable reading, the work of a man well versed in ancient and modern literature, and of good taste and perception. A contemporary writer has thus pithily summed him up: 'Never had fox or hare the honour of being chased to death by so accomplished a huntsman; never was huntsman's dinner graced by such urbanity and wit. He would bag a fox in Greek, find a hare in Latin, inspect his kennels in Italian, and direct the economy of his stables in exquisite French.'[1]

With Beckford's book our retrospect of the literature of hunting may fitly close. He clearly marks the end of the old

[1] We are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Robert Harrison, Librarian of the London Library, for these particulars of Beckford's accomplishments.

school and the beginning of the new. With the works of the latter, both serious and fictitious, from Delmè Radcliffe and 'Nimrod,' down to 'Scrutator' and 'Cecil,' Surtees, John Mills and Whyte-Melville, we may suppose our readers to be well enough acquainted; and as we shall ourselves have many occasions to consult them in the course of the following pages, it would be superfluous to spend further time over them here.

When hunting began to be regarded as an organised pastime with laws and arts of its own, a list was drawn up of the beasts a true sportsman might legitimately occupy himself in chasing. It was, of course, a pretty large one, and was divided by Twici into three classes. The first contains four, distinguished as ... ts for hunting,' the hare, the hart, the wolf, and the wil... the second five, known as 'beasts for the chase,' the buc... doe, the fox, the martin, and the roe; in the third con... grey or badger, the wild cat, and the otter, mentioned as af... ing 'greate dysporte' to the huntsman, but evidently rega... as legitimate game only in default of something better. By later writers the 'beasts of the chase' were subdivided into two further classes. In the first were the buck, the doe, the bear, the rein-deer, the elk and spytard, a hart of one hundred years old; in the second, which obviously includes also the original third class, the fulimart, the fitchat or fitch, the cat, the badger, the fox, the weasel, the martin, the squirrel, the white rat, the otter, the stoat, and the pole-cat. The first division was known as beasts 'of sweet flight,' to distinguish it from the others who were classed as beasts of 'stinking flight;' a distinction which Strutt interprets as referring to the scent the latter give when chased; but inasmuch as the former must certainly have supplied a similar means of pursuit, it most probably was designed to distinguish the estimation in which the two classes of game were held. It is at any rate clear that our ancestors, when they went a-hunting, were pretty much of a mind with the accommodating witness provided for one of Mr. Jaggers's clients, and were prepared 'in a general way for anythink.'

As our business, however, lies with the game of to-day, we need not stay to consider in what manner the capture of the weasel or the pole-cat was encompassed, or even of the wolf or the boar. As the forest gradually disappeared, and land came more and more under cultivation, the greater part of these beasts either vanished altogether or became so infrequent as to drop out of the sportsman's list and take their place on the roll of vermin. Even Twici practically confines himself to the stag, the fox, and the hare, and we may be well content to follow Twici's example.

Of these, the stag of course held the first place, from his size, swiftness, and courage, as well as from the uses to which he [illegible]d be put after death in supplying both the inner and [illegible]er necessities of man. 'Of the Stagge,' says Markham, [illegible]n is the most princelie and roiel Chase of all Chases, and [illegible]hom indeed this Art of Hunting was first found out and [illegible]nted, he is of all beasts the goodliest, statelyest, and most [illegible]ly.' But though the supreme qualities of the stag were [illegible]s duly acknowledged, the triumph over the hare seems from very early times to have been considered the prime test of a huntsman's quality. 'We will begin with the hare,' says Twici. 'Why, sir, will you begin with the hare, rather than with any other beast?' 'I will tell you. Because she is the most marvellous beast which is on this earth.' The study of natural history was then but in its infancy, and some of the properties which struck King Edward's 'Master of the Game' with such astonishment will hardly surprise us very much to-day. Among other marvels we are told that 'at one time it is male, and at another time it is female,' but whether this diversity of sex is supposed to belong to the individual hare, or to be a general characteristic of the species, is not clear. Markham thought hare-hunting the 'freest, readiest and most enduring pastime;' and Blome follows suit, styling it an art 'full of subtlety and craft, and possessed of divers delights and varieties, which other chases do not afford,' though he adds, 'whosoever hath hunted one and the same hare twice, and doth not kill her the third time,

deserves not the name of a huntsman, for generally they use the same sleights, doublings and crossings.' In Shakespeare's immortal stanzas, of the three beasts which the love-sick goddess advises her flinty-hearted boy to 'uncouple at:'

> the timorous flying hare,
> Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,
> Or at the roe which no encounter dare,

the first is evidently the chase the poet knew best, though from his compassionate epithets he seems, like a later bard, to have thought it but a 'poor triumph.' Thomson, as we know, held this opinion, and urged the 'sylvan youth' of Britain, since such noble prey as 'the roused-up lion,' or the 'grim wolf,' or the 'blinded boar,' are not for them, to direct their energies against the fox.

> Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour
> Loose on the nightly robber of the fold:
> Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
> Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.
> Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge
> High bound, resistless; nor the deep morass
> Refuse, but through the shaking wilderness
> Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
> Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full;
> And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
> Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,
> From rock to rock, in circling echoes toss'd;
> Then scale the mountains to their woody tops;
> Rush down the dangerous steep; and o'er the lawn
> In fancy swallowing up the space between,
> Pour all your speed into the rapid game;
> For happy he who tops the wheeling chase;
> Has every maze evolved, and every guile
> Disclosed; who knows the merits of the pack;
> Who saw the villain seized, and dying hard,
> Without complaint, though by a hundred mouths
> Relentless torn: O glorious he, beyond
> His daring peers!

Beckford, too, was evidently of the same mind with Thomson. 'By inclination,' he says, 'I was never a hare-hunter. I followed this diversion more for air and exercise than for amusement; and if I could have persuaded myself to ride on the turnpike-road to the three-mile stone, and back again, I should have thought I had no need of a pack of harriers.' He adds, however, with his wonted respect for every legitimate form of hunting, that he speaks only of the country where he lives, where 'the hare-hunting is so bad, that, did you know it, your wonder would be how I could have persevered in it so long, not that I should forsake it now.' On the other hand, John Smallman Gardiner, Gent., whose letters have been already mentioned, has scarce words enough to express his admiration of the hare as an object of chase, and his contempt for the fox. He allows, indeed, that it 'would be imprudent to declaim against other people's diversions to enhance the satisfaction found in mine;' yet he does declaim, and pretty vigorously, though his objections seem to be much of a nature with those which a certain Etonian of a past generation found against football, that it was too rough and violent to take rank as a 'gentlemanly' game! This is what he says: 'A lover of hunting almost every man is, or would be thought; but twenty in the field after an hare find more delight and sincere enjoyment than one in twenty in a fox-chase, the former consisting of an endless variety of accidental delights, the latter little more than hard riding, the pleasure of clearing some dangerous leap, the pride of bestriding the best nag, and showing somewhat of the bold horseman; and (equal to anything) of being first in at the death, after a chase frequently from county to county, and perhaps above half the way out of sight or hearing of the hounds. So that, but for the name of fox-hunting, a man might as well mount at his stable-door, and determine to gallop twenty miles an end into another county.' This is a view of fox-hunting that has been accepted since Mr. Gardiner's day by many less inclined to go along with him in his objections to the hard riding part of it, if there be any truth in the saying,

attributed to a noted first-flight man of our grandsires' time, who, 'larking' with some brother spirits back to Melton after a poor day's sport, exclaimed in a burst of rapture, '*What fun we might have, if it wasn't for these d——d hounds!*'

It is clear that till about the middle of the last century fox-hunting by no means held the pride of place amongst sportsmen that it now holds. Despite the fox's admission into the list of beasts of chase, there can be no doubt that then and for long



'Larking with some brother spirits back to Melton.'

after he was looked on as a marauder, whose death was to be encouraged by any means, fair or foul. The well-known passage in Chaucer's 'Nun's Tale,' revealing the treacherous abduction of poor Chanticleer, may be cited as a case in point, where, by the way, the fox is called 'Dan Russet' from his red or *russet* colour. Sterner evidence still is the speech of Oliver St. John, Solicitor-General, against Strafford before the House of Lords in 1641. 'It is true,' he said, as reported by

Clarendon, 'that we give law to hares and deer because they are Beasts of Chase; but it was never accounted either cruelty, or foul play, to knock foxes and wolves on the head as they can be found, because they are beasts of prey.' Walter Scott, too, it will be remembered, puts the same sentiment in the mouth of Roderick Dhu;

> —but, though the beast of game
> The privelege of chase may claim,
> Though space and law the stag we lend
> Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
> Who ever reck'd where, how, or when,
> The prowling fox was trapp'd or slain!

It is true, Twici gives directions for hunting him 'above ground,' which shows that he was then beginning to be regarded as something better, at least, than a badger; but much later writers than Twici evidently regard his chase, though in default of a better it may yield sport enough, as not comparable to that of the stag or the hare. Markham, for example, who, by the way, does class poor Reynard with the badger, says of both that they 'are chases of a great deal lesse use or cunning than anie of the former,' though his reasons 'because they are of much hotter scent, and indeed very few dogges but will hunt them with all egernesse,' may strike us as not very cogent. Blome considers the chase of the fox 'not so full of diversity as the hare,' and the 'Country Gentleman' agrees both with Blome and Markham. He is always mentioned as 'the craftiest beast that is,' trusting less in his 'strength of body or swiftness of legs' than in his cunning. Turberville, indeed, gives some very remarkable instances of his shifts to escape from his pursuers, which the verbal decorum of our age will not allow us here to reproduce. But perhaps the most striking illustration of our ancestors' ideas on the subject of fox-hunting is to be found in Cockaine, who tells us that 'every huntsman his part is to hew him, or backe him into the covert again when he offereth to breake the same.' This murderous piece of advice may perhaps be partly condoned by the fact that in those

days the fox seems generally to have been hunted on foot; even in Blome's time it appears from the illustrations to his book that the huntsman proper did not put his trust in the legs of a horse.

A former Lord Wilton in his 'Sports and Pursuits of the English,' says it was not till 1750 that hounds were entered solely to fox. But in his famous 'Quarterly' article on 'The Chase,' 'Nimrod' quotes a letter written to him by Lord Arundel, from which it appears that one of his lordship's ancestors kept a pack at the close of the previous century. They hunted both in Wiltshire and Hampshire, and remained in the family till 1782, when they were sold to 'the great Mr. Meynell,' the real father of the modern English chase. There must, however, have been another pack at least coeval with this, for some few years ago there was in the 'Field' an engraving of a hunting-horn in the possession of the then master of the Cheshire hounds, on which was the following inscription: 'Thomas Boothby, Esq., Tooley Park, Leicester. With this horn he hunted the first pack of fox-hounds then in England 55 years: born 1677, died 1752.' Another authority gives 1730 for the year when Thomas Fownes, of Stepleton in Dorsetshire, kept a regular pack of fox-hounds, which were afterwards sold to Mr. Bowes, of Yorkshire. It is, however, very possible that Lord Wilton's date may be the correct one, for there is nothing to show that these packs were not occasionally stooped to other game than fox; a practice which even Beckford, that staunch legitimist, though he does not recommend it, writes of as a possibility when foxes are unusually scarce. According to a memoir of the Belvoir hounds, the present pack can prove an uninterrupted descent from the year given by Lord Wilton. Seven years earlier the records of the Badminton kennels could show only one couple of fox-hounds, the rest being deer-hounds and harriers. According to 'Cecil,' it was not till 1762 that this famous hunt turned itself solely to the chase of the fox. In that year the fifth Duke, then still a minor, while passing Silk Wood on his way home after a poor

day's sport, threw his hounds into covert: 'a fox was found which gallantly faced the open, a capital run was the result, which so delighted the young sportsman, that the hounds were forthwith steadied from deer, and encouraged to fox.' When the last Lord Berkeley kept hounds his country stretched from Bristol to Wormwood Scrubs, a distance, that is, of some 120 miles, necessitating four separate sets of kennels! His son, Grantley Berkeley, has told us he had often heard from their old huntsman how he had killed a fox where the flowers now blossom in Kensington Gardens. Nor was this lord the first of his name who found his sport so near London; an earlier Lord Berkeley used to kennel his hounds at Charing Cross, and hunt in Gray's Inn Fields, and round about Islington. The tawny liveries still worn by the Old Berkeley Hunt are a relic of those days.

Before 1750, and in many parts of the kingdom for long after, every country squire no doubt kept a few couple of hounds, and on occasions he and his neighbours would unite their force and so form a respectable pack. These were known as 'trencher hounds,' from their running loose about the place, and picking up their food as they best might, and 'Nimrod' supposes them to have been much of a piece with the large broken-haired Welsh harriers. A day's hunting was then in all probability very like that described in 'Guy Mannering,' though the sportsmen were stirring at even an earlier hour than Dandie Dinmont and his guest. For almost the only point on which we can really afford to be certain was the desperately early hour at which our fathers commenced operation, 'so soon as they could distinguish a stile from a gate,' says 'Nimrod.' A famous old sportsman, Mr. Lockley, a contemporary of Meynell's, used, says 'Cecil,' always to begin the account of a certain wonderful day's sport with, 'We breakfasted at twelve o'clock at night.' Men in those days did not hunt to ride, and their greatest pleasure was to watch their favourites drawing up to their game on a cold scent. We know, too, that the fox was hunted then as the stag is now. A couple or two of steady old hounds were

thrown in when the drag had led the pack up to the covert where he lay, taking his rest after his midnight rambles, and it was not till he was fairly on foot and away that the body of the pack was laid on. Both hounds and horses were slow then as compared with now, and the riders we may guess to have been much like Squire Draper, 'avoiding what was unnecessary and riding with judgment.' The whole affair was eminently *slow* no doubt, according to our modern notions, but still, one fancies the *sport*, as distinct from the *riding*, may not have been much the worse. In the 'Sporting Magazine' for July 1827, there is a description of a pack of hounds kept by an old Essex squire who at the close of last century hunted the country between Colchester and the sea on the Maldon side. The hounds were known as harriers, 'because they used to hunt the hares,' but, 'the deep-toned blue-mottled, the dwarf fox-hound, the true-bred harrier, the diminutive beagle, all joined in the cry, and helped to supply the pot.' The general economy of the establishment was peculiar. The hounds were kept anyhow, 'having a butcher for one master, a baker for another, a farmer for a third, spreading pretty well through the village.' Whippers-in seem to have been numerous, the butcher, the baker, &c., each probably playing that part to his favourite hound. The huntsman seems to have been of a piece with the rest, and to have been at least as famous for his feats at table as in the field. Yet 'he was a capital sportsman, and could almost hunt a hare himself.' This picture might probably serve for most of the provincial packs at that time hunting in England whether fox or hare.

The chase of the stag was pursued in much more orthodox fashion, and with far more pomp and ceremony, both from the nature of the animal and the fact of the sport being so much older and more fashionable. From a very early date the royal buckhounds were quartered in their present neighbourhood. In Henry VIII.'s reign the kennels were in Swinley, probably on the spot where the deer-paddocks now stand. There, too, in the old days lived the masters of the royal pack, and kept

high revels according to the 'Druid' in a house which has long since disappeared, but whose site he marked under the shadow of some noble limes hard by that where Cotterill, the present keeper of the paddocks, lives, as his family lived for many generations before him. There is a record of a wonderful run in the time of the second Charles from that place to Lord Petre's in Essex, a distance of seventy miles, the Duke of York being one of the few who saw the deer pulled down. The indefatigable 'Druid' has unearthed too another big affair, from Aldermaston to Reading in the days of 'Good King George.' On this occasion both his Majesty's horses were done 'to a turn,' and their rider had to make his way back to Windsor in a butcher's cart, chatting affably to the driver on crops, stock, and other such congenial topics. The present fashion of stag-hunting seems to have been first practised in this reign, and to suit King George's sober pace the custom of stopping the hounds seems also to have been inaugurated. According to Blaine the meet was then a much more imposing affair than it now is. The King himself was almost always present, attended by his master of the horse and the equerries-in-waiting. The servants of the hunt wore the familiar scarlet and gold-laced liveries then as now, but the master's coat was light blue, with collars and cuffs of black velvet, the costume also of his Majesty, who, moreover, if a story told by the 'Druid' on the authority of the late Bill Bean, of hard riding and facetious memory, be true, never took the field without a star on his breast.[1] There was always a great show of carriages and foot-people, and apparently rather more blowing of horns than would chime with modern notions. The Fourth George patronised the stag but rarely, either as prince or king, though he kept up the hunt in great splendour, and penned with his own hand a most courtly note to Charles Davis on his appointment as huntsman, hoping that he would get the hounds

[1] The late Prince Consort (Albert) always wore the ribbon under his waistcoat out shooting. The Editor has often shot with him, and invariably seen it on him.

so fast that they would 'run away from everybody,' which was pretty well what that excellent sportsman and rider did do. The Prince had been entered to fox in his father's lifetime, and for a few seasons hunted the Hambledon country from Moor Critchell, solacing himself on by-days with a pack of rabbit-beagles, seven couples of which could ride to the meet in a couple of panniers. But, despite the 'Druid's' loyalty, one can hardly suppose him ever to have been very keen about hounds. The turf suited him better than the chase; and Carlton House and Brighton better, probably, than either.

No pack of hounds in England could show a cleaner or more direct pedigree than could the staghounds of North Devonshire up to the year 1825. Exmoor was a royal hunting-ground in the time of the Conqueror, and from that day down into the present century there has always, we believe, been a Ranger of Exmoor holding office under the Crown. The history of the Devonshire hounds can be traced in a straight line back to the year 1598, when Hugh Pollard, Elizabeth's Ranger, kept a pack at Simonsbath. From that time down to 1825 the sport flourished exceedingly under a goodly roll of masters, particularly under Sir Thomas Acland, the second of the name, and the late Lord Fortescue, who kept the hounds at Castle Hill in 1802 and again from 1812 to 1818. 'Those were glorious days,' sighs the historian of the latter's mastership: 'When a good stag had been killed, the custom was for James Tout, the huntsman, to enter the dining-room at Castle Hill after dinner in full costume with his horn in his hand, and after he had sounded a mort, "Success to stag-hunting" was solemnly drunk by the assembled company in port wine.'[1] In 1825 the pack was sold, but two years later another was formed, and, with one or two short intervals, the North Devon stag-hounds have continued to show what is in many ways the finest and most genuine sport in England.

The twelfth Earl of Derby, great-grandfather to the present, also kept a pack of some note in his day, with which he

[1] See Collyns's *Notes on the Chase of the Wild Red Deer.*

hunted from The Oaks, his place near Epsom from which the famous race takes its name. The deer were all bred at Knowsley, and occasionally crossed with the Yorkshire breed of Lord Fitzwilliam; they were noted for their speed and stoutness, and the hounds were a good match for them in both qualities. Pace was becoming the fashion then everywhere, and there is a story told of Lord Derby's huntsman summing up the praises of a favourite bitch by vowing that she could *run four miles in less time than a greyhound*! The late Thomas Moreton Fitzhardinge Berkeley (born in 1794, died in August 1882, legally Earl of Berkeley, but who, out of respect to his mother's memory, never would assume the title) and his brother Grantley when young men also hunted stag with a pack kept at Cranford, the family seat. The brothers were the officers of the hunt, together with Mr. Henry Wombwell, all wearing the orange tawny livery of the family. The pack was given up about 1830, when Mr. Grantley Berkeley went to hunt the Oakley. A smart little pack was also kept some years ago near Leamington, and the Surrey Staghounds are of very ancient fame. But save in the West Country the wild stag has not been hunted in England (excepting occasionally in Windsor Forest in George III.'s time), certainly within this century, though in Ireland the sport has been, we believe. occasionally followed within more recent times, but not as we understand 'hunting.' It consists in driving the woods of Killarney and forcing the stags into the Lake, where they are shot or caught with ropes by the horns. Wild deer exist nowhere else in Ireland.

Fox hunting, as we know it now, with its pace and its hard riding, its sumptuousness and refinement, may be said to have come in with this century. Mr. Childe of Kinlet, says 'The Druid,' first began hard riding in Leicestershire to Mr. Meynell's great disgust, and on a half-bred Arabian, too! When Lords Forester and Jersey came with the reckless style of riding, the good old sportsman declared that he 'had not had a day's happiness;' as he has been described as a 'regular little dumpling' in the saddle, probably the new style of going was

not much to his taste. Moreover, one of his first laws was never to cast his hounds so long as they would hunt ; and the observation of this law was clearly not compatible with hard riding. Whether the sport is now what it was in the days whose glories 'Nimrod' has written of and Alken painted, it would be as ungenerous to ask as difficult to answer. If the stories unearthed by the untiring industry of 'The Druid'



'As we know it now.'

may all be relied on, there must have been giants indeed in those days ; hounds, horses, riders, and, we may add, foxes, must all have been marvels of their kind. 'The peaches are not so big now as they were in our days,' wrote Haydon to Wordsworth, when they two were the sole relics 'of a glorious band.' Yet 'Cecil' vowed that 'where there was one good horseman thirty years ago (that is, in the first quarter of the century) there are twenty now.' The younger men of his day

(they are the 'old men' of ours !) rode, he thought, with better judgment and science than their fathers, and with quite as much pluck. Comparisons, however, are always odious where there exists no sound ground for making them. Those who may feel a desire to try and puzzle out one for themselves cannot do better than turn to the pages of 'Nimrod' and 'The Druid,' where, if the question may be solved, they will find ample means for solving it. That Lords Jersey, Forester, and Delamere, Messrs. Assheton Smith and Osbaldiston, and others of that period were splendid riders, is undoubted. That fences were fewer, as is sometimes asserted, is not the case, for many have been thrown down. Ox fences or rails were more numerous, and bullfinches also; but they did not cut and plaish the fences then, and they knew not the binders that turn horses over. They used to fly the oxers or crash through the bullfinch. That neither hounds nor horses went so fast then, is undoubted. As fewer men hunted, it was easier to get good horses. There was more room, not so much hurry and crowding; and more pleasure. There were fine horsemen and good riders across country, there have also been the same since, and there are happily many now. For our part we have tried to bring the history of hunting down to the period when it had reached the phase familiar to us. Having done that, the real business of our book begins, and to the great deeds and the great men who did them we shall from time to time find other occasions to refer.

CHAPTER II.

BEASTS OF THE CHASE.

THE STAG.

THE chase of the stag was considered, as we have already read, the most 'princely and royal chase of all chases,' and the animal itself of all beasts 'the goodliest, stateliest, and most manly.' Among modern sportsmen the fox now holds the pride of place, if not in personal qualities, at any rate in the diversion those qualities afford. Your true Devonshire stag hunter certainly will not allow this, and even the staunchest follower of the fox has been known at times to confess that for thorough genuine sport there are few things to compare with a gallop after a 'warrantable' stag at the stern of the North Devon hounds, and not many things harder than to keep in that place! The field sport that has stood the test of public criticism through a period of from three to five hundred years may surely assert its claim to the title of a national pastime.

Stag hunting, as everyone knows, has existed from time immemorial; but whether it was conducted in precisely the same manner as it is at present, until the reign of Queen Elizabeth, is very doubtful. Historical records prove conclusively that there was, kennelled at Simonsbath, in this reign, a pack of staghounds, which hunted the red deer on the Exmoors on a system similar to that now in vogue. It is not, perhaps, too much to hope, that while English noblemen, gentlemen, yeomen, and farmers retain their profound love of field sports, there will be, at some convenient centre on the moorland range, a pack of staghounds as efficient in every

respect as that now under the deservedly popular heir of the House of Fortescue, whose history furnishes a long list of ardent supporters of the sport. That the ardour of the stag hunter is incapable of being quenched by the devotion of a lifetime will be readily admitted by those who have shared the pleasures, excitements, and dangers of the chase with the many veteran local sportsmen over whose shoulders nearly fourscore years have passed harmlessly.

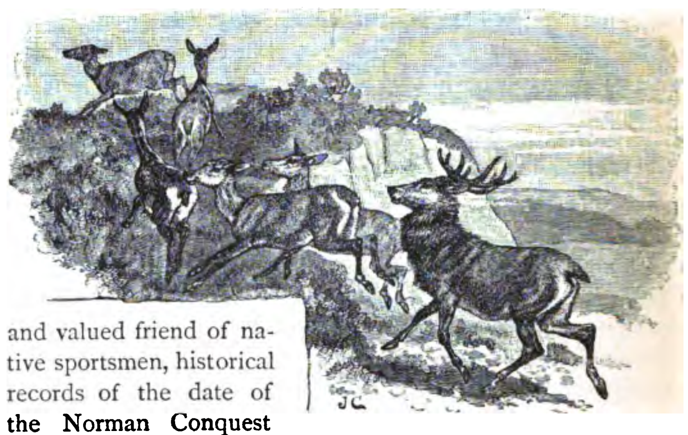
Nothing, perhaps, strikes the stranger, on his first visit to this historic hunting ground more than the enthusiasm for the sport displayed by men of all ages and all classes of the community. If he should be indiscreet enough to compare the merits of stag hunting with those of fox hunting, his remarks will invariably meet with unveiled disapproval, coupled with an oppressive load of commiseration.

It is possible that stag hunting on the Exmoors and Quantocks derives some of its fascination from their unique wildness and picturesqueness. On emerging from the fertile Somersetshire valleys and sheltered Devonshire 'coombes' and reaching the Exmoors, the vast expanse of heather-clad moorland, with its richly wooded ravines, stretching far away to the Bristol Channel, is, as if by magic, brought within one's view; and as the sportsman canters briskly towards the far-famed Dunkery Beacon, the romantic beauty of the surroundings, together with the influence of the crisp mountain air, enables him readily to understand the native stag hunter's enthusiasm. As he winds his way to Cloutsham, and views, at about a mile distant, four or five hinds, attended by their antlered lord, cantering up a steep hillside, with their nostrils expanded and elevated, expelling their heated breath, like curls of smoke from cottage chimneys, he is fain to admit that no nobler quarry could be found.

In no other district of the British Isles can the sport of hunting the wild Red Deer be enjoyed in the same perfection as it is on the Exmoor. Therefore, we shall offer no apology for referring to the methods practised in this district.

In the case of stag hunting, as in that of every other sport, it is above all things necessary that they who undertake the management of a pack of hounds should have a general knowledge of the nature and habits of the animal to be hunted.

Without this knowledge the most vigorous and sustained efforts will surely end in failure and vexation, because it would be impossible to out-manœuvre the many stratagems that the Red Deer will invariably adopt for outwitting his pursuers. It is a vexed question, but a wholly unimportant one to all persons except naturalists, whether the Red Deer is a native of the British Islands. But that he is a tolerably old



'Four or five hinds, attended by their antlered lord, cantering up a hillside.'

and valued friend of native sportsmen, historical records of the date of the Norman Conquest clearly establish. Moreover, these leave us in no doubt about the position of supremacy accorded him by kings, lawmakers, and historians, as well as sportsmen, over all other beasts of the forest. During the four succeeding centuries the heaviest penalties were inflicted upon persons who killed or in any way injured a stag which had made good his escape after being hunted by the king or queen. On such an incident occurring, a royal proclamation was posted in all the adjoining hamlets and

villages warning all persons against killing or injuring him; and he was placed under the surveillance of the harbourer, whose special business it was to safeguard the exhausted animal until its return to the forest was effected. It would be well if the same chivalrous spirit towards animals that have ministered to our cravings for sport prevailed more generally in the present unsentimental age.

The colour of the Red Deer is for the most part a reddish brown; while from the tail, or, as it is technically termed, 'the single,' underneath the body the colour becomes much lighter Strangely enough, the calves, up to their fifth or sixth month bear a very close resemblance in colour to the Fallow Deer.

The Red Deer has ever been known by his horns, which differ very materially from those of all other kinds of deer. The horns, or, to use the technical term, 'the head,' consists of a beam, from which points or processes project. The number of these points or antlers determine his age. The yearling deer has no horns, but at two years old a short spire is thrown out. This lengthens, and from its base, at the completion of his third year, projects horizontally towards the front, the 'brow antler.' At four years old the horns increase to nearly eighteen inches in length, and another process, termed the bay antler, is formed. At five years the tray antler is thrown out, and two points appear on the top of one horn. At six years old there are two points on each horn. At seven years, one horn has three points and the other two. At eight years, the stag will have three points on each horn. When hunting, the expression 'two on top' and 'three on top' will be used to signify that the stag is seven and eight years old, as the case may be. After the latter age, the changes of the head are slight, though naturally, as the age increases, it becomes wider in its spread.

It is customary to speak of a stag by the total number of his 'rights'—brow, bay, and antlers, and by that of his 'points.' Thus, at six years old, he will be 'a stag of ten;' that is to say, he will have two brow antlers, two bay antlers, two tray antlers,

and two points of each horn; while at eight years old he wi be 'a stag of twelve.'

Dr. Palk Collyns, in his excellent work on 'Stag Hunting o the Exmoors,' states that he has seen as many as seven point on the top of a very old stag's horn; and that an old stag, lon known as the Badgeworthy Deer, had seven on the top of on horn, and six on the other, when killed on September 8, 1786. He would be called a stag of nineteen points. This intelligent observer gives as his opinion that after a stag has passed his prime, the horns decrease in size and form until the horn deteriorates, and nothing but an upright or single spire, like that appearing in the three-year-old deer, is visible.

Before leaving the subject of the horns, it may be well to make a passing allusion to the marvellous and almost incredible powers of reproduction of horn with which deer are endowed. They shed their horns annually in the spring—seldom after May. When the period of shedding approaches, they leave the open, and remain in the covers until the formation of new horn begins. In about sixteen weeks the magnificent pair of horns (weighing about fourteen pounds) will be replaced.

As may be readily imagined, during the growth of the horn excessive pain, accompanied by bleeding, would be caused by a blow from a branch of a tree, or other hard substance; and consequently deer will, at this time, avoid coppice and thicket and confine themselves to woods or plantations which present fewer objects of danger. That this period is one of pain and suffering to the stag is very evident, for in addition to the occasional blow he can hardly avoid, flies keep him in a state of continual torment.

The famous Dr. Bell thus describes the process of renewing the horn:

'The growth of the horn is an astonishing instance of the rapidity of production of bone under particular circumstances, and unparalleled in its extent in so short a period. During its growth the branches of the external carotid arteries, which lend their assistance in the formation, are considerably enlarged

for the purpose of carrying the great flow of blood required for the production of the bone. It extends by means of the velvet (a plexus of blood-vessels) all over the external parts of the horn; it is quite soft and highly vascular, so that the slightest injury causes blood to flow freely, and the horn, when this occurs, to be imperfectly developed.'

The hind is mated in her second year, and seldom gives birth to more than one calf at a time. The rutting season begins in October; and, as the period of gestation is nine months, the calves will be dropped in June.

It is clear, therefore, that stag hunting should be discontinued before the rutting season commences; and that, to avoid the commission of unsportsmanlike conduct, the season for hunting stags should not be carried beyond the first week of October.

A period of three or four weeks ought then to be allowed to elapse before hunting the hinds, that they may be left free to enjoy the society of their lords. The practice on the Exmoors is to begin stag hunting in the second week of August, and to bring it to a close in the first week of October; to begin hind hunting at the end of October, and to carry on the sport, weather permitting, until April. Perhaps the most important office in connection with a stag-hunting establishment is that of the harbourer, for on the industry, care, and experience which he brings to bear upon the discharge of his duties, the sport will very largely depend. Nothing can be more vexatious to a huntsman, master, and field than to receive false information with regard to the 'harbour' of a deer, and to be driven in consequence to the necessity of drawing at a venture for hours before a 'warrantable' deer is roused. Such an unworkmanlike pursuit of sport is a sad trial to the patience of huntsman, hounds, and field, and ought not to be often repeated.

The harbourer ought to be a man of active habits, keen sight and observation, and possessed of a thorough knowledge of the habits of the deer. We will suppose that it is desired to harbour a stag in any particular cover. The harbourer

should take up a convenient position at least an hour before daybreak. The choice of position is most important, and should be determined by the circumstances of the case. If the cover should have, on its outskirts, a field of turnips, a field of oats, a meadow, or other tempting feeding ground, the position taken up ought to command as much of it as possible. Some harbourers prefer climbing a tree, while others incline to secreting themselves in a ditch for the purpose of making observations.

We will suppose that the harbourer is desirous of harbouring a deer for the next morning in a wood of 100 acres, covering a ravine, whose two slopes, running north and south, are separated by a rapid stream, and whose ridges are bounded by a vast expanse of moorland. On the south side, about half a mile down stream, there is feeding ground, consisting of a field of turnips; a small inclosure partly covered with oats and partly by old grass and rushes.

This will prove difficult ground to survey. But the harbourer must do his best. He goes to bed early that he may not oversleep himself; but he cannot sleep for thinking of to-morrow's work. The wind appeared unsteady over-night, and his plan of approach may have to be altered. He must not go down wind, for he may, by coughing or tripping over a stone, and ejaculating compliments to nature, arouse the alarm of the ever vigilant stag, whose exquisite scenting powers would confirm them. The harbourer goes mentally over the ground, again and again; surveys every path, every little ridge, every tree, every point of vantage; and having exhausted each alternative that gives promise of an unobserved approach, he falls asleep for an hour or two, and then wakes with a start, impressed with a sense of fear that daylight will be upon him before he can take up his position. Very few minutes are devoted to his toilette. He goes hurriedly downstairs, throws open the cupboard, cuts off a crust of bread, which he stuffs into his pocket, and goes straight to the shed, in which is an old pony, quite a local

celebrity, who knows what he will be required to do, and is prepared to do it.

The pony, saddled and bridled, is guided, at a shogging trot, to a point about two miles north of the ravine, for there is a sharp breeze blowing from the south-west. A well-known ford is crossed, and the pony is struggling up the precipitous sheep-walk under his rider, rendered heavier by the weight of care, which has made him unmindful of the place in which he ought to sit on the saddle.

The summit of the ravine reached, a wide detour is made. The pony is eased of his burden, and is turned into a small moorland inclosure, about half a mile from the south-eastern corner of the wood. The harbourer walks briskly to within two hundred yards of the wood, then pauses. The wind is blowing straight in his face—so far well. But the ground is exposed between the wood and the feeding ground—only small clumps of firs here and there breaking the view. No risk must be run. So he beats a retreat, in a south-easterly direction, until level with a clump of firs, from which he knows he can command the feeding ground. He walks as noiselessly as possible, straight up wind. His heart sinks! There are nothing but fir trees and he cannot climb them. Happily a few paces off in the open is a stunted oak. This will do. He at once throws himself on his face and wriggles on his chest to the oak tree, not attempting to raise his head until he has swung round, and the trunk of the tree hides the ravine from his view.

Now he can rise with safety, for he knows that the deer can neither see nor wind him. He climbs the tree with the stealth of a panther, taking care not to put his feet on any doubtful branch that might break and scare the deer. Having reached a convenient fork from which can be obtained a full view of the southern entrance to the ravine, and the intermediate space covered with brushwood, leading up to the feeding ground, the period of unbroken watching begins.

A drenching shower shortly succeeds the break of day. But it will not do to descend for shelter. Where he is, there

he must remain whatever may happen ; and there he does stay, till he is soaked to the skin. A keen wind rises, and sends a chill through his weather-beaten frame. What shall he do? He certainly can eat his crust of bread. He will. One bite is all he can take. Two magpies and a jay are flitting about over the centre of the western slope of the ravine. His heart throbs until he fears that the deer will hear its pulsations, for he knows that something is moving.

The birds fly from tree to tree southwards, chattering to one another.

There is a pause: the sound of the birds ceases. He strains his eyes in all directions, but can see nothing. The crust of bread is again produced, now well sodden and coat stained, yet his palate is not insulted by its condition and miscellaneous flavour. He is evidently superior to the ordinary trials of life. His patience is inexhaustible, but he has fears that he will not 'harbour' a stag this morning.

Presently, he observes that the magpies are once more on the alert, this time flitting straight up the ravine. What can this mean? There is no feeding ground that way. He feels sure that if the deer are on foot, they will come back.

But they don't, and the birds take wing up the western slope of the ravine, until lost to view. This seems to denote that the deer will take the open, and come by a circuitous route to the feeding ground. And surely enough, there they come over the moorland, but sinking behind a ridge are in a moment completely hidden. The harbourer sees no more of them. Presently he hears a human voice coming from the direction of the feeding ground. It is the voice of a boy driving a horse. If the tree on which our friend is sitting were struck by lightning, he could not have been more bewildered.

'What brings he here this time o' the morning, I wonder?' falls involuntarily from his lips. But he knows better than to descend from his perch for the purpose of inquiring.

He is keeping his eyes fixed upon the point where he last

viewed the deer. Presently he observes them, only for a second, cantering back in the same direction from whence they came, but he cannot distinguish them. Nothing daunted, he will not leave his post until half-past nine o'clock. Cramped, cold, and not a little disappointed, he climbs down and walks briskly off to the feeding ground. He does not enter it at once, but examines the fences and their approaches with scrupulous care. Everything is against him; the ground has been so hard for the past month that no mark of a slot can be detected. But he has other resources at his command.

He first enters the oat and grass inclosure, but no deer have been there. He then explores the turnip field, and this reveals to him the cause of the boy's visit. A load of turnips has been carted away from the part next the gate. No sign of damage done by the deer is discernible here. However, he strolls on hopefully, examining every turnip, until his eyes rest on a patch of ground strewed with turnips lying with their roots uppermost.

A glow of triumph lights up his face, for he knows that a stag did this. Yes; there are his marks! Every turnip bitten once, and once only. No hind has worked such purposeless havoc.

The rain will have rendered the ground soft enough to make the stag's slot sufficiently clear to a vision as acute as his. So he hurries off to the inclosure, where he left the pony some five hours ago, and, having mounted, jogs off to the ford, which he crossed in the early morning.

There a circuit of the western slope of the ravine is made. Every path and piece of turf is minutely examined, without revealing the much-wished-for confirmation of the evidence in the turnip field until the point where he had viewed the deer is reached.

Here the slots are distinct; but further search has to be made before the slot of a stag is discovered. There it is, broad at the heels and blunt at the toes! It is quite fresh and deeper than the slots of his companions. 'He is a big, heavy

varmint, or he would not push his feet that fur into the land!' is the only remark. The slot, however, is deciphered with ease to the south-west corner of the ravine. Off goes the harbourer to his cottage, determined to come again on the following morning, and to pursue the same tactics as he did to-day. Tomorrow's dawn finds him on his perch once more, and before 5 A.M. he sees the stag with all his rights and 'four on top' emerge from the same point of the ravine, attended by half a dozen companions of various ages, and renew his depredations in the turnip field. Not content with this, he waits patiently until he has safely harboured the stag in the western slope as before.

The harbourer returns home quite confident that, if the wood is not disturbed, the stag with his 'rights and four on top' will be roused when the tufters are put in by Arthur on the next day.

This description of the harbourer's work may seem somewhat trite, as in truth it is; but, like many other undertakings that are easier of description than execution, it will tax to the utmost the patience and skill of the shrewdest expert.

We have frequently heard persons, whose knowledge of the sport is very limited, express the opinion that any gamekeeper has sufficient knowledge and powers of observation to harbour a stag. Our experiences of the ability of the majority of gamekeepers to discharge the duties of a harbourer certainly do not confirm this opinion. A case in point, still fresh in our memory, occurred some years ago. A gamekeeper asserted that 'he had harboured a stag with three on top' in a plantation, and that 'he saw him most days.' True enough he had seen the stag enter the plantation on several occasions after feeding, and had marked the spot exactly. The tufters were thrown in, and drew the cover, while everyone was in a state of breathless excitement, in the expectation of hearing 'Romeo' speak to him. Not a bit of it! The keeper was interrogated, and stoutly maintained that 'the stag must be there, for he had never seen him come out.'

The huntsman soon explained the matter. The stag had gone into the cover, but had gone out on the opposite side; and, indeed, as it was afterwards proved, had never harboured there at all, but some four miles off! Such a blunder, due to a mixture of ignorance and carelessness, would never have occurred had an expert been employed. But the great difficulty in these days lies not in finding a stag, but in killing him. The class of hound best fitted for hunting deer on the Exmoors is very difficult to procure.

We are of opinion that it would be well nigh impossible to breed, in any establishment, a pack of hounds of sufficient size and speed, though the most matured judgment should be brought to bear on the undertaking. The desired height is twenty-five inches, and is, therefore, probably one and a half inches above that of the ordinary foxhound. Consequently it is better not to attempt to breed a pack of hounds, but to depend on drafts of oversized hounds from the best foxhound kennels in the country. Even with such a prolific source to draw upon it is very difficult to maintain the strength of the pack.

The reason why hounds of twenty-five inches are required is apparent to anyone who has seen a pack on the Exmoors, where the length of the heather sorely hinders the work of hounds that do not stand well over it. Nor is it enough that the hound should have height; he must be well put together, more particularly as to his feet and shoulders. Heavy-shouldered hounds very soon become crippled, however good their legs and feet may be, by racing down the precipitous hills and ravines that abound on the Exmoors. It will not do to take hounds that have been entered at any other quarry, consequently young drafts must be obtained.

Much trouble is occasioned in breaking the pack from riot. Many persons who have hunted in this district during the greater part of their lives maintain that the tendency of the pack to kill sheep is in a measure due to the scent of the moorland sheep being similar to that of the deer. Without being a

believer in this theory, we are convinced that the scent of the moorland sheep differs considerably from that of the ordinary sheep kept in the inclosed country. Then the temptations in the case of the moorland sheep are far greater; for hounds, when they are quite out of the reach and observation of the huntsman, frequently come upon a single sheep, in the middle of a wood, at the exact spot passed by the hunted deer. Consequently all entries, as soon after their arrival at the kennels as possible, must be thoroughly broken from sheep, and entered and blooded at deer. The best method of breaking puppies from sheep is to take them out, coupled to old hounds, and exercise them on parts of the moor where sheep are kept in large numbers. If, during exercise, any of the puppies should make an attempt to run at a sheep, he should be approached stealthily and hit sharply with the whip, after which he should be rated severely. If this practice be continued until July, when the puppies should be entered at deer and blooded, they will not give much trouble.

The wear and tear to a pack of hounds hunting on the Exmoors are very great. Not only have the hounds to go long distances to and from the meets, and to endure the strain of prolonged runs over very hard ground, but they have also to leave their kennels for some days at a time in order that they may hunt a distant part of the country. When kennelled in a barn or other suitable building, biscuits must take the place of oatmeal, since it is next to impossible to take the necessary appliances for making pudding. The result of this change of diet is very prejudicial to the condition of the hounds, who return to their kennels with their muscles wasted and their coats dry. In all respects the kennel management of staghounds is the same as that in vogue in the best foxhound kennels. The hour of feeding hounds on the day previous to hunting has long been a vexed question. But the weight of evidence is decidedly in favour of eight o'clock in the morning, the hour at which the Exford pack is fed.

There is also considerable difference of opinion in relation

to the number of hounds which should be brought into the field. We do not think that any hard and fast rule can be laid down on this point, because the numerical strength of the pack must be determined by the nature of the country to be hunted. It is, however, safe to take the mean of eighteen and twenty-four couples. There can be no question that of all the animals hunted in this country, the stag leaves behind him the most lasting scent. We have not unfrequently noticed the pack carrying a good head at a racing pace, for a mile or two, quite a gunshot wide of the line taken by the stag. Indeed so marvellous was the diffusion of scent that on several occasions we were induced to believe that there must be a double line; and it was only after a minute examination of the exact line run by the hounds that we were convinced that no deer had taken it.

It must not be inferred from this that it was a matter of no difficulty to run down a deer; for such is his cunning and stratagem that he will, very frequently, though handicapped by a burning scent, out-manœuvre and elude the most experienced huntsmen and the closest hunting pack of hounds.

As all deer will take the water, or 'soil,' as it is technically termed, as often as opportunity occurs, the hounds must be able to hunt on a cold scent. It is also absolutely necessary that they should be under perfect command, for the many incidents of a run, to be dealt with effectively, require great steadiness. When a stag 'takes soil,' the pack must be divided and cast up or down, as the case may be, both banks of the river or stream.

When the hunted stag 'runs to herd,' pushes up another deer, and lies close, it is all-important that the hounds be brought back immediately.

This operation is often a matter of extreme difficulty, for the stratagem, in nine cases out of ten, is practised in a large woodland, where the working of the hounds is continually hidden from the observation of the huntsman. An old trusted

hound, standing still and declining to join the others, is a sign that the pack have *changed to a fresh deer.*

Moreover, it frequently happens that the deer that has been pushed up goes away in view of the hounds, which, at such a period of a run, are particularly eager for blood and intolerant of restraint.

The choice of tufters is important; for, upon their fitness for the work of rousing and separating the stag from the herd, the sport of the season depends. Of course old and trusty hounds must be selected. But tufters must be possessed of unusual quickness, handiness, and patience, or delays fatal to sport will be occasioned. When the wrong animal—either a calf, hind, or 'broket'—has been roused, and has been driven hard by the tufters for perhaps half an hour or more before the sex or age of the quarry is discovered, it is a great trial to the temper of hounds to be whipped off, and required to begin their work *de novo.* If, therefore, there should be any suspicion of sulkiness or want of perseverance in a hound he should not be used as a tufter.

As to the number of tufters to be used, no precise directions can be given, because the number must be determined by the size of the cover or the area of open ground that the tufters will be required to draw. If the cover be of moderate size, that is to say, under fifty acres, four tufters would be sufficient. But in the case of a large cover, or vast expanse of moorland, two couples would be wholly insufficient, for they might draw all day without rousing a deer, though they might approach within fifty yards of his lair. Probably the number of tufters should not in any case be less than four nor more than twelve. In the event of the latter number being used, the huntsman and whip should be especially vigilant; and if the services of one or two amateur *aides-de-camp* can be obtained, the chances of hounds separating, and hunting three or four lines, will be materially lessened.

It is not often that an old stag hunter, if he should have but one horse out, will discount his prospects of taking a forward

place in the run proper, by getting to the bottom of his horse through keeping the tufters together, so that special arrangements should be made by the master to provide the necessary additional aid to the huntsman.

Considerable judgment is required in selecting headquarters for the pack. A barn or some convenient part of a farm homestead generally affords all the accommodation required. But such homesteads as are accessible only at one or two points are unfit for the purpose; since, if the tufters should run their deer into the open on the side of the farm buildings to which there is not a ready access, a serious waste of time must be occasioned in bringing the pack to the point where the tufters were stopped.

When once deer take the open their habit is to move on, whether pursued closely or not, until they take soil, or run to herd in a cover. It is perfectly evident, therefore, that nothing can compensate for a want of smartness in bringing the pack to the huntsman. If the pack should be, as it ought to be when the tufters are at work, left under the direction of the master, his second horseman should be told off to keep the huntsman in view, so as to be ready to gallop back to his master immediately the tufters are stopped, or when the huntsman signals for the pack. It is surprising with what dash staghounds when liberated will race to meet the huntsman. The reason of their liberation is very soon grasped by every hound in the pack, so that the services of the whipper-in are not much needed. It cannot be pointed out too frequently that unless the huntsman is a man of experience, dash, nerve, and is thoroughly acquainted with the habits of deer, he will fail to show good sport on the Exmoors whatever his merits may be in the kennel and saddle. Staghounds cannot be hunted on the 'let alone' principle, which would mean 'a rest-and-be-thankful' existence for the deer. When the pack reaches the huntsman, he should clap them on the line and drive them, so long as they are on the line, as fast as his horse can carry him. By this method he may succeed in driving them till they get on good

terms with their quarry. To attempt to crawl down a stag, unless he be very fat and heavy, is to attempt an impossibility. Staghounds at fault ought not to be lifted to a distant halloo unless the huntsman has good reason for depending upon it; for if a mistake should be made, and hounds laid on a fresh line, neither deer will be accounted for. Such blunders will surely promote an incurable slackness, for the very best hounds will not bear being deceived frequently. If they cannot own the line, little or no harm can arise from their being lifted as far as the huntsman may think fit for the purpose of recovering it. When the stag is brought to bay, old hounds will not attack him. They appear to know perfectly well that the *coup de grâce* will be delivered by human hands, and that when they have run him to bay their work is done.

The intelligence of the staghound is proportionate to his scenting powers. It is difficult to believe that in the excitement of the chase he is able to distinguish by his nose between a hind and a stag, and between an old deer and a young one. Nevertheless, during a single season he frequently demonstrates his ability to do so.

As the climate of the Exmoor is very severe during the winter and spring, and as the habit of the deer to 'take soil' at all seasons of the year is universal, and entails upon the hounds frequent immersion, the temperature of the kennel lodging-room may be raised by artificial means, which the stove in the boiling-house will economically supply.[1] That huntsmen, like poets, 'are born and not made,' is a maxim that few sportsmen will have the temerity to dispute. A good training will undoubtedly give a man a knowledge of the most approved system of handling a pack of hounds; but it will never take the place of that venatic instinct with which some men are endowed.

[1] Some authorities think that this system produces rheumatism in hounds, and is therefore to be avoided—to souse them well in warm water when they are taken home, and rub them dry with a horsehair glove, is the better plan. Artificial heat is only necessary if they have been swimming about in cold weather.

The good fortune that has attended the packs of staghounds kept on the Exmoors during the last thirty years in regard to the ability of their huntsmen is very remarkable. Most of us are inclined to compare things of the present unfavourably with those of the past; and this inclination is almost universal when questions connected with hunting are under discussion. It is, however, very doubtful if a veteran stag hunter could be found in Devon or Somerset who could be induced to assert that a more able exponent of the art of stag hunting than the present huntsman, Arthur Heal, ever carried the horn on the Exmoors. If anyone is desirous of observing a practical demonstration of the best methods of surmounting the many difficulties and emergencies with which a huntsman has to deal, he should pay a visit to Exford as soon as may be after the middle of August. That Heal has succeeded in making his hounds very handy under all circumstances without having subjected them to that severity of treatment considered by some huntsmen to be essential, entitles his system in the kennel and the field to the approval of all lovers of sport and of the hounds that furnish it.

Being a light weight, a good horseman, and having a thorough knowledge of the country, he scarcely ever loses touch of his hounds. Consequently, they can seldom divide or run riot without his knowledge. He rarely loses any of his hounds for more than three or four days at a time, owing to the excellent practice of exercising the pack on the moors, with every road to and from which they become well acquainted; so that, if separated from the pack through lameness or other accidental causes, they are able to find their way to the kennels.

All the local supporters of the Hunt are exhorted not to 'harbour' any lost hound that may honour them with a visit, but to expel him from their doors with as much force as may be necessary. This system averts an infinite amount of trouble, anxiety, and expense, and renders that loitering and loafing propensity, so strong in some hounds, utterly unprofitable.

The main cause of absence of hounds from 'the roll call' after hunting is that they have roused a calf, run into it, and regaled themselves on its carcase. If this is of tolerable size it will last the truants three or four days; and until the last morsel has been devoured they are not to be tempted, even by visions of Arthur's appetising pudding, to return to their kennels.

The habit of staghounds under these circumstances is peculiar. After satisfying their hunger to the full on the carcase they do not, as one would suppose, lie close to it and guard it against plunderers; but they 'lie up,' generally as much as two or three gunshots away from it. Probably this habit had its origin in a desire to avoid detection; for, when hounds are surprised during the period of feasting they are particularly shy, and averse to the approach of any human being.

It will be readily apprehended after what has been said that it would be as fatal to the good conduct of the pack as to sport to bring out more than four or five couples of young hounds at a time, since it would be impossible to keep a larger number with the pack.

The duties of the whipper-in are very different from those of a whipper-in to foxhounds. The latter has principally to confine himself to the work of preventing riot, assisting the huntsman, verifying halloos, &c., while the former must frequently be separated a mile or two from the huntsman. He must take up positions from whence he can see whether the right or the wrong animal is hunted; and he must frequently maintain communications with the huntsman by means of signals.

If hounds cross one of the many precipitous ravines to be found in the country he must not cross till he has viewed them away on the other side, for if the deer should soil in the bottom of the ravine, as will probably be the case, or break cover on the opposite side and head back again, he would most probably come back in the teeth of the whipper-in, who would be in a position to ascertain his exact condition, the probable duration of the run, and the point for which he

was making. Moreover, the whipper-in could go on with the hounds in the event of their having outpaced the huntsman. The office of a whipper-in is a very important one, and if he is really fond of the sport, his opportunities of observation ought to enable him to act the part of huntsman with success.

It is quite necessary that the huntsman and whipper-in to a pack of staghounds should have two horses out, for it is impossible that any man can do his work efficiently on a day of average sport with one horse, however stout the animal may be. Speed, as has been before asserted, is an essential attribute of the staghound. It is no less so of the hunter. If hounds are fast, horses must be fast. But, on the Exmoors, this maxim is so universally accepted that there need be no fear of a good local sportsman, like Lord Ebrington, mounting his men on horses that are deficient in speed or stoutness. In fact, one week's experience on the moors would be sufficient to convince anyone capable of forming a reasonable judgment that horses of high quality are indispensable factors in a stag-hunting establishment. Much care ought to be exercised in the selection of horses with long clean shoulders, short backs, and very hard and sound feet; for if they are not properly constructed in these points they cannot go up and down hill, and over rough, rocky ground, at the necessary speed.

We must now break off, and make the best of our way to the meet at Cloutsham, or we shall not be able to give an account of the doings of the redoubtable Arthur and his pack on this second day of October. The second horsemen, aware that no time is to be lost, are jogging over Exford Bridge, having a vivid recollection of the long and steep hill that has to be climbed before the moorland ridge is reached, so we shall follow them until the hounds overtake us. Every promise of sport is present. A soft and somewhat damp breeze is coming from the east, but there is yet no sign of fog or rain. The heather is at its best. It is true that the bloom has partly fallen, but the delicate colouring of what remains lends a rare attractiveness to the scene. Coming from all quarters

are men in hunting costume, mounted on wiry, tough-lookin
little horses, that seem hardly up to their riders' weights, which
it must be admitted, testify to the good fare provided for the
lords by the Devon and Somerset housewives.

So far all the early arrivals are worthy representatives of th
classes of yeomen and tenant farmers ; classes that, we trust
will ever be represented at the cover side, where their ruddy
cheery faces and frank and independent manners contrast
agreeably with the blanched skin and reserved demeanour of
the visitors who have arrived in their tens to put the finish on
their sporting education, to restore their physical vigour squandered in the metropolis, and to work themselves into condition for six days a week in the shires during the following month. It must be admitted that Arthur has a very critical assembly, but we have confidence that the best horseman in the field, if there be a run, will have to play the game of follow my leader ; the lover of precision and dash will be compelled to applaud, and the worshipper of close hunting will have nothing to complain of.

But where are the hounds ? They are in the farm buildings, which are in the occupation of a keen lover of the sport. We wish him good morning, hope that there is a stag at home, and that he will give us 'the run of the season.'

'There be a vine stag down along in the bottom ; and if he don't give 'ee a vine run, he's eat my oats to no purpose,' is the reply.

But his lordship has come, so we feel that the business of the day is drawing near.

Arthur, his lordship, and the harbourer have a brief conference, and then retire to the other side of the farmyard. We follow the trio and soon learn that the tufters are to be brought out. The whipper-in is at the door of the barn, and in accordance with Arthur's instructions calls out five and a half couples of steady workmanlike-looking hounds, whose appearance denotes contact with anything but a bed of roses.

However, they bear their honourable scars with dignity, and

ve their confrères to endure their disappointment as best ey may. A move is made. The visitors pull up their girths, st the length of their stirrups, and prepare for a burst over e moors. They little know what is in store for them, though ey express to one another some surprise at the indifference to e proceedings displayed by the local sportsmen. However, ey leave the provincials to take care of themselves and trot own the hills after Arthur and the tufters, prepared to have the ay's sport to themselves. There is no dwelling on the part of Arthur, and while the visitors have been engaged in conversa-ion, they discover that they have been left in the lurch and must gallop along the hard road at the bottom, that they may ascertain which direction he has taken.

They cannot see him, for he has turned up the hill into the cover, about two hundred yards forward. They have, however the satisfaction of hearing his voice, and the stones rolling under his horse's feet. Very soon a hound opens. 'Hush ! is that right?' comes from half a dozen voices. Arthur's cheer settles the doubt. Then another hound challenges. 'Where's Arthur? What are the hounds doing? Good Heavens, why Arthur is going out at the top! How the deuce did he get there?' Happily a local sportsman with an expression of calm satisfaction comes to the rescue with 'All right, gentlemen, get you back to the meet as quickly as you can, or the hounds will go without 'ee.'

We turn our horses' heads, beat a retreat up the slippery, narrow lane, find three-fourths of the field standing by their horses, and chatting—as cool as cucumbers. 'We have done something foolish, but what it is I can't explain,' says a cynical sportsman, who has just arrived from the bottom, his horse's flanks heaving as though the labours of the day have already been more than he cares for.

Presently, a smart groom arrives on a quick blood-like little horse, and loses no time in communicating to his lordship that Arthur has stopped the hounds just outside the cover on the round hill. All then is bustle and excitement. The barn

doors are thrown open, his lordship gives a shrill blast from his horn, and the whole pack rush down the steep hill after him at a pace that is particularly unpleasant to all but the native sportsmen and their horses. 'That's the best way, my lord—right up the road!' says a farmer on a pony. The hint is taken, and the summit of the wood is gained in less than five minutes from the start. There is Arthur, impatient as the hounds. He gives one cheer, claps them on the line before a third of the field has reached the open, and keeps driving the pack on at their best pace. The ground is uneven and rugged, but the pace is good, and the hounds are drawing away from the horses. On yonder hill Arthur views the quarry running westwards to the inclosed country, where he is lost to sight. The local sportsmen make the best of their way to the point where he was last viewed, while the veteran huntsman and the hard riders drive their horses along in pursuit of the pack.

On the crest of the hill they throw up, but Arthur will not let them rest. Sticking his spurs into his horse, and giving a couple of twangs with his horn, he gallops at their head to the inclosed country. There the hounds hit off the scent, and race parallel with the moor road for a couple of miles, when a turn at right angles down to the bottom fills the minds of the timid horsemen with amazement. ''Tis no use going there,' is proclaimed far and wide. Yet the hounds go, and they who wish to see the end must follow suit.

At the bottom is a bog, from whence flows a small stream. The hounds are at fault again. Eager eyes are straining to discern the 'slot.' None is perceptible. 'He's gone right on,' chime in those who are well mounted. 'What has Arthur gone back for?' He has seen the slot fifty yards back pointing backwards. A shout soon proclaims that the stag is seen in the pool down the stream. The hounds interpret the meaning of that shout correctly, and race off. But before they can reach him, he rises from the pool, or 'breaks soil' in the fullness of his strength and majesty, and with the drops of water trickling from his neck and belly, he races back to the moors,

apparently as fresh as though he had only just been roused. The cunning sportsmen are seen galloping back to meet us. The day is theirs. They will have it all to themselves yet. 'Ah! it ain't over yet!' says a farmer on a little sandy-looking grass-fed horse that was galloping more easily than we liked. The hounds show now how they can race when they are on good terms with their quarry. 'A horse down.' 'Yes, there he is, to the right.' 'What brought him down?' 'He is pumped out, like many others.' Still, Arthur on his chestnut seems tied to his hounds, and we follow him as nearly as we can to the edge of a large cover, and down a steep path, until we see him pause. Here come the hounds straight to us, with the stag not twenty yards ahead of them.

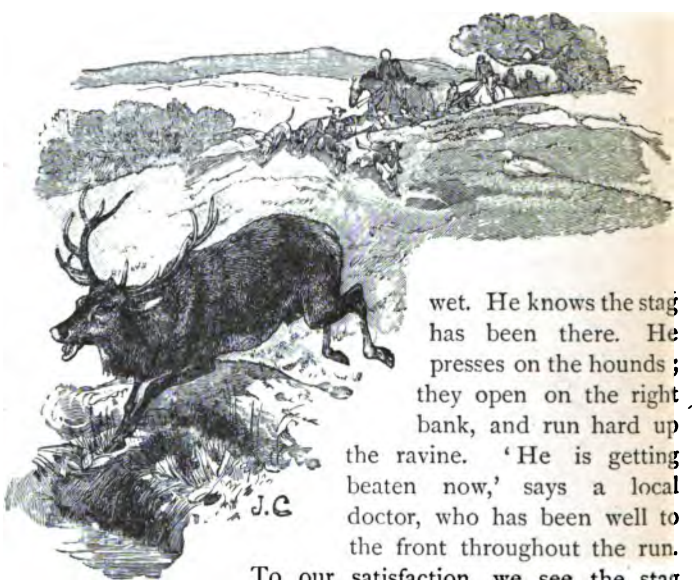
He crosses the path at a bound. Like lightning Arthur presses his horse to the point, and shouts, 'Tally-ho, back!' 'What's that about?' 'Why, the hunted stag is lying close, and has turned out another.'

About two minutes elapse before the hounds speak, then there is a chorus of voices, and a crash down to the bottom. All is silent again. We view him running down stream at a sharp trot. But no hounds are after him? Yes, they are; running in cover parallel to him.

'Forrard!' shouts the whipper-in from the opposite side of the wood, and we gallop in line down a dry watercourse, full of boulders and roots, until we reach a turn in the valley. Hounds are off the line. We all conclude he has gone down in deep water. But 'Tally-ho!' from the whipper-in assures us that he has once more broken cover.

After struggling up the hill in line, and seeing Arthur galloping away on his second horse, which has apparently dropped from the clouds, we find that the time for nursing our horses has arrived. Happily we are riding inside the circle, and can see every yard of the run. Twenty minutes in the open brings us to a long rocky ravine covered with brush-wood, and glad enough we are to see Arthur casting his hounds along the slope nearest to us. The hounds cannot

recover the scent. Minute succeeds minute. Impatience and disappointment are written on the features of the few that are with us. Arthur will not give it up. He takes the hounds to the river, and casts them on both banks down the stream. Then he brings them back, and casts them up the stream. His cheery shout of encouragement denotes that he has seen something. What is it? His quick vision has detected that the large boulder in mid-stream has been splashed, and is still



'His head is down, and his tongue out.'

wet. He knows the stag has been there. He presses on the hounds; they open on the right bank, and run hard up the ravine. 'He is getting beaten now,' says a local doctor, who has been well to the front throughout the run. To our satisfaction, we see the stag running up the stream with hounds close to his heels. They've got him now! No, they won't have him just yet. He's 'broken soil' again, and is making for the open. His head is down, and tongue out. He cannot hold out long at this pace. The hounds know he is sinking, and race after him with a dash that we have not seen them show before. He turns in our teeth, runs down the slope again, crosses the

road, and plunges once more into the river with the hounds all around him. The whipper-in and a farmer jump off their horses, scramble from stone to stone until they get on either side of him. He does not apparently notice their approach, his attention is confined to the hounds in front of him.

In an instant his horns are seized, and his head bent down and back; while the ever-present Arthur approaches him in front and delivers the *coup de grâce* with the coolness and adroitness of a Liston. 'Whoo whoop!' proclaims that life is extinct, and his carcase is dragged by half a dozen of the field to the bank. The slots are cut off, and gracefully presented to two visitors by his lordship. The head is removed, the carcase cleaned for the purpose of blooding the hounds, and directions given for the distribution of the venison. A splendid head it is, with 'four on top,' to add to the fine collection at Castle Hill.

After running for two hours and twenty minutes, broken by but few brief intervals for relaxing the strain upon the respiratory organs of our horses, we willingly swell the number of the first detachment bound for home; and as we jog along the moorland road we feel, as we have often done before, that the ride homeward with sympathetic companions is by no means the least enjoyable part of a day's hunting.

The conversation naturally turns on the ability of Arthur and the high character of the pack; and when we learn that by their joint efforts over one hundred deer have been run down in a single season, we are not surprised at the homage paid to the Exford establishment.

The fact that the country is so well stocked with deer speaks volumes for the tact and liberality displayed by Lord Ebrington and his popular predecessor, Mr. Fenwick Bisset, and certifies to the existence of an excellent understanding between all classes of the community.

The destructive propensity of the deer must be experienced to be believed. The majority of the farmers on the borders of the moors suffer considerable and vexatious losses. These

happily are fully and courteously recognised, the presents of venison being in proportion to the damage sustained. At one time many magnificent deer fell by the bullet of the poacher, who maimed and mutilated more than he killed; but these atrocities were perpetrated during that period of demoralisation when the country was not regularly and systematically hunted. Such an unhappy state of affairs will, we trust, never recur. We scarcely think it is likely to do so until existing Acts of Parliament for the preservation of game and deer have been repealed, and replaced by special Acts for the encouragement and protection of the poacher.

THE FOX AND HIS HABITS.

We shall not be very wide of the mark if we describe the fox as the 'spoilt darling of the nineteenth century,' and at the same time as the most irreconcilable to civilisation of our fauna.

No one, so far as we know, has ever given the stoat or the weasel, the badger or the otter, a fair chance of proving whether by care and kindness and a regular diet they can be so far domesticated as to refrain from destroying at all times and seasons and out of sheer *cussedness*, what they may consider their legitimate and lawful prey in the shape of flesh, fowl, or fish. With the fox, on the contrary, the experiment has been repeatedly tried—that he can be tamed to a certain extent, as regards contact with human beings, is undoubted. He may, if taken as a cub, be handled, played with, and perhaps, though he is not exactly lavender water at the best of times, may be taught habits of cleanliness, sufficient to secure his admission under protest to the house. Nay, more, he may be brought to live on terms of amity with his natural enemy the dog, or his very neutral ally the cat, but one instinct of the savage state will always remain so thoroughly ingrained as to be ineradicable. With poultry or rabbits he can never be trusted, or, to speak more correctly, he *can* thoroughly be trusted to pounce on and kill them. It is the old Adam, the nature which

you cannot expel even with the handle of a pitchfork; the prongs, as used by an irascible henwife, may in individual instances prove efficacious, without at all upsetting our theory.

That in his wild state he is the most petted of animals, the only felon the condonation of whose felony finds favour with a law-abiding public, is beyond contradiction. Hunted he must be; if he is to exist at all in England it is his *raison d'être*, and if consulted on the subject he would probably not wish it otherwise. He thoroughly understands the sport in all its branches. Pursuit by a terrier is looked upon as a friendly game of romps;



'In search of a supper.'

a merry-go-round with a pack of harriers (not too big) is regarded in much the same light, and it is only the pack of advertised foxhounds (he is particular on the score of advertisement) whom he considers really worthy of the steel of his cunning and staunchness.

Of course he has to contend with incidental annoyance, such as that of being coursed by a brace of greyhounds—these are soon settled by a stiff bullfinch—of being shot at by a shortsighted or over-enthusiastic gunner—a much more serious

matter; or of finding himself fast in a neglected rabbit trap, the most serious case of all, requiring instant amputation by his own teeth of the imprisoned limb; but these accidents he generally debits in his life's ledger as the drawbacks inseparable from a nobly selfish career, so long as he is free, as in all well-regulated countries he is free, from fear of poison or other malicious conspiracy against his existence.

For the rest, who is there in these troublous times that enjoys such complete immunity from the universal depression, as the 'thief o' the world,' the chartered freebooter of our fields and forests? A certain amount of deprivation he may indeed have suffered from the Hares and Rabbits Bill, when it first came into operation, but he soon learned to recoup himself by increased raids upon pheasant preserves, or poultry yards, leaving the M.F.H. and the hunt fund on the one part, the keepers and the farmers on the other, to adjust their differences as best they could.

Broadly speaking, his hand is against every man and no man's hand is, without due notice, against him. Hunting days excepted, he parcels out the twenty-four hours after the manner of most predatory animals, even after the fashion of the man about town; the nights he devotes to refreshment, plunder, and love, the days to the luxury of rest and sleep, being extremely fastidious as to the warmth and dryness of his bedroom. Of course it is annoying after a hard and perhaps unsuccessful night's poaching to find the main earth 'put to,' but is not this barring out a sufficient hint to his acute intellect that he may look out for squalls on the following day? And he betakes himself with grim complacency to a hole under a haystack, the top of an ivy-covered wall, a grassy bank, the shelter of a thick gorse or thorn covert, or some other well-known coign of vantage, where experience, or the excellent advice of his vixen mother has taught him that he can see without being seen.

Here, when a deep sleep comes upon him, he may be occasionally taken unawares, but the due and lawful warning

given from the up-wind side, in the shape of a blast on the horn, the crack of a whip, or the huntsman's cheer, seldom fails to arouse him to timely wakefulness.

If a regular old customer, who has more than once baffled his keen pursuers, the tramp of the horse-hoofs heard from afar will often suffice to put him on his legs, and cause him to steal away before the smartest of whips can 'get round' for a view. Threading his invisible way as he well knows how,



'Stealing away.'

under bank or hedge, he leaves no sign or trace save the mysterious inexplicable clue which men call *scent.*

And by no better name could it be called. The French, from whom we have borrowed many of our terms of venery, say *la voie* or *la piste,* expressions which to English ears, at least, fail to convey the idea of the 'ravishing perfume'[1] on

[1] *Vide* the adaptation of the Bloomer editress in Mr. Sponge's immortal tour.

which the sport of fox hunting depends, and about which such various and contradictory theories have been upheld.

For *scent* it unquestionably is which enables the hound to follow the line of the fox, but from what portion of the frame it emanates, whether it sometimes *lies* on the ground, or rises a few inches above it, and what are the atmospheric conditions most favourable to its development, seem to be vexed questions as far from accurate solution as are those of the squaring of the circle, or the precise date of the Greek kalends. This much is certain—that hounds will, on really good scenting days, carry as good a head, and run as unerringly fifty yards down wind of the line, as they can when following in the actual track, showing that scent can be diffused over a very considerable space of ground; and instances there are, rare but well authenticated, where hounds have been laid on to a spot where the fox has been *seen* to pass, and have failed to show even an indication of feathering, yet on being brought back to the same place after an interval of five or ten minutes, have taken up the line and gone away at score, though it was absolutely impossible that a fresh taint could have been left; thus making it appear that scent may be *held in suspense*, or rise for a short period above the reach of hounds' olfactories, and then settle down again. Our own experience leads us to believe that scent in a great measure depends upon the individual animal, but, as we cannot sustain our conviction by scientific proof, we refrain from arguing upon it.

On these, as on many other interesting points, the fox could give us trustworthy information. He and he alone knows the secret of his scent, and by his knowledge he doubtless regulates his movements; he is not, however, of a confiding nature, and for the sake of his own security, and for other obvious reasons, he remains—dumb.

So manifold are the devices of the fox for eluding his pursuers, that volumes might be filled with the stories of his cunning, and of the skill and presence of mind with which he extricates himself from apparently hopeless difficulties; what-

ever he may feel he never *looks* flurried, and whether swinging with his long easy stride over the first field, in the full vigour of freshness, or crawling along with his back up as the pack breaks from scent to view, he presents ever the same resolute appearance of knowing exactly what he means to do next—though, in the latter case, his meaning is limited to a grim determination to make his teeth meet in the first hound that lays hold of him, and to quit life and grip together. But all runs do not terminate with a tragedy, and considering the craft and resources of the hunted animal, we can only marvel at the perseverance and science which bring so many foxes fairly to hand during the course of a season.

Gifted with speed, for a few furlongs, at least, in excess of that of the fleetest foxhound, our hero, save in exceptionally open countries, is not long in bringing the pack to their noses; to get out of sight is his first care, and, even on the downs, his instinct at once shows him how to avail himself of accidentation of ground in order to break the view; of ploughmen and shepherds he takes his chance—he sees them long before they see him, and, if chased by the dogs of the latter—a liberty which is seldom carried to close quarters—he comforts himself with the reflection that more foxes have been lost than killed through the interference of an over-zealous cur.

Strongly inclosed or wooded countries naturally afford the fullest opportunities for the exercise of his wiles and dodges; with the *carte du pays* at the tips of his pads, he knows every dry ditch, watercourse, meuse, or run where he can slip easily along, but where the hounds must file or force their way, and if he takes to water, which he can do like an otter, we may feel pretty sure that *he* has no struggle on getting out, though the honeycombed ledge which gave him foot-hold crumbles away at the first touch of his heavier-footed pursuers.

With a sidelong climb he can surmount most park walls, and he can run up a tree like a cat, if the bark be rough and the incline slightly in his favour, but this is a trick which he does well not to try too often, for if a fox takes to perching, he

is sure to be 'tree'd' at last, and a drop of fifteen or twenty feet, land he never so lightly, is neither bracing at the commencement, nor restorative towards the end, of a run.

One bred in the neighbourhood of a country town, soon makes himself acquainted with the ins and outs of every pigstye and hovel about the place; he can thread a suburb like a rate collector. Wearying to the hounds and exasperating to the huntsman, such an animal is appreciated only by the publicans, who on occasion of a town hunt, glean a goodly harvest from the drinking division, which always furnishes a considerable contingent in every field of horsemen. Adventurous wanderer though he is, and much as we admire his courage, it is impossible to ignore the fact that the fox is somewhat too apt to seek ignoble refuge beneath the surface of the soil, and, however diligent the earth stoppers, however carefully grated the old stone drains, some underground lurking place always seems to have escaped man's observation, though duly noted by the retentive vulpine memory as open and good at need.

Gone to ground! Who-whoop! It is neither one thing nor the other, and the spirit of the chase is chilled. Then follows the question, What shall we do with him? If the sanctuary is a short drain, or culvert, with two ends to it, and the terriers are handy, a bolt may be speedily effected; a squib, a charge of powder from a gun, or hydraulic pressure, where there is a slight stream of water which can be dammed and suddenly sluiced down upon the refugee, will equally serve the purposes of what we may call legitimate eviction; but against prolonged disinterment by a gang of labourers, ending with a worry over the mouth of a yawning chasm, we at least would fain enter energetic protest. The stock arguments in favour of a dig are almost too well known to need repetition, but have we sufficiently considered them from the fox's point of view?

If the act of *sepultus de se* occurs early in the run, there arises at once a chorus of 'Wretched brute! Cowardly devil! Not worth saving! Deserves his fate!' &c. How do *we* know? May

not a brave fox have headache, or toothache, or dyspepsia, or some ailment which he feels for the time incapacitates him from doing justice to himself, and to the pack whose prowess he has learnt rightly to esteem? May he not laudably wish to reserve himself for some future day, when, in the full vigour of matured strength and perfect health, he will be ready to try conclusions over that ten-mile point which is recorded in the annals of his county hunt to have been safely traversed by his predecessors?

Who can tell? And why should we condemn him unheard? If, on the other hand, he just saves his brush at the end of a good thing by going to ground a few yards in front of the leading hound, we are told 'The hounds deserve him; he was dead beat; sure to die in the night,' &c. All this may be true, but he is a hardy, good-constitutioned brute, used to roughing it, and will, no doubt, gladly take his chance of recovery from over-exertion; and as for the hounds, they get plenty of blood in the course of the season, let them for once go without these deserts; they are perfectly aware that, though baffled, they have not been beaten; so why not spare him? What he has done once, he may, and probably will, do again; and next time, perchance, the *euthanasia* in the open shall reflect the more credit upon all parties concerned.

Nevertheless, we are aware that it is good for foxes to understand that subterranean fortresses are not absolutely impregnable. We know also that farmers may grumble if the cherished marauder is permitted too often to laugh at the beard of the huntsman. 'Circumstances alter cases,' was a favourite maxim with the late Lord Beaconsfield—though we forbear giving his favourite illustration thereof.

When all is said and done, the decision to dig or not to dig must, and should be, left to the judgment of the master. He can hardly be expected to summon a jury of his fellow-sportsmen on the spot, still less to take a verdict from the down or upturned thumbs of the whole field; on him and on him alone rests the ultimate responsibility, let us hope that he may usually

incline to mercy, and that at any rate 'give him a chance,' may be the final and peremptory order to the hunt-servants. We may here mention that one of the most remarkable hiding places we have ever seen resorted to by a fox was the large wheel of a mill.

N.B.—The mill was not going at the time.

Like other wild animals, the fox is supposed to be, and probably is incapable of recognising his parents or offspring after he has ceased to be dependent on them, or they on him. If this is not so he displays at times an almost human intelligence in subordinating family feeling to self-interest, for one of his chosen methods of escape consists in diverting pursuit into another channel, and to this end he hesitates not to push his son or mother out of his or her lair, and to ensconce himself therein till the cry has rolled far away on the track of the improvised scapegoat, when chuckling over the success of his *ruse* he retires discreetly in the opposite direction. His knowledge of numerals being elementary, his thoughts are mainly concentrated on No. 1, except perhaps during the breeding season, say from March to June—for though hazy in his ideas on the subject of monogamy he does to a certain extent recognise his duty as a husband and a father—i.e. he will do some of the foraging, and act most fiercely in the defence of his household; such matters are indeed distinctly within the sphere of his sporting and fighting instincts. The drawing the earth, and other preparations for the accouchement he is supposed to leave entirely to the vixen, than whom no more devoted mother exists up to the time when, having taught them all she knows, the family party is broken up, and the litter dispersed in the early mornings of cub-hunting. This 'teaching them all she knows' is of paramount importance in the interests of sport, and if they are not to show sport why preserve foxes?

Educated by a watchful but not too indulgent parent in the hereditary cunning and traditions of their ancient race, the cubs soon learn how to take care of themselves in every sense of the word; but if while young they are deprived of their

mother they may become as useless for hunting purposes as tame cats.

It is not an uncommon trick with keepers, who, whatever they may say to the contrary, all hate foxes, to kill the old ones a few weeks after laying down, and to hand rear the cubs on rabbits, rooks, offal, or even milk where it can be charged to the game account.

Thus artificially raised, young master fox grows up an emasculate and almost innocuous animal. He would probably kill the chickens if he got into the poultry yard, which he is not allowed to do, but never having felt the pangs of hunger, he has for the most part neither the wish nor the ability to destroy game. When the hounds come, a splendid show of foxes and pheasants dazzles the uninitiated. The huntsman of course soon sees through the trick, and having blooded his pack easily and liberally, goes away laughing in his sleeve, and gives his master a hint that this is a good place on a bad-scenting day. During the remainder of the season the field will occasionally express surprise that the foxes in Mr. So-and-So's coverts hardly seem to know their way from one quarter to another of the wood in which they were littered; but beyond this, scant notice is taken, and the farce may be successfully played for many years, and will be the only *run* likely to be witnessed.

But our theme is the wild fox, and to him we willingly return, though before doing so we would fain guard ourselves against a possible charge of injustice.

We have said that all keepers hate foxes, and we believe it; but there are unquestionably hundreds of honest servants who loyally obey their master's instructions to 'preserve foxes at any cost.'

It is difficult to say what a fox will *not* eat; rabbits and game probably form the highest, beetles, mice, and even frogs, the lowest scale in his dietary. He is said to be partial to water hens and water rats, and he is certainly fond of frequenting withy beds, river banks, or low-lying grounds where the amphibii do mostly congregate; though he does not succeed

in making any appreciable diminution in their numbers, he will kill common rats for sport like a terrier, and may in times of famine eat them. But it is not a food after which he hankers.

Raw horseflesh is about the most deleterious article he can take into his larder, though often put in his way to save game. It is apt to produce mange, the only malady from which, as far as is known, foxes frequently and seriously suffer. This dire complaint may, and no doubt does arise, from other causes, such as over-exertion followed by privation and exposure to wet, but however he may contract the disease a fox once really mangy is a misery to himself and a source of contagion to others; he had better be destroyed at once, though the precedent of a sentence of death by shooting is at all times a risky one to establish.

There is no rule without an exception, and this may be made in favour of a heavy but mangy vixen—she does not *necessarily* infect her young, though she herself remains incurable.

Habitual criminal as he is—a felon of the deepest dye—the fox, like the devil, is not quite so black as he is painted, and sins are laid to his charge, of which he is wholly guiltless;—was it Mr. Jorrocks or another of Surtees's sporting celebrities who received a bill with request for immediate payment for a 'young bull and ten acres of vetches,' said to have been consumed by ravenous Reynard? Such items as these are, perhaps, not often debited to his account, but the accusation of lamb slaughter, false as it is frequent, has been brought against him in every county in England. That he will eat a dead lamb or sheep which has been thrown out of the fold, just as he will devour any other carrion is undeniable; that he even attacks them when alive we believe to be a convenient fiction of careless servants. Let the *consigne* to the shepherd be: 'Tie up your own dog at night, and take care that no other curs come near the place,' and it may safely be asserted that the flock will be free from death by violence.

It is true that foxes hang about ewe-pens at night for the

sake of the cleanings and offal which they delight in, and mangy or dying ones creep into the folds for warmth, and these facts have given a show of plausibility to the tales of the slanderer. In the hatching season, the fox commits much havoc amongst the sitting birds, and though there is a prevailing belief that the hen partridge or pheasant can while on her nest retain her scent, so as to give no indication of her presence, game preservers would do well not to trust to this oft-exploded fallacy, but to give orders to surround such nests as are known with paper or tow, steeped in a mixture of tar and assafœtida, a preparation which does to some extent fend off the foxes. Nevertheless it not unfrequently happens that a wholly unprotected hen pheasant rears and takes away her brood from close proximity to a breeding earth, and farmers have been known to declare that they *like* having a litter hard by the yards, as the fox prefers foraging at a distance from home.

We give this theory 'quantum valeat,' ourselves believing that it has been founded on a few fortunate accidents. It should be noted that fur seems to be almost essential to a healthy condition of the fox's digestive organs; it has at least been proved to be so where necessity has arisen for hand rearing cubs, and the *excreta* of the wild animal will be found, on analysis, to contain a large proportion of this ingredient.

We have endeavoured in this admittedly imperfect sketch, to give the leading characteristics of the fox; and take him 'all in,' if any of the *carnivora* are to be preserved for the sake of sport, no other animal in the British Isles could answer the purpose so well, or at all.

Owing to his strength and ferocity the wolf is out of the question, even if he were not, as he is, happily extinct; the otter cannot be pursued on horseback, and the badger is a slow bad traveller. We beg pardon of the two last-named worthies, for classing them amongst the real *carnivora*. So to the fox we are restricted, for hunting on a great scale, and small reason have we to grumble at the restriction.

Fleet, and staunch, and cunning, he can test the mettle of

the best men, horses, and hounds, in the world. He spoils the rich with impunity, and leaves them to pay the costs when he robs the poor. Long may he flourish. It will be an evil day, when, the land being given over to 'Chamberlain and wantonness,' the gun, instead of the horn, shall sound the death-knell of the fox.

HARRIERS AND THE HARE.

What *is* the harrier? Well, the Encyclopædia tells us that it is 'the English name for the hound used in hunting the hare,' and it would be difficult to give a more definite description, for he would be a bold man who would undertake to say that there is now-a-days a distinct *breed* of this nature in the United Kingdom, nor is it worth while to inquire whether there ever was such a breed. It may be taken for granted that all harriers have a very strong dash of foxhound blood in them, derived either from immediate or more remote ancestry, and that the packs composed of what are called true-bred harriers are those whose owners have not wittingly purchased drafts from foxhound kennels, or renovated their blood by a cross therefrom.

On the other hand, many packs consist entirely of dwarf foxhounds, that being the simplest, most expeditious, and probably the cheapest method of getting and keeping together a 'cry of hare dogs.' That there is no difficulty in persuading them to run hare, any M.F.H. who has attended to the entering of his puppies during the cub-hunting season will bear witness, but the drawbacks to the system are these: First, as to size. Dwarf foxhounds, dwarf though they be, are apt to be too big, it being difficult to obtain them under 21 or 20 inches (they often top 22), whereas harriers that are restricted to their legitimate quarry, and it is of these only that we are writing, should never exceed 19 inches, 17 or 18 being perhaps a better standard, otherwise in countries where the regular sport is carried on they may become an unmitigated nuisance.

All harriers, except perhaps the wariest veterans, will pursue

fox as eagerly as hare, and though in districts where outlyers are frequent, an occasional dart after a brush is inevitable, there rarely results much mischief or a tragic finish; when the hounds are really small, they can usually be stopped before a holding covert is reached, and on the whole do more good than harm by moving the 'thief of the world' out of the odd holes and corners he is so fond of frequenting, and where he is seldom discovered by his natural enemies. But let a pack of 21-inch pure bred foxhounds get a fair start on a good scenting day at a fox out of a hedgerow; they are as likely as not—and why not?—to rip him up in five-and-twenty minutes, let the green-coated master and his retainers ride never so valiantly; then when the first flush of triumph is over, there is shame and remorse, and when the story gets wind the M.F.H. is indignant, the owners of coverts are annoyed, and the subscribers wax hot in their wrath, while all unite in cursing the currant-jelly dogs. We wonder if any of our readers ever heard the late George Payne give an account of how with his harriers (for that Ulysses of sport had in his time kept harriers) he once found a fox in a remote Pytchley withy bed, and 'killed him on the top of the main earth at Arthingworth.'

Shame and remorse we may be sure he felt none, but even in the paroxysms of laughter occasioned by his inimitable description of how he 'cut him into collops with a penknife, to tempt the confounded hounds who wouldn't eat him,' we remember thinking that *no one* but G. P. 'aurait su se tirer de l'embarras.'

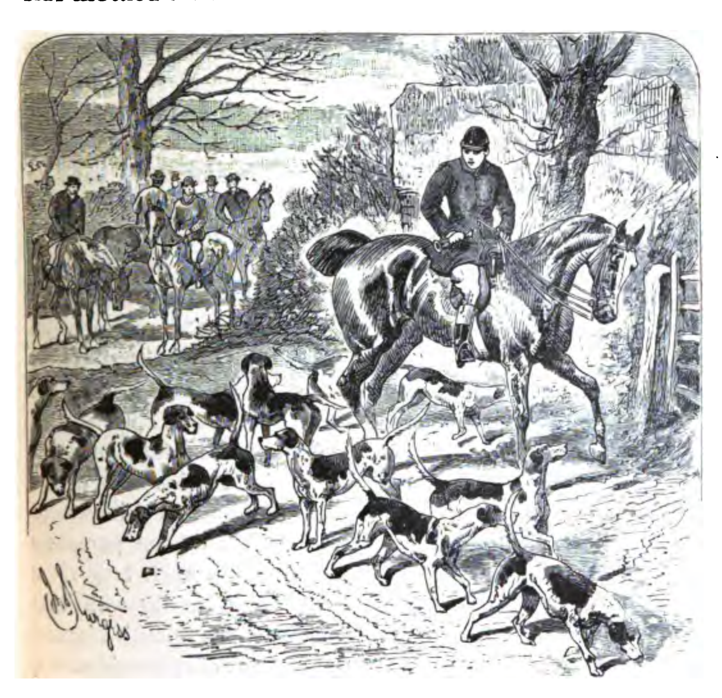
Secondly, dwarf foxhounds have too much *dash*, and when the hare begins to double, and execute her manifold manœuvres, they keep over-running the scent, and casting themselves forward, instead of trying back, which seems to be the natural instinct of hounds descended from some generations of hare-hunting forefathers.

The best plan, therefore, for a beginner is to purchase a draft of old dogs and bitches, from one or more established harrier kennels—if he has any friends in the line so much the

better—and start breeding at once on his own account. He is pretty sure to buy some curious specimens of the maimed, the halt, and even the blind—people don't sell their best hounds—but of one thing he may feel tolerably certain, that being so many season hunters, they must have *been* good, or they would not have been kept so long. He will get them as little related to each other as may be, and in hunting he must at first take his chance. Of all perplexing sciences commend us to harrier breeding. Put a straight dog and a straight bitch together and the litter is as likely as not to exhibit every shade of canine deformity, whereas the progeny of a slack-loined dog and a bandy-legged bitch may be as neat little fellows as ever walked the flags. Then, again, when the foxhound cross is remote, wire-coats become very common, not that this is altogether a disadvantage, as it is a hardy, keen-scented sort, but the wiry ones rather destroy the general smartness and uniformity of the pack, and where the master is afraid of criticism he may object to overhearing remarks about terriers and otter hounds at the meet. But after all the main object is to show sport, and to this end the most important thing is breeding for nose. Always use a hound that can be depended upon on roads, especially when roads are dry. He is a treasure, cherish him, and try to reproduce him as often as possible, for in road work harriers are apt to lose their heads, hurry each other, and act in a manner entirely contrary to their usual nature ; it is wonderful how far a hare will travel the highway if she be not headed, sometimes for a mile or so at a time, meanwhile if there be no 'Macadamite Mentor' in the pack, the master suffers tortures as he sees one hound after another whimpering in front ; he mistrusts their jealousy, dares not stop them *just yet*, but has grave misgivings that Puss has turned off right or left some hundreds of yards back.

If on the other hand he has an old (or young) 'smell-well' absolutely trustworthy over the stones and dust, he can trot gaily along, feeling sure that so long as he hears that well-known tongue his quarry has not diverged from the beaten track.

Colour is unimportant unless the M.H. has a crotchet that way; and, thanks to bloodhound crosses, some remarkable varieties occasionally crop up. Blue-mottle is, however, the traditional harrier hue; it is now comparatively scarce, and we are bound to say we never remember seeing a bad hound in a blue-mottled skin.



'One hound after another whimpering in front.'

The puppies should be sent out to walk about the end of September; when they come in depends a good deal upon the forbearance of the farmers' wives. As many are sent home in February it is not a bad plan to take such as are strong enough out hunting for a short time in March; they get more than an

inkling of their business, and enter without further trouble at the beginning of the following season.

If possible, never take out less than ten couples; 12½ or 13 is perhaps the best number, and never more than 15 couples, anything in excess of that complement looks ridiculous, and when unravelling an entangled skein of work, a lot of hounds only tumble over one another and get in each other's way.

It is well, however, to keep 15 or 16 couples of working hounds; bitches have an inconvenient knack of going to heat at the same time, accidents occur in the field, and deadly fights are not uncommon in the kennels. No more quarrelsome fiend exists than your harrier in private life, and there is often a Mephistopheles in the pack, who, having started a wrangle, sneaks quietly out of the fray, and with grim contentment watches his brethren rolling over in a compact mass, and worrying to the death. To avoid this internecine strife, the hounds should, where there is accommodation for the purpose, be separated into small batches, especially at night, except after hunting, when they will sleep together quietly enough and lie warmer. Feeding is conducted on much the same lines as with foxhounds; the diet consisting of flesh and meal, and the kitchen refuse is often thus utilised. In kennels where economy is studied, Indian meal, though not so nutritious, may safely be substituted for oatmeal. Harriers do not generally travel such long distances to covert, or make such long days as the fox-hunting packs, and can therefore do with less stimulating food. In some few establishments Spratt's biscuits are exclusively used, steeped for twenty-four hours in cold water, but the mess should be warmed before it goes into the troughs. Slaughtering and all the regular dirty work is of course avoided by this system, which nevertheless is not popular amongst kennel huntsmen. Bones and hides, where allowed, are valuable perquisites.

The staff need not necessarily consist of more than two servants; one man can easily double the parts of kennel and field huntsman, or he can whip-in if the master, as he usually

does, hunts the hounds himself; but it is advisable that there should be some one in authority whose attention is not entirely devoted to the pack, as he may and should, by example and precept, prevent much damage being done to vetches, turnips, seeds, beans, and wheat, though in the case of the last-named the mischief is far more apparent than real; still it must ever be borne in mind that farmers who allow their land to be hunted over by harriers make a far greater concession to sport than is required for foxhounds, as a field may be crossed not once or twice, but ten or twelve times in the course of the day's diversions. Harriers should always be taken to covert and brought home by two persons, otherwise they loiter and forage, and not unfrequently pick up a scent, with the result perchance of a sharp spin before the work begins, or in the dark after it should have terminated.

In drawing, the hounds should be permitted to scatter themselves pretty freely; it may look smarter to have them kept within a short radius of the huntsman's horse, but the draw is thus often unduly prolonged. They will strive quickly enough to cry when the game is afoot, or when a line is touched fresh enough to be spoken to, for though they may appear indifferent they are in reality keenly observant of each other's actions: witness the way they will gather as if by telegraphic signal the moment a trusted comrade shows even the faintest indication of feeling a scent; witness also their utter disregard of the voice of a babbler, if such a one has, through misplaced kindness, escaped his well-merited doom for two or three weeks. In inclosed countries the services of the pedestrians may be most useful in beating the banks and hedges; few harriers will thread a hedgerow properly without the stimulus of a scent, nor is it quite desirable that they should do so, as they are thus liable to become rabbit hunters. We have never seen the experiment tried, but have always been of opinion that a small hardy terrier would be a valuable coadjutor for hedge work; he would of course, be often outpaced, but if interested in the business he would be sure to turn up whenever he was wanted. As to the

habitat of hares at various seasons, there are numerous theories· but the farmers and their shepherds, if they will part with their information, are the best guides. An occasional half-crown to the latter is money really well laid out

Nota Bene.—The old poacher who knows where 'a hare do mostly bide,' is by no means to be encouraged in his researches, if he *does* know he do mostly transfer that hare to his own pocket, and if he stumbles upon one by accident he considers himself entitled to a pension for life.

The game once started and hounds fairly in pursuit, the maxim 'leave 'em alone' can hardly be too rigidly observed, when they come to a check either from over-running, from a bit of cold scenting ground, from cattle foil, or from whatever cause, let them swing and cast ; sit still and give them every chance of rectifying their own error, or of puzzling through the difficulty in their own way ; only when they are utterly nonplussed should the huntsman go to their assistance. View holloas may be, and often are, of material aid, but they are always open to suspicion, especially when there is reason to suppose that the hare is getting tired. Few men can discriminate between a fresh and a beaten animal, but everyone is absolutely certain that the hare *he* has seen is the hunted one. In cases of doubt it is best to send the whip quietly forward to interview the owner of the 'voice crying,' and to elicit as far as possible from what direction the hare was coming when last seen, which way was her head, and *where the hounds were* when she was viewed. The remarkable answers usually given to these apparently simple questions would drive a public-school examiner into a lunatic asylum. Above all things, never try to lift harriers when they are really running. In the attempt to cut off a corner and hasten the desired catastrophe, many a hare has been lost which would otherwise have succumbed in the course of a few minutes. If harriers get their heads fairly up, they take far longer to put them down again than do foxhounds, who will stoop almost as soon as their huntsman ceases cheering and galloping. The field should never be allowed to

press on the pack if it is possible to prevent them, which it is not. Harriers hate being crowded by horses, and if *met* by them will often appear to check on purpose, and try back or in any direction but the one in which they were running. Then the huntsman should catch hold of them at once, get the coast clear, and cast beyond the scene of opposition. Also on bad scenting days, when hounds hang and potter and are inclined to run back and *rejoice* over spots which have been favoured



'The field should never be allowed to press on the pack.'

with special marks of the hare's attention, the huntsman or master will do well to ride at a walk right on to them and keep gently pressing them forward, but this must be done with great caution and observance of the older hounds. Mysterious are the ways of Puss and marvellous her workings. She may be squatting within a dozen yards, having run her foil two or three times before throwing herself to one side and down; and squatting she appears to be, as far as harriers are concerned,

scentless and invisible; they will walk over her, jump over her, and even step upon her, but so long as she remains motionless they take no more heed of her than of the turnip or clod under which she is crouching.

The interference of the amateur or volunteer huntsman with his uncouth noises and grotesque gestures must at all times be sternly repressed. Was there ever a happier rebuke than the one administered by the late Sir Richard Sutton to a stranger, whom he found gesticulating with outstretched fingers to the puzzled pack? 'When you have quite done feeding your chickens, sir, perhaps you will allow *me* to cast *my* hounds.'

Hares are weaker, and come to hand far more readily before Christmas than later on in the season; January, February, and March, being the months when the best sport may be looked for. Though running in rings of more or less circumference is the rule, there are occasions when a hare of exceptional stamina, usually an old Jack, will travel a four or five mile point in a style which would do credit to a fox; these are of course the red-letter days which can only be expected to occur at most three times during the year, though a series of lucky changes may sometimes give the same result as to distance, and appear the same thing to the majority of the field.

The 'amari aliquid' inseparable from all sport 'surgit' in the one of which we are writing, at the death of the hunted animal. There is no more pitiful, more helpless object than a thoroughly tired-out hare, hopping the last fifty yards of her career, in front of the pack. Contrast this spectacle with that of a fox beaten to a stand-still in the middle of a field, and the leading hound just running into him. We know at least which of this pair *looks* the most afraid.

Yet hares, if they are to be hunted at all, must sometimes be killed; they have at any rate a better chance with harriers than before a brace of greyhounds, or a shot-gun, and it is not wise for the pursuer too closely to analyse the feelings of the pursued.

In performing the last rites, the paunch is a sufficient reward

and encouragement to the hounds. The corpse should be given to the farmer on whose land the raw material was found, and the ears are the best trophy to retain, and nail up in the kennel.

To sum up—Enthusiasm for hare hunting will be felt only by those who are thoroughly interested in the patient working of hounds; seldom encumbered with a large field of horsemen, they can be watched without riding in the huntsman's pocket, or otherwise interfering with his proceedings, while to the ardent youth who is fond of jumping the facilities for breaking his neck, or his horse's back, over a cramped country after a pack of harriers are simply unequalled; and the more cautious rider who prefers cantering from gate to gap, will in eight days out of ten, receive ocular demonstration of the truth of the French proverb, 'Tout vient à temps à qui sait attendre.'

We will conclude by quoting a remark of an eminent sportsman—Mr. George Lane Fox, whom we once heard asked his opinion of hare hunting. He replied with his most courtly sneer: 'I have always understood it to be a most *scientific* amusement.' There is many a true word *spoke sarcastic!*

BEAGLES HUNTED ON FOOT.

The subject of hare hunting would be incomplete without some few remarks upon hunting the hare with beagles followed on foot. It is a pretty sight to see a merry 'cry' of these little fellows at work, and those who are not familiar with beagles would be surprised at the amount of sport which a pack, followed on foot, can show, when the chase is properly conducted. It may be useful to enumerate some of the most essential points to be observed by anyone desirous of starting a pack of these diminutive hounds.

First of all comes the question of what stamp of hound is best suited to the diversion. This will necessarily vary somewhat with the country over which it is proposed to hunt, but the two chief points to look to are steadiness and endurance,

and these two points are of equal importance in any country. Steadiness can only be ascertained by experience; for until you see a hound at work, you cannot say whether he is steady or riotous, but with regard to endurance there are a few points which may be incidentally noted. Weedy hounds are always very objectionable for two reasons. They are likely to be too fast in the first burst, and will almost invariably tire. The hounds then must be stoutly built, and for the rest their points should



'A merry cry of the little fellows at work.'

resemble as nearly as possible those of a foxhound. It must, however, be observed that nothing but careful breeding will produce a really level and uniform pack. You may, with judgment and some luck, get together a lot that will show sport even in your first season; but they will not possess that level uniformity which breeding will alone accomplish.

Experience has shown that no pack under fourteen inches will show real sport and account for their hares in any country, while in very strongly fenced lands, over heather, and in a fen

country the standard may be slightly raised, as in such districts as these the pack will not go so fast on account of the fences or height of the heather, and more stamina is necessary than in a less inclosed country. If the standard is less than this, a strong hare will soon run the pack 'out of scent,' the hounds will tire before half the day is over, and in cold windy weather will be perished if they have to cross water. In very large and slightly fenced fields or over the open downs the standard may be lowered, as in countries of this sort a pack of beagles up to fourteen or fifteen inches would run away from people on foot. It must, on the other hand, be borne in mind that no pack which cannot go faster than men can run will show sport and kill their hares, while for the comfort of faint-hearted sportsmen it may be recollected that 'poor puss' comparatively seldom runs straight, and that a good deal of the fun may be generally seen from a neighbouring hill.

These remarks upon the pace of the pack suggest one precaution which should always be taken, wherever the 'merry beaglers' enjoy their diversion: one man on horseback should invariably follow; but it is essential that this person should not be the huntsman, and that he should on no pretence whatever, except at the request of the master or huntsman, interfere with the pack, unless the hare has entered a fox covert, game preserve, or any tract of country forbidden to the hunt. This horseman should have strict injunctions not to ride to the hounds, but to hover on the outskirts of the line of chase, always leaning to that side which is nearest to the forbidden country, and his duties should be, in the first place, to endeavour to head the hare away from that direction, and if he fail in that, to stop the hounds before they enter such country.

If this precaution is carefully carried out, much of the fox-hunter's jealousy of beagling will disappear, and it is certain that any landowner or farmer who has forbidden the little jelly-dogs to cross his property will be far sooner reconciled by seeing his veto respected than by any apology offered after the trespass (for such it is) has been committed.

The huntsman should never be mounted, for a mounted huntsman will always, in some degree, spoil the sport for those on foot.

In the first place hounds will generally get away more quickly and go faster with a horse behind or alongside of them, and this is a little hard on the runners. The case is harder still at a check. A man may have toiled bravely after the pack for some twenty minutes or so, and is congratulating himself on their having checked at last. Fancy the feelings of this poor fellow if the



'A little hard on the runners.'

hounds are at once cast at a hand canter, and hit off the line before he has had a moment to recover his wind! Worst of all is it if, the cast having been unsuccessful, a holloa is heard at the distance of some half-mile or more, and perhaps uphill all the way. Off gallops the huntsman, and if he be excited may add insult to injury by shouting to the brave runner to 'put 'em to him' when he has hardly got enough steam left in him to crawl after the fast disappearing pack. This is grievous indeed, and shows the advisability of the huntsman sharing the toil with his fellow-sportsmen.

It may here be of some assistance to make a few remarks

upon the best method of hunting a pack of beagles in pursuit of a hare.

It must, of course, be borne in mind that the following hints only apply to hounds perfectly to be trusted, and especially that there are no babblers or mute hounds in the pack to be hunted. A pack of beagles should not be left too much to themselves. This sounds a somewhat startling statement, and it must be at once conceded that too much and untimely interference is a far greater evil than too little, but a pack of beagles may be trained to hunt with as much dash as fox-hounds, without losing any of their accuracy, and this will never be attained by an absolutely 'let alone' system. One great step towards the attainment of this dash will be gained by always encouraging the body of the pack to go forward quickly 'to cry,' and by insisting on the tail hounds being prevented from lingering, which is, as a rule, a fault with beagles. When the hounds come to check, do not be in too great a hurry to assist them unless you have certain information of the line the hare has taken, and even then sometimes a smart pack will swing on to the line and get to the point where the hare was viewed more quickly than you could get them there by lifting them, though this is not, of course, always the case. If then you have no information, always allow your hounds to make their own cast before you make yours, and watch proceedings closely, for they will often cast themselves in the right direction but not far enough to recover the line. In casting, do not be afraid to cast forward in the first instance. If your hare is forward, time is of far greater importance than if she has doubled, and a good pack of beagles will always be found to have a far greater tendency to swing back when the line is forward than to swing forward when the line is back. Beagles will never go many yards forward without a scent, but it is by no means so certain that they will always take the line as far forward as the hare has gone. This is particularly to be borne in mind on bad scenting days.

For the rest, if you have a good pack, always believe their

tongues rather than any other source of information with regard to the line the hare has taken, leave them as much alone as you can, so that you do not suffer them to potter, and if you do take them in hand, do it as quickly as possible when you are at it. Running after beagles is no child's play, if you would be near enough to the little fellows as they crowd on to the line of their hare to note those niceties of the chase which may perhaps be seen to as great advantage with beagles as with any other hounds. To accomplish this a man must be blessed with a good pair of legs, good wind, and, above all, he must have that determination to be with them which the genuine love of the sight of a pack of any hounds in full cry will alone give him.

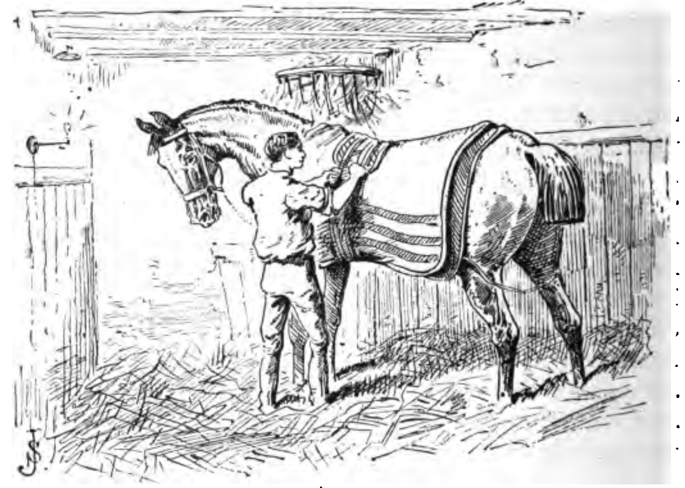
CHAPTER III.

STABLES.

PRUDENCE, no less than humanity, should induce every man who owns horses to do his best for them. If they are fit and well they will do their work with comfort and satisfaction alike to themselves and their master. By common care a score of ills which afflict horseflesh may be avoided; but common care is an uncommon thing in many establishments. Horses get 'out of sorts' as men do, except that in the latter case the fault is usually with the sufferer, whereas in the case of the horse it is with a careless, ignorant master, or a servant who develops his master's qualities. The horse owner who knows nothing of horses is in a false position, especially when he depends upon a servant who knows little more, or who has prejudices and absurd traditions which do as much mischief as sheer ignorance. A horse may often look well in himself when he is really not well able to do his work. A large majority of stables, for instance, are a great deal too hot. Grooms like to keep them so because when living in such an atmosphere the horses' coats look beautifully smooth and glossy, and layers of fat which the uneducated eye mistakes for muscle are perceptible. The groom is pleased, the ignorant owner delighted; but in spite of appearance the horses are constantly going wrong. They catch cold; they do not clean out their mangers, and are knocked up when an effort is demanded. They stop in the middle of a run while other horses with rougher coats go steadily on, and their owners are sorely puzzled.

The truth is that they pass their days and their nights in an

atmosphere the breathing and rebreathing of which must needs be deleterious. When a visitor enters the stable his nose and eyes are equally pained, for the latter sensitive organs are pricked by exhalations from the foul atmosphere. Yet this is the air which the horse breathes not only all day when in the stable, but all night as well; for he has no change of apartment. Fresh air is as necessary to him as to his master, but so little does the groom believe this that he will sometimes even block up the means of ventilation. A stable should be as sweet and



'A good deal too hot.'

clean as a house. Of course some animals are less susceptible to the effects of foul air than others; just as some men thrive in slums which would be fatal to those who have been more carefully nurtured. As a general principle it may be laid down that if a horse is to be healthy he must live in a healthy place; draughts are to be avoided, but ventilation and light, together with exercise of a proper description, are first essentials, no less important to him than sound food and wholesome water.

That no effort should be spared to find trustworthy servants

for the stable need scarcely be pointed out. Their shortcomings here are less directly obvious than the shortcomings of servants in the house under the master's eye. It frequently happens that grooms have theories of their own as to the management of horses. The animals suffer, or even sometimes die, under these systems ; they are often not fit to come out of their stables, still less to do their work ; but nothing will persuade the groom that the fault is not with the horse, but with him ; such an idea never in fact occurs to him. That his master can really know anything about horses he cannot be brought to believe, and too often the master does, in fact, leave everything to his groom, who, he vaguely supposes, being a groom, must know what is best. Very frequently the groom is a slave of bad old customs and really knows nothing about any horse, still less is able to understand the various constitutions and peculiarities of the different animals in his charge. Perhaps it may be said without injustice that the majority of grooms possess that little learning which is a dangerous thing. As an example of this, one winter four or five horses belonging to the late Lord Henry Bentinck died so mysteriously that *post-mortem* examinations were made. Symptoms of poison were detected, and it presently appeared that the groom had continually given them small doses of arsenic to make their coats shine. It is most necessary, therefore, that the horse owner should acquaint himself with the best principles of stable management. He will not do well to trust too implicitly to hastily acquired knowledge, but great advantages are likely to arise if his servants—supposing them to be servants of the average sort, and not those treasures of servants which are so rare, men who know their business thoroughly and do it conscientiously—perceive that their master understands what he is about. An old proverb says that 'It is the master's eye that makes the horse fat.' Fat horses are not wanted in the hunting field, but the idea applies none the less to the man who owns a stud of hunters.

The annexed plans of the Badminton Stables will convey an idea of the accommodation afforded in this establishment. For

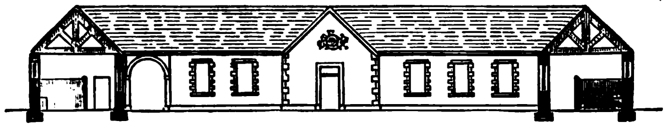
these stables this at least may be claimed, that horses thrive in them, though the Badminton horses most certainly do a great deal of work. Days and distances are long in this country, and it must be remembered that the seivants of a hunt tax their horses severely. That horses should keep well and come out fit in their turn is a strong argument in favour of their residence and treatment. Here the stud is necessarily large. A pack which hunts five days a week makes heavy demands on horse-flesh; but the rules which are found serviceable here will be equally suitable for smaller stables.

All the hunters at Badminton are provided with loose boxes, the dimensions of which will be seen in the drawings. The fifteen feet of height to the ceiling line insures by the aid of ventilation the needful supply of fresh air. A ventilator is fixed in the ceiling line over every box, and air bricks a few inches from the ground are let into the walls behind the boxes. Windows are built on the division line of every other box, and there are windows also on the opposite walls, the positions of which are indicated. A free and abundant current of air is thus provided. The weather is rarely so bad that these windows may not be opened at least for some part of the day: if the horses appear to be cold, additional clothing is put upon them. It was formerly the custom to completely darken many stables during several hours of every day, the plea being that horses could then rest better. The system is totally unnatural and therefore totally wrong. Horses are creatures of custom, and will rest perfectly well in the daylight. A dark stable almost inevitably becomes a hot stable, and the absolute necessity of air to keep a horse in health cannot be too strenuously insisted on.

That a horse should stand day after day with his fore legs on a higher level than his hind must surely be detrimental to him. His back sinews and fetlock joints will be more or less strained. This again is unnatural, and it may be broadly said that whatever is unnatural is mischievous. The floors of the Badminton loose boxes are therefore laid perfectly level, and

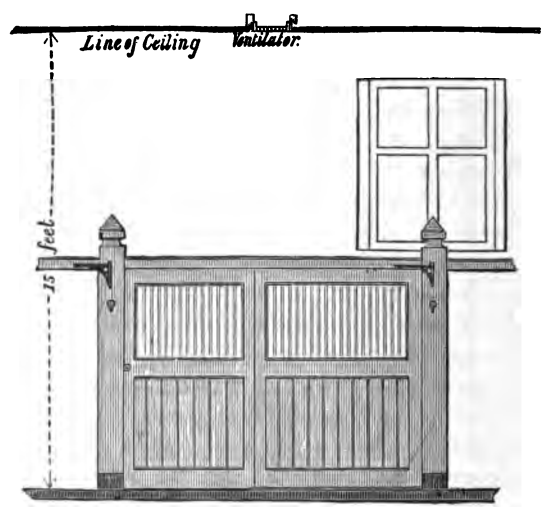
paved with large flat flagstones, much after the fashion of the London foot pavement. There are no drains of any sort in the stables, and, as a consequence, none of those noxious exhalations which are practically inseparable from the best system of drainage. A plentiful supply of clean straw is of course spread in every box, and replaced as necessity demands; but it has been found that no more straw is used now than was used formerly when the stables were drained. The freedom which boxes permit seems to have a very beneficial effect on their occupants. Boxes cannot of course be always provided; but stalls should be as nearly as possible on the same principles.

By the side of the manger in every box is a slate receptacle for water, which is kept always supplied. If the horse can take water whenever he wants it he will drink very much less than when it is brought round to him in a bucket at stated times; the difference in quantity is, indeed, surprising. To come to figures, a horse will drink about eight gallons daily if watered twice a day, and about five gallons if water is always in the box at his disposal. The receptacles are water-tight, having no outlet or plug of any description; consequently there is no drip to make the box damp. They are cleaned every day, a sponge being used to soak up any water which remains when the groom attends to his charge. The manger and rack are made of well-seasoned oak, and along the top of the piece of wood which forms the front of the manger an iron bar standing up about an inch from the wood is fastened. The object of this is to prevent crib-biting, a bad trick the frequency of which is a source of astonishment to the horse owner. The animal doubtless takes to crib-biting for want of occupation, it grows into a confirmed habit and often ends in ruining his wind, which crib-biting always has a tendency to affect. This iron bar to a certain extent prevents the trick, but it cannot be said that even this is wholly effectual, nor can any method of curing the horse be discovered. He is very much less likely to learn the trick, however, if this precaution be taken. Manger and rack are placed at such a height that the horse can stand in a natural

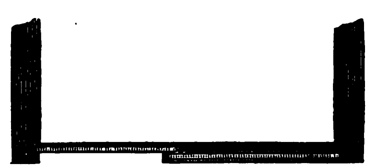


Elevation of East End of Stable Yard.



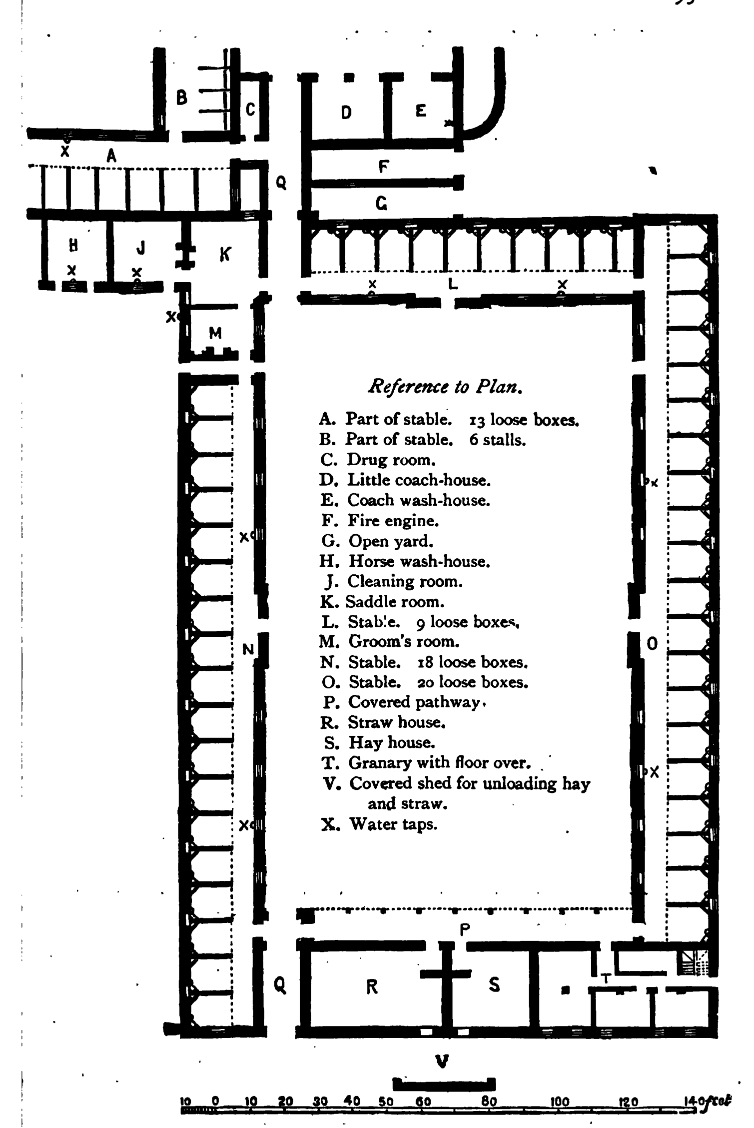


Elevation of Front of Loose Boxes, showing Height of Ceiling.



Plan of Front of Loose Boxes.

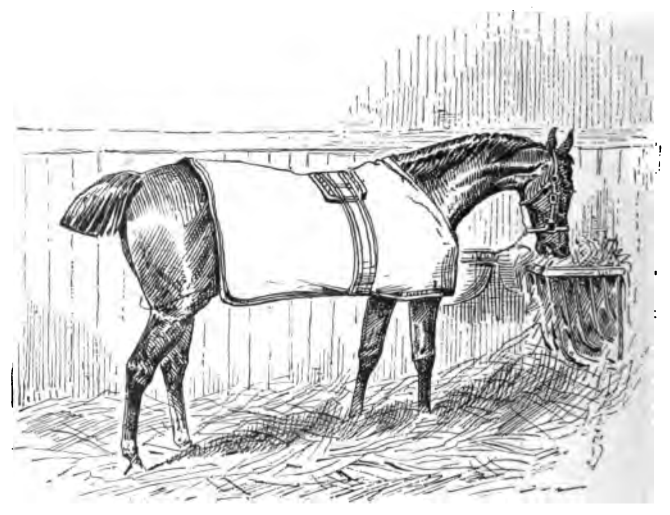




Reference to Plan.

A. Part of stable. 13 loose boxes.
B. Part of stable. 6 stalls.
C. Drug room.
D. Little coach-house.
E. Coach wash-house.
F. Fire engine.
G. Open yard.
H. Horse wash-house.
J. Cleaning room.
K. Saddle room.
L. Stable. 9 loose boxes.
M. Groom's room.
N. Stable. 18 loose boxes.
O. Stable. 20 loose boxes.
P. Covered pathway.
R. Straw house.
S. Hay house.
T. Granary with floor over.
V. Covered shed for unloading hay and straw.
X. Water taps.

position to eat his food. It is difficult to understand why racks were formerly put high up above the horse's head so that he had to stretch for his hay, while seeds fell into his eyes and ears ; but so it was. The water taps will be seen marked in the plan. Hay, corn, and straw are taken into the stables along a covered way, and there is a covered shed for unloading provender. In the saddle room is a very simple and useful invention for drying saddles. This is in the shape of a large



'Can stand in a natural position to eat his food.'

towel-horse, with iron bars set back some couple of inches, running behind and half-way between each rail. The rails are just sufficiently far apart to contain a saddle. Some fifteen or twenty saddles can be so arranged on the saddle-horse and placed before the fire to dry at the same time. Other explanations will be found fully set forth in the plan.

It should be observed that these stables are modern. The last row of boxes was completed in 1880, and the stables gene-

rally, as a matter of course, are carefully designed and fitted with a view to providing everything that long experience of a hunting establishment shows to be necessary for the horse's comfort and well-being.

The question of summering the hunter has provoked much discussion. Some authorities are all for turning him out, others for keeping him in his box, and in the multitude of counsellors there is confusion. The old fashion was to turn the hunter out for his summer's run, and of this fashion Beckford was an advocate. 'After a long and tiresome winter,' says the accomplished thinker of 'Thoughts upon Hunting,' 'surely the horse deserves some repose. Let him then enjoy his short-lived liberty; and as his feet are the part that suffer most, turn him out into a soft pasture. . . . Can standing in a hot stable do any good? Is it not soft ground and long rest that will best refresh his limbs? I have often remarked that, thus treated, they catch fewer colds, have the use of their limbs more freely, and are less liable to lameness than other horses.' Lawrence, too, the author of an excellent work, is here in sympathy with Beckford. He would have every hunter turned out 'to enjoy that best of all coolers and alterants, the spring grass, the purifying elastic external air and the dew of heaven. The holiday of a month or two out of the twelve is a kindness we owe to the horse which so dearly earns it.'

This is exceedingly plausible. No man would deny the good hunter that deserved repose and dearly earned holiday for which these writers plead; but the question is whether the horse benefits, whether it is best for him, and as a necessary consequence, best for his master, that he should be thus treated. Beckford, it will be observed, pleads for the soft pasture and condemns the hot stables. As already set forth, we would have no stable hot; and with regard to soft pasture, where can it always be found during a hot dry summer? The picture of the faithful horse peacefully cropping the grass in some pleasant meadow, his feet covered by cool dewy vegetation, is a very pleasing one. But as a matter of fact what usually

happens? The gnats and flies are an unfailing pest, the meadow is too often parched and sun-baked. On this surface the horse is tormented till, after much stamping, he gallops about on the hard ground and too probably lames himself. He gets sadly out of condition, as a matter of course, and requires extra care and a great deal of time to make him fit, when at last he is taken up. There are many objections to turning horses out.

After a very hard season such treatment may at times be advisable. As a rule the animal's box is the best place for him. His shoes must be taken off, and abundance of good litter is required, tan, sawdust, or some other material. If the horse be left in his box, with his shoes removed, his food will not, of course, be the same as that which he has in the hunting season. Three times a day he may have green meat; and 5 lbs. of oats, in two feeds, will be sufficient. When August comes, and his period of service is approaching, the green meat must be discontinued. A dose of physic may first be given, in the shape of a ball containing 4 drachms of aloes, or, in the case of an animal of an exceptionally strong constitution, 5 drachms may be needed. Of oats 10 lbs. a day may then be given, with a liberal allowance of hay cut into chaff. Long hay is bad for the horse's wind, though all grooms are fond of giving it, partly from ignorance of the fact, and partly, no doubt, to save themselves trouble. Every day the horse should have an hour and a half of walking exercise. In September—we are assuming that the horse is not wanted for cub hunting, for if he is he must be taken up and conditioned sooner—he should be walked and trotted for three hours a day, and his allowance of oats increased to 12 lbs. A handful of beans will be an agreeable addition. A little meal may also occasionally be given. In the Badminton stables a compound called Long's Reading Feeding Meal, the manufacture of Mr. Long, a son of the huntsman who was for so considerable a time connected with these hounds, has been used with good results. If a horse be a delicate feeder a little of this meal sprinkled on his corn will

induce him to eat. The corn may just be damped by flipping a little water over it, and four or five ounces of the meal then added.

The hard rider can scarcely expect to be carried satisfactorily more than three days a fortnight, though a sound horse in good condition may be brought out twice a week if not over-taxed; much, of course, depending upon the distance he has to go to the meets. The treatment of the horse when he comes in from hunting is a matter of the highest importance, for at this time, if not properly cared for, harm of a more or less serious character can very soon be done in several ways. A little oatmeal gruel should first of all be given, but it is a mistake to provide this too liberally. A large pailful of this gruel will distend the animal and take away his healthy appetite. A gallon is quite enough, and then, while he is being dressed, a little hay will keep him occupied and be welcome. In most stables a horse's legs are washed when he comes in; but though this may often do no harm, and in many cases does none, it is very much better not to wash the legs at all. They should be thoroughly brushed and rubbed, and may then judiciously be wrapped in flannel bandages. Twenty-five years ago every horse at Badminton was washed with warm water when he came in from hunting, and mud fever all over the animals' legs, bellies, and backs was hardly ever absent from the stables. A remedy, or rather a means of prevention, was sought; dry brooms, wisps, and hand rubbing were tried; and since the adoption of this system, even in the wettest seasons, there has been no case of the fever. The experience of so long a period, and complete freedom from what was previously a standing plague, must be held to prove the efficacy of the plan. Equally beneficial results are reported from very numerous quarters where the practice of washing has been abandoned.

It is difficult to make white legs look quite clean without using water, but if they must be washed the job should be left till next morning, when they are cool—the legs having, of course, been treated as already described when the horse

comes home. The dry flannel bandages mentioned above are for horses that return to their stables with no symptoms of heat about them. If the legs are hot, bandages should be put on wetted with vinegar and water in equal parts. The value of the cold water bandage is increased by the admixture of vinegar, which has at once a cooling and hardening effect.

Anything in the nature of a cut or over-reach should be carefully looked for and promptly treated. The wound of an over-reach may be made by the toe, or the inner edge of the hind shoe, which latter is often very sharp, and the injury, a combination of cut, tear, and bruise, will speedily produce inflammatory symptoms if neglected. The wound should in the first place be carefully washed out with warm water, and a linseed poultice then applied. When it is healing a little tincture of myrrh may be used. It must by no means be assumed, however, that the above treatment is suitable for all wounds to the legs, such as broken knees. For such cases, and in every case where a joint is injured, threatened, or affected, poulticing is the worst course that could possibly be followed, and almost surely productive of serious evils. It is not our purpose to write a book on veterinary science. Injuries to joints, or particularly deep wounds, are beyond the stableman's province. Veterinary aid should be sought, and the owner should be exceedingly careful whose services he employs. Not a few stable practitioners are, or until lately were, accustomed to fall into the very error against which we are now cautioning readers. They poulticed and fomented injuries to a joint, the result being to destroy its vitality and insure permanent weakness or lameness. Modern treatment of such cases is purely antiseptic. The nature of a hunter's work renders it very probable that he will be occasionally punctured by thorns, such punctures being a frequent cause of lameness and swellings. The extraction of the thorn is of course the first thing to be done, and if it cannot be found, though it is known to be there, veterinary aid should be procured. If the thorn be in the forearm there may be danger of its working to the knee. Blisters may be necessary;

but unless there are men of long experience about the stable, such cases had better be confided to the veterinary surgeon. It is not easy to be too careful.

That some horses have a predisposition to various diseases is almost too much a matter of course to be mentioned, but it is equally true that disease usually arises from neglect or mistaken treatment. It is a not unfrequent boast with many men that they have not had a veterinary surgeon in their stable for long periods. They do not always say, and doubtless do not always recognise the fact, that their horses would often have been cured of ailments more surely and speedily if the best medical advice had been obtained. Most grooms think that they can perform a number of operations which they are totally incompetent to perform, partly from want of practice and partly from ignorance of the horse's anatomy and of the real objects and effects of the treatment they endeavour to follow. In serious cases, or cases which threaten to become serious, it is best to obtain skilled advice; but at the same time there are many simple cures which any experienced stableman can accomplish, especially if he really understands the cause of the illness or injury. With many diseases of the feet—as a rule the consequences of bad shoeing—the groom can deal. We cannot do better than summarise the very clear and effective remedies prescribed by Mr. Digby Collins in his work, 'The Horse Trainer's Guide,' for those comparatively simple diseases for which veterinary aid need not be sought. There is usually one right method and many wrong methods of treatment for every ailment, and these are perhaps nowhere more tersely and lucidly summed up than in the book named.

Corns are the result of pressure on the sole of the foot, whereby the blood-vessels are ruptured, giving rise to a morbid secretion, which, if allowed to continue, will render the corn well-nigh incurable. The treatment will consist in removing the pressure and stimulating the sole to secrete a healthy deposit of horn, by means of the application of oil of turpentine and spirits of wine—equal parts of each, after having cut out the corn with the buttress.

This dressing should be applied for three consecutive days,

when the horse should be shod with a leathern sole of the strongest hide, and the hoof should be stuffed with tow, saturated with the above dressing. This will enable the horse to resume moderate work without injury to the corn. Corns most frequently arise from shoes being left on too long, whereby the inner heel of the shoe works in and presses on the sole between the crust and the bars.

Sandcrack consists in a separation of the fibres of the hoof, owing to a want of gelatinous secretion. The treatment should consist in cutting the edges of the cracks with a knife until the crust is thinned so as to be flexible; a poultice should then be applied for two days; after which the whole crust must be dressed with some stimulating application, which should be continued for some months. The best ointment consists of equal portions of grease and oil of turpentine for the first month, after which the turpentine should be considerably diminished. The horse should have his shoes removed entirely, and be put to stand on a deep bed of tan, fresh from the tanner's yard. Tan can be procured anywhere, and is the only proper material for litter when the hoof is thus diseased.

Thrush proceeds from various causes, but inflammation of the frog is the immediate cause. Some horses have very soft frogs, which will become diseased by the application of cow dung as a stopping, and contact with straw saturated with urine, which causes irritation to the sensitive frog, and this contracts a diseased secretion which exudes through the cleft of the frog. If allowed to go on this will assume an ulcerative form, which will most probably terminate in canker. This kind of thrush is best treated by carefully avoiding the exciting cause, by strict attention to providing dry litter, as well as by applying a lotion consisting of 2 scruples of chloride of zinc to the half-pint of water, three times daily. When thrush results from plethora, cooling diet and alteratives should be given, and the frog dressed with common tar; and if the secretion does not abate, the chloride of zinc lotion should be tried.

When either fever in the feet or navicular disease gives rise to thrush, the cleft of the frog must be left free, and the exciting causes treated as recommended hereafter. A horse with a thrush should not be ridden without knee-caps; for if he bruise the frog, he will generally fall and cut his knees severely.

Quittor consists in an internal abscess of the foot, forming in sinuses. The parts surrounding the os coronæ are generally enlarged and puffy, and hot and tender to the touch, followed, unless relieved, by a bursting of one of the abscesses at the superior border

of the hoof, from which an offensive and rather thin discharge exudes. The treatment should consist in liberal but not heating food; but on the whole, as this disease may require delicate operations, it should be professionally treated.

Navicular disease, and nearly every kind of foot lameness laid to the charge of this disease, consists in: first, inflammation of the synovial capsule of the navicular joint, resulting from inflammation of the perforans tendon, which passes under the navicular, and is attached to the pedal bone. It is met with in the very best and strongest-looking feet, and the degree of lameness occasioned by it is very variable. When ulceration occurs the synovial capsule is absorbed, and the tendon comes into contact with the bone. The horse will usually rest the affected foot when standing at his ease. He will be much more lame on leaving than on returning to the stable, the friction of the parts giving rise to a temporary secretion of synovia. When the disease is at all advanced, all treatment will be hopeless; but, in the early stages of the disease, bleeding at the toe, followed by emollient poultices, will be found beneficial, when combined with rest in a roomy and cool box, well littered with fresh tan. This disease is easily distinguished from laminitis by the horse '*walking*' perfectly sound. A hunter or steeplechaser affected with this disease need not be despaired of, as such horses will go over soft ground perfectly well and soundly. Only they should be ridden to and from cover at a pace not exceeding a walk. Indeed, on a road, no horse affected with navicular disease should be ridden at a greater speed than a walk, since more or less pain will be occasioned by the concussion.

Founder, fever in the feet, or laminitis consists in inflammation of the laminæ and the adjacent parts of the foot. It is caused by continued exertion on hard ground, straining the crust beyond its powers; but the most frequent cause is an injury to the knee or shoulder of the horse, on account of which he is fearful of lying down, and thus the continuance of an upright position causes too severe a strain of the sensitive laminæ. In this case a lengthened rest after the cause has subsided, on puddled clay during the daytime, with a plentiful litter at night, will be absolutely necessary to effect a permanent cure. Where the horse has to continue his work, his feet should be placed in two buckets of *cool* water after coming in from exercise, and allowed to remain there so long as the horse feels disposed to maintain the same position. Mr. Collins states that he has more than once seen horses neigh for the buckets

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animal may be suffering from obstruction, twisted bowel, enteritis or some grave disease.

every reason the question of saddling is of the very first ance; that is to say, a well-fitting, well-kept saddle is a ssential to the comfort of the horse and his rider. In ction with horsemanship we hear much, and most properly, nds.' A moment's reflection will show that hands are y dependent on seat, and seat is greatly influenced by e. Can there be any doubt of this? A man firmly, easily, comfortably seated in a chair, can pen the most delicate with great precision. Put him in a jolting carriage, or on e insecure and unsteady seat, and he cannot direct his hand accuracy. The same rule applies to seat in the saddle: ss it be firm, easy, and comfortable, the nicety of touch on bridle which will 'humour it like a silken thread' cannot be uired. A firm seat, totally independent of bridle, and to a at extent independent of stirrups, is the foundation of all od horsemanship. By a well-fitting saddle, it should be added, saddle that fits both horse and rider is meant.

The choice between plain and padded flaps must be left to e discretion of the rider. At Badminton plain flaps are the nvariable rule. They, no doubt, make the horse's forehand ook better, and give a freedom to the rider's leg which the padded flap does not permit. Men who are accustomed to the older fashion usually feel more comfortable, however, with this support for the knee. Great care must at all times be taken to see that the stuffing is thoroughly dried and free from lump. The perspiration which is absorbed into the receptive stuffing makes it most necessary that the saddle should be beaten and brushed, as well as dried. Neglected saddles are a constant source of warbles, sitfasts, and sore backs in general, evils which are also very frequently induced by the fact of the saddle being too short for the rider, thus bringing undue pressure on the cantle. Cold water will generally effect a cure, if the sore be taken in time. If it be bad, poulticing will relieve and cure the injury, absolute rest being

of course indispensable; and in all cases where inflammatory symptoms show themselves laxative food, green-meat, gruel, and bran mashes must replace the allowance of corn. It may be added that the fit of a saddle depends upon the suitability of the shape of the tree to the back of the horse. Excessive stuffing is bad. A man should be as near to his horse as possible.

Into the question of bits we cannot possibly here enter at length. It may be briefly remarked, however, that if a bit does not seem to be sufficiently severe to stop a horse, one that is less severe may wisely be tried. The ordinary double bridle is, as a rule, the best for hunting. The sportsman will look to his gear before he mounts. Comfort to his horse will mean comfort to himself, and he will therefore see that the snaffle lies lightly on the bars of the horse's mouth, and that the curb is neither inconveniently tight nor too loose to be effectual if wanted. There is no lack of severe bits of all descriptions, but the use of them generally implies bad horsemanship or bad breaking. Severe bits should be the last resource, to be used with the utmost caution, and then only by the best riders.

It was remarked on a former page that whatever is unnatural is mischievous, but allowance must be made for the circumstance that a horse's life is not such as that which he would lead in a state of nature. He would not have to bear weight on his back, nor to travel for so many miles at a stretch, nor to go on the hard road. Horses, moreover, are not indigenous to this climate, and must be shod in order to fulfil the duties of modern life. At Badminton the material for the shoes is cut from bars of patent iron, which is sold in lengths grooved for the reception of nails. The smith cuts off the length he requires from the bar and fashions it into the shoe. The reckless use of the knife is to be condemned: the exceedingly and beautifully delicate structure of the hoof forbids it. The farrier must take care that the frog comes well down to the ground, so as to relieve pressure on the other bearing surfaces of the foot, and where a horse has contracted heels, every

encouragement to expansion must be left. Patent shoes of different sorts have been tried at different times, and in peculiar cases some of them have perhaps peculiar advantages. For hunters and coach horses alike, however, nothing has been found to answer better than shoes of this patent iron, carefully fitted and fixed. It is desirable that the day before the horses go out hunting their shoes should be examined. As a rule a set of shoes last rather more than a month, but constant attention must be paid to the feet, as corns almost always arise from the shoe being left on too long. No competent smith need be cautioned to use only the best nails. A prick caused by a nail which has divided, part going into the horn of the hoof and part into the sensitive portion of the foot, may lead to worse than temporary lameness.

In a large hunting establishment it may be roughly calculated that one man can look after three horses. When the animals come home from hunting everyone whose services are available will lend a hand to dress them down; three or four men may be usefully employed on each horse. It is scarcely necessary to remark that grooming must at all times be thorough. More than the appearance of a horse's coat depends on this. Unless the animal is diligently curry-combed and brushed, scurf will form, close the pores of the skin, and affect the horse's health. A bright coat, always supposing that it be properly obtained, means a bright eye. It is easy to see, by moving a little of the hair back and looking at the roots, whether the horse has been thoroughly dressed. On first coming home after a hard day particular attention should be paid to the horse's ears. Well cleaning them seems to afford special relief, and as regards the legs, friction has long been recognised as both a cure and a preventive of disease.

In a chapter which is not intended to instruct the stableman in the rudiments of his business, but rather to express a preference between disputed systems, the questions of clipping and singeing need not be discussed at length. It is highly desirable that horses should be clipped, for if they were not

perspiration would accumulate and dry in the long coat, and chills, together with other illnesses, would be invited. Many years ago a barbarous custom of cropping a hunter's ears was in vogue. The objectless cruelty was practised because cropped ears were thought to give a game look to a horse, no consideration being paid to the poor creature's sufferings ; and at that period the horse's dock was a matter of very few inches. Happily these savage ideas have passed away, and though many bad and stupid fashions are revived, it need not be feared that these will be among the number. When ear-cropping was common it was usual to bleed the hunter before summering him, but this absurdity, which must have cost our forefathers dearly, since many horses did not survive the practice, is happily unknown at the present day. There is, and there always will be, something new to be learnt about the horse, as about the man. Veterinary science, however, has made such great progress that it must be an altogether exceptional case for which adequate treatment cannot be found, while accurate general knowledge is always extending. Horses are no longer bled as they used to be at times when their vital forces required to be sustained instead of diminished, and a hundred other ridiculous customs have vanished. The most invaluable medicines for horses are sweet stables, an abundance of sound, wholesome food, sufficient exercise, and kind treatment. The horse is not entirely the servant but also the friend of his owner, and friendly consideration is his just due. A man who gives less fails to discharge a debt of honour.

CHAPTER IV.

THE KENNEL.

In a certain romance which most of us, probably, have read at some period of our existence, if it has a little passed out of memory now—in the late Lord Lytton's 'Last of the Barons'—the old philosopher, Adam Warner, being suddenly called upon to apply some simple surgical remedy, of which his only knowledge is derived from the book in his hand, exclaims in great perplexity, 'But the book telleth me not how the lancet should be applied : it is easy to say *do this*, or *do that*, but to do it once it should have been done before.' He who addresses himself to the practical business of the Chase, which includes, let it be remembered, a great deal more than the mere getting across a country and encompassing the death of his game—he, we say, who addresses himself to this business after having first mastered the written experience of others and gained from them such wisdom as he can, will, no doubt, buy his own experience cheaper than he who has neglected or been unable so to train and prepare himself. But he must not think to grow to a Meynell, or an Assheton Smith, or an Anstruther Thompson, by books alone. 'Hunting's a science, and riding an art.' All arts and sciences have their own laws, which those who would practise them must learn or abide by the consequences. We must not, therefore, be understood to depreciate the value of books, which would, indeed, be a most unwarrantable defiling of our nest. Neither do we wish to feel our withers wrung by that sly hit of Beckford's: 'All who have written on the subject of hunting,

seem to agree in this, at least—to speak indifferently of one another.' We wish only to guard ourselves against misconception, and our readers against disappointment. And so to our business.

As no man would think of buying a pack of hounds who was not sure of a place to keep them in, we will begin with the kennel. In building a kennel, as has been very pertinently observed, there are two capital points to be remembered; firstly, the means of the builder; secondly, the extent of his hunting establishment. The kennels at Goodwood, for example, cost several thousand pounds; those at Woburn have, or had, a frontage of 455 feet. On the other hand, kennels sufficient for all practical purposes may be built on a much more modest and frugal plan from the outhouses and barns that generally form part of the equipment of every country gentleman's estate. Beckford, indeed, sneers at their economy, though he is by no means wont to recommend useless expenditure. 'It is true,' he says, 'hounds may be kept in barns and stables; but those who keep them in such places can best inform you whether their hounds are capable of answering the purposes for which they are kept.' And he goes on to say that, as all our hopes of sport depend on the delicacy of our hounds' noses, 'I cannot but suppose every stench is hurtful to it.' This is very true. If a pack of the best bred and best trained hounds in the world were turned to pig together as best they might into some dirty outhouse or diseased barn, it is probable they would not long be worth much. But on the basis of such buildings kennels may be fashioned sufficient to keep hounds in health and comfort, which will practically answer all the purposes of Woburn and Goodwood, and cost very much less than those princely establishments. Still, it is no doubt better, where adequate means and space are forthcoming, that the kennel should be a building of and by itself.

But on whatever scale, or after whatever plan it be built, there are three essentials to be observed. It must be dry, airy, and warm. Sweetness and light are as vital to the proper well-

being of the hound as we are so often reminded they are to his master. Nay, it may be said that, in proportion, they are even more so ; for, while some men do certainly in this world contrive to get on without them, we are very sure no hound can. It must never be forgotten that both the horses and the hounds used for the chase are a very different sort of animals from what they are in their natural state. Their state is one not of nature but of art : a highly artificial state. They differ as much after their kind from the nag who picks up his living off a common, or from the village cur, as their masters differ from the Digger Indians, or the aboriginals of the Australian bush. The man of civilisation who lives in a damp, ill-drained, ill-ventilated house will never be able to do his work properly, even if he can get through life at all. And it is the same with horse and hound. But extravagance is not an essential to hound or horse any more than to man. He who hunts five or six days in the week will naturally require a much larger and costlier establishment than he who hunts two or three. The conditions under which hunting is, one might perhaps say must be, now carried on in the Shires will entail a larger outlay than will be found necessary in those less fashionable parts of hunting Britain known as the Provinces—where, however, the sport, if less splendid, is not seldom quite as good. But even in the former case economy can be and should be practised. Superfluities should be avoided as well as shortcomings, and ostentation is in its way as distasteful and as injurious to sport as parsimony. Hunting is certainly not an amusement to be enjoyed for nothing, or even for very little, whether it be enjoyed in the state of a master of hounds, or in the more simple capacity of a private individual ; but it may be enjoyed for very much less money than is perhaps popularly supposed, and certainly is very often expended on it. Not every man can go to Corinth ; but it is quite possible for a wise man to get a good deal of pleasure less far afield.

The situation of the kennel is of first-rate importance. It should be built, says Somerville,

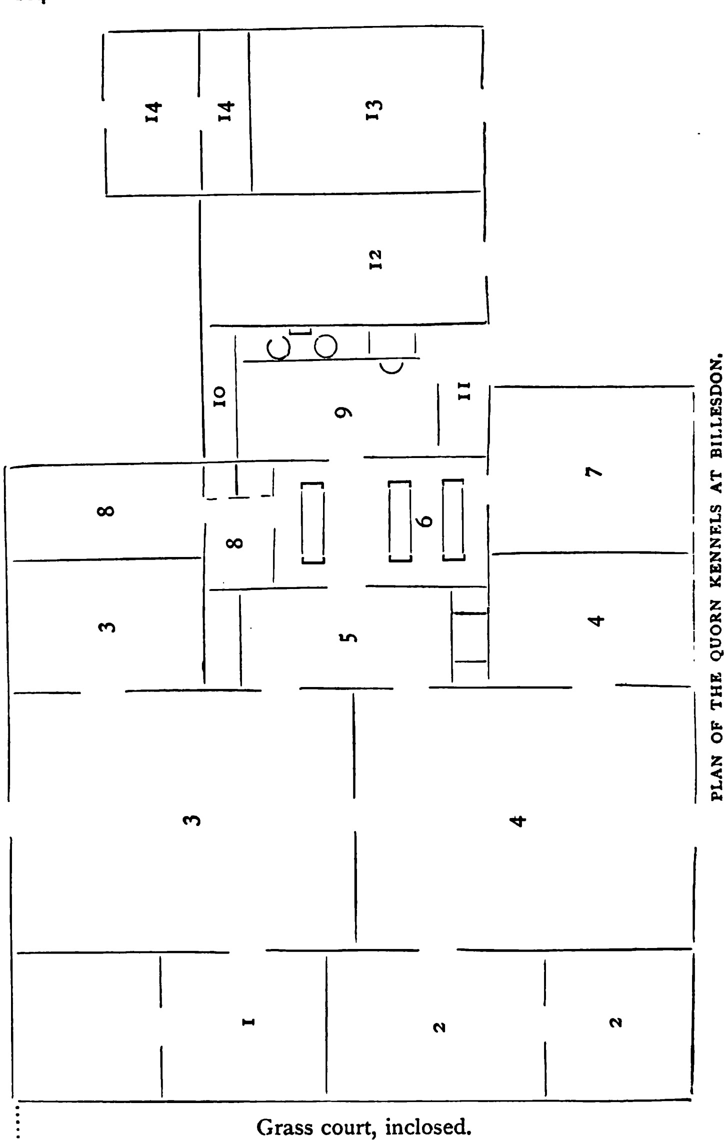
Upon some little eminence erect,
And fronting to the ruddy dawn ; its courts
On either hand wide opening to receive
The sun's all-cheering beams.

And he is right. It should stand on open and rising ground; not in a bleak exposed situation, so that the winds of heaven visit it too roughly ; but on the other hand, not in a hollow, or on low-lying ground, or too much shut in and overshadowed by trees. The Ascot Kennels, which have much such a situation, and are built moreover on sand with a substratum of bog, long suffered from that mortal scourge which among men is known as rheumatism, and among hounds as *kennel lameness*; nor was it till Charles Davis had a false flooring put so as to admit a free current of air, that the evil really disappeared. It may be here remarked, however, that in very many cases kennel lameness is another name for kennel idleness, i.e. want of exercise in summer and putting hounds to hard work unprepared by horse exercise.

The material of which the kennel should be built, and the style of the architecture must be determined, of course, by the taste and the purse of the owner. But there is a good deal of sense in Beckford's suggestion that it should have 'a neatness without, as well as cleanliness within, the more to tempt you to it.' For the same reason, he advises it should be as near the house as possible. A chorus from a restless pack is, no doubt, not an agreeable lullaby, nor is the smell of the boiling house the sweetest of perfumes; but there is a mean in all things, and such a measure of distance between the homes of the master and his hounds may be contrived as to avoid all unpleasantness to the former, while keeping the latter under his supervision. Good servants are, probably, more plentiful now than they were in Beckford's time, when the demand for them is so much greater, and their rewards so much higher. Nevertheless, a master who leaves everything to his servants, whether in house, kennel, or stable, is not likely to be so well served as he who makes it understood that he knows how things

should be done, and is determined to see that they are so done.

When the late Lord Suffield undertook to hunt the Quorn country in 1838, his first act was to remove the hounds from Thrussington, where Sir Harry Goodricke had quartered them a few years previously, to their present kennels at Billesdon. He consulted Mr. Smith (not Assheton, though also a 'Tom' Smith), who was then showing good sport in the Craven country, as he afterwards did in the Pytchley, on the economy both of his kennels and stables, and in Mr. Smith's admirable little book, 'Extracts from the Diary of a Huntsman,' which every fox hunter ought to have by him, the results of the consultation may be learned. The precise cost of the work is not stated, but we are told it was 'less than half of a previous plan designed by a first-rate architect,' which would, however, as Mr. Smith candidly adds, have been 'a splendid building.' The affairs of such a pack as the Quorn are of course conducted on a larger and more liberal scale than every master of hounds will either find possible or necessary. But for the interior economy of a kennel, Mr. Smith's plan may well serve as a model, those who use it of course making such modifications as their wants and means will suggest. As the book has for some years now been out of print, and copies, as we happen to know, not very easy to get, we make bold to lay this plan before them.



PLAN OF THE QUORN KENNELS AT BILLESDON.

Explanations.

1. Young hounds' lodging room, 16 feet by 20 feet; paved court, 18 feet by 20 feet; also a door opening into an inclosed grass yard.

2. Hunting pack lodging room, 16 feet by 20 feet; paved court, 18 feet by 26 feet.

3. Principal lodging room, 16 feet by 20 feet; paved court, 30 feet by 34 feet.

4. Principal lodging room, 16 feet by 20 feet; paved court, 30 feet by 34 feet.

5. Covered court before feeding, 14 feet by 20 feet; at one end a cistern to supply the kennel with water; at the other, a flight of stairs to the feeder's sleeping room above.

6. Feeding room, 16 feet by 19 feet.

7. Straw court after feeding, 22 feet by 24 feet.

8. Hospital for sick hounds, to be near so as to be fed often; three lodging rooms—two, 6 feet by 6 feet; the other, 12 feet by 12 feet—and court, 20 feet by 12 feet.

9. Boiling house, 15 feet by 20 feet.

10. Cooler, 3 feet wide.

11. Coals, 6 feet by 10 feet.

12. Store room for meal, 15 feet by 27 feet.

13. Straw house, 15 feet by 21 feet.

14. Bitch house, 6 feet by 15 feet; court, 9 feet by 15 feet.

To this plan Mr. Smith adds the following remarks, which are well worth reprinting:

All the doors, except those on the outside of the kennel, are in two parts, which open separately, which gives the opportunity of first looking at the hounds, and of seeing that no hound is injured on the feet by the door when opened against it. And the feeder can see better which hounds require to be fed first, on opening the top door.

The granary for oatmeal is placed for convenience, and to be dry, being at the back of the chimney to the boiling house.

The straw court, after feeding, is so placed, in order that the feeder may turn out every hound separately, if desirable, until the whole have been fed (this door should be in two, to enable him to look them over, and see if any want to be fed again), where they remain till he has time to walk them into the adjoining field. This is a most desirable acquisition to every kennel, as it keeps the field cleaner: and the droppings from the hounds make the straw

valuable to farmers, which is taken from the lodging rooms, and is otherwise useless. It is these considerations which make a farmer think it worth his while to supply straw for the manure.

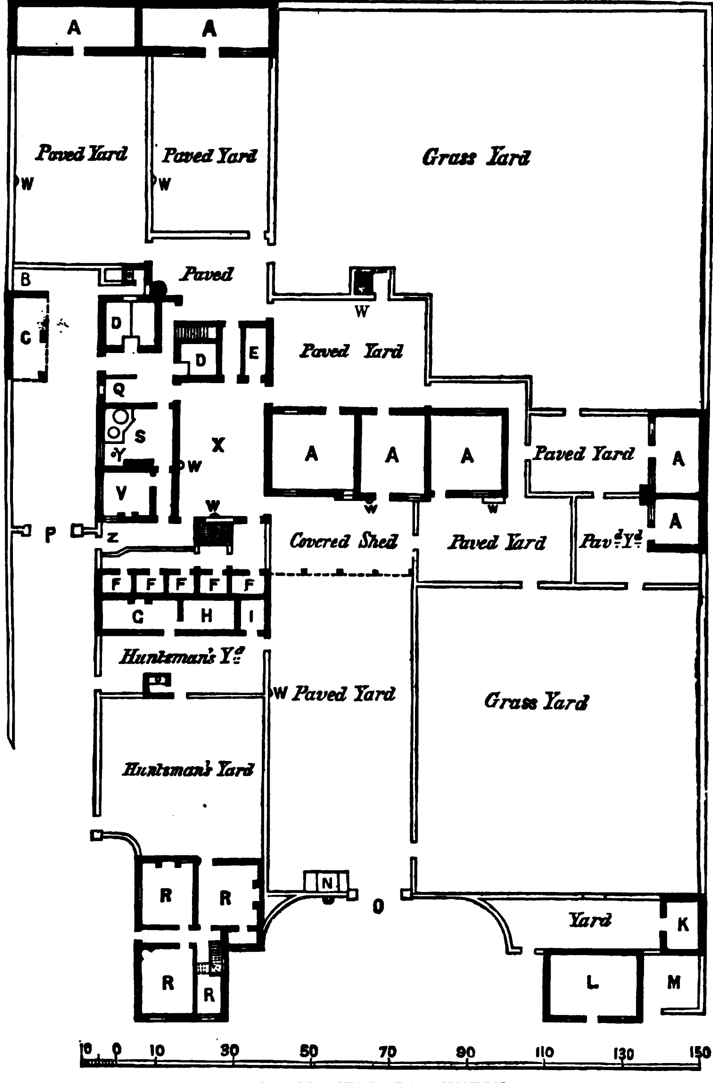
It is also desirable that the hospital for sick hounds should be near the feeding room, or they are not attended to as they should be, but be kept out of sight. Here the man has only to open the top part of the door, and look in, and if a hound is in want he has him in at once. This lodging room is divided into three parts in case of any doubtful hound, by putting which aside in time, the whole pack may often be saved from illness, or, a worse evil still, from madness.

The door out of the young hounds' kennel into the grass yard is intended to be open all day long, as it is most desirable that they should have room to exercise themselves, when first brought home from their walks, before they are under command, while by constantly taking them to be fed they soon come to. The time they are brought home is generally during the season when the men have not time to take them out, even if under command, which makes it so *necessary* for them to have a grass plot, *inclosed*, to run over: and often prevents distemper going through the whole lot, as is often the case when they are confined close together.

There are pipes to convey water to every kennel, with a tap in each.

Artificial heat of any sort is to be entirely condemned. The system of warming kennels by hot-water pipes is wholly mischievous and wrong. Plenty of straw or fern should be spread on the benches, and the warmth of the hounds' bodies as they lie huddled together close to each other will give out sufficient heat. At no time should the top half of the kennel door be quite closed.

It will be found very useful to have the benches made with hinges, as Beckford advises, and hooks in the wall, that they may be folded up while cleaning is going on. The necessity for the most scrupulous cleanness in every part cannot be too often or too strongly insisted on. This cannot be really preserved without two lodging rooms. It is bad for the hounds to stand shivering outside in the cold, while their one room is being swept and washed; and worse still for them to be kept in the room which is being washed.



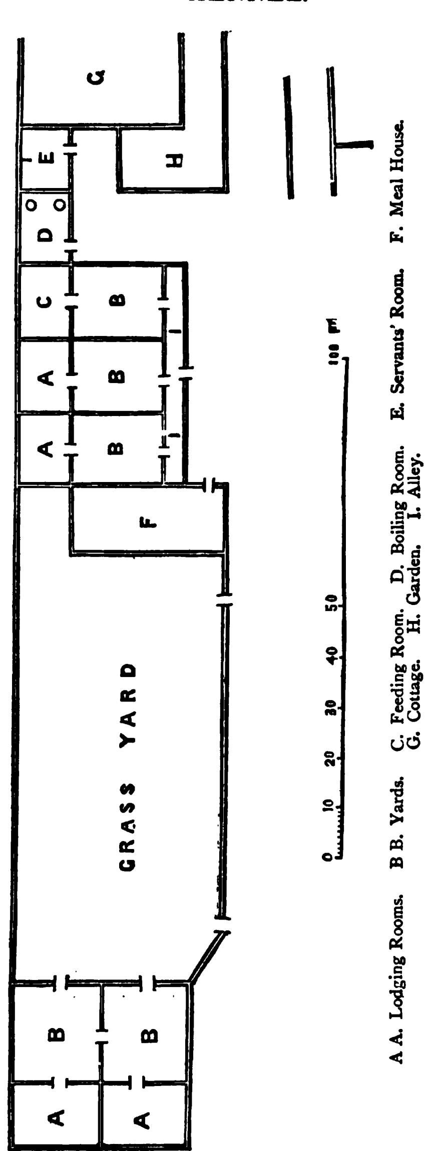
PLAN OF KENNELS, BADMINTON.

A. Lodging Houses. B. Bones Store. C. Larder. D. Meal Houses. E. Store Closet. F. Bitch Houses. G. Huntsman's Wash-house. H. Huntsman's Laundry. I. Huntsman's Cellar. K. Spare House. L. Stable. M. Dung Yard. N. Hounds' Bath. O. Principal Entrance. P. Waggon Entrance. Q. Coals. R. Huntsman's House. S. Boiling House. T. Water Cisterns. V. Kennelmen's Room. W. Water Taps. X. Feeding House. Y. Pump. Z. General Entrance.

The annexed plan of the Badminton kennels will show the residence of a five-days-a-week pack. There is probably nothing in this which, by the aid of its reference, will not be readily understood. The hounds' bath is, it will be seen, placed at the entrance to the kennels. It slopes down one side and up the other, and through this every hound is driven when he comes home from hunting, or from taking his walks in the park, which he does two or three times daily. Some authorities have filled their baths full of pot liquor instead of water, and Long, who formerly hunted the Badminton hounds, used to set one of his men to splash pot liquor over the hounds as they ran through, the object being to make the animals lick each other, for the healing properties of the tongue are considerable, and slight wounds caused during the day's work are thus benefited. Without this, however, hounds will always lick as they lie on their benches, the food which they sprinkle over their bodies while at the troughs helping to induce the habit.

We may also here give a sketch plan and explanation of one of these converted kennels which Beckford seems to condemn altogether, and which, in his time, no doubt deserved to be condemned. Had he seen the one here described he would have written differently. The work was done cheaply, without plans or specifications, by local men.

The original building was a long potato house, a granary, and a wall, besides a yard. The building was tiled, but the tiles were removed and the roof thatched, thatch being warm in winter and cool in summer; the floor was levelled with rough stones, broken brickbats, &c., the whole concreted and made smooth on the surface, with a good slope from back of lodging room right through to outside fence of yard; a surface grip in concrete along outside fence of yard running through all the yards to a drain outside the yard at end, then conveyed through *glazed* pipes to the river. The height of fence outside and round the yards is about 8 feet, 6 feet closely boarded, 2 feet paled, and the same round grass yards. The alley outside 4 feet broad with an outside railing 4 feet 6 inches high. The alley is very useful as hounds can be taken from top yard to feeding room without going through the other yard, especially for


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A A. Lodging Rooms.
B B. Yards.
C. Feeding Room.
D. Boiling Room.
E. Servants' Room.
F. Meal House.
G. Cottage.
H. Garden.
I. Alley.

young hounds if they bolt out of yard they are stopped by alley fence. The beds for hounds are made of deal, two in each lodging house, 7½ feet long by 5 feet wide, made to fit with length of kennel. They work on hinges, so that they can be chained up to back wall when cleaning out. The floor of lodging room is a wooden latticed flooring of deal to prevent hounds lying on damp or cold floor, a fruitful source of rheumatism. Two coppers, one for flesh and one for meal pudding, are shown in plan, together with coolers, feeding troughs, &c. There is a loophole at the end of whole range of building so as to let a top current of air right through. The top kennels are quite new and a little larger. The grass yard is half gravel and half grass. At the top of the old wall on the north side a paling to heighten it has been erected. The kennels face South, top kennels about South-East by East. The young hounds are generally kept in the top new kennels; the old ones in the lower, dogs and bitches being divided. The granary floor and walls half-way up were boarded to keep the meal from getting damp—doorways are 2 feet 10 inches wide all through. The cottage at end was there when the kennels were made, and now kennelman and two whips live in it. The water supply is from a cistern which is filled by horse-power from the river and laid on into all places. In each yard is a trough of cast iron raised on two or three bricks. The other part of the original ofthand farm consisted of a barn, a long shed and outbuildings now converted into the following: Two small kennels, one for sick hounds, one for bitches which it may be desirable to separate from the pack, and coal house. The barn was converted into a capital stable with a floor made of cement as in kennels, but ribbed for water ro run off into surface drains. A long row of buildings of the same height as kennels were made into a forge, a place to shoe horses, a hay and straw room, a corn room, a sleeping and mess room for stable helpers, a harness room, a washing room with coppers for hot water. As to the cost, both included:

	£	s.	d.
Converting old shed, and making yard into kennels .	158	7	6
Fittings, &c.	56	5	6
Top kennels	111	13	0
	£326	6	0

The stables &c. &c. cost about 700*l.* Two nice houses for huntsmen and stud groom cost about 600*l.* the pair. It is necessary to have a meat house for dead horses well ventilated. A new one was

put up just outside the range of buildings at a small cost. Everything in these cases naturally depends upon the convenience to be utilised, but the above will at least convey an idea. The only fault of the arrangement is the meal house, F, being so far from the boiling house, D.[1]

The kennels having been so far considered, we turn to the question of their occupants. A hound's life, for working purposes, is short. He begins to hunt as a puppy of some eighteen months; if all goes well with him he is perhaps in the plenitude of his power at the age of four, that is, in his third season; he may last two or three seasons longer. Hounds have been known to run at the head of the pack even in their seventh season; the judgment of their breeders in such a case is amply proved. After their fourth or fifth season hounds usually begin to fail. They do not tire, if of a good sort, but the pace bothers them; they are not so forward as of yore, though they still keep with the pack and trot home with their sterns up. Every pack must, therefore, be recruited annually, in proportion, as nearly as circumstances admit, to the strength of the establishment. About six and a half couples are sufficient for one pack, but ten or twelve couples should be put forward and drafted down to six and a half of the best after cub hunting. How then should hounds be bred so as to maintain the needful supply of puppies from which to replenish the pack?

The breeding of hounds, perhaps even more than the breeding of horses, is a lottery. This is partly so because more varied qualities are necessary in a hound than in a horse. The latter—we are now speaking of thorough-bred horses, to which in this consideration hounds can only be compared—fulfils the chief object of his being if he can gallop and is sound; but the hound must possess nose, stoutness, speed, courage, and a number of valuable qualities which may be briefly summed up under the head of intelligence. If a hound

[1] We are indebted for this information to the courtesy of Mr. Archibald Ruggles-Brise, lately master of the East Essex hounds, the establishment here described. With the one single exception noted, nothing could be more serviceable and convenient than these kennels and stables, and very cheap.

be handsome so much the better, of course; but the best hound is the one that works best, not the handsomest. There is something particularly pleasing to the eye in the sight of a level, symmetrical pack. To breed a pack of hounds, perfect alike in appearance and in work, is, however, the labour of a lifetime. Nose and stoutness are the two things which the breeder of hounds should first of all seek to obtain, and experience shows that no two attributes are more distinctly hereditary. The beginner, therefore, especially in a small kennel, should disregard all ideas of pleasing his eyes and breed exclusively from the best nosed and stoutest hounds of both sexes, irrespective of size and appearance.

The generative powers of the dog are retained in their full strength longer than those of the bitch. A promising dog may begin his duties as a sire in his first season, he is usually at his best in his third. The bitch cannot be hopefully trusted to produce a serviceable progeny after she is six years old. That the parents should be in perfect health is before all things essential. If the bitch suffers from any ailment during the period of her pregnancy her produce is likely to be affected. The state of the weather when the whelps are born and during the first three or four months of their lives has an immense influence on their future stoutness, usefulness, and soundness. Under the most favourable conditions the litter will consist of seven or eight—nearly twice as many have been known, but this is a misfortune. A young bitch will bring up about four puppies comfortably to herself and with benefit to them. If she is three or four years old she may bring up five, but much depends upon whether she is a good milker and a good mother. How the breeder is to make his choice which to leave with her and which to take is a matter that must be left to his discretion, but if the puppies are from specially good parents on both sides it is desirable to get a sheep dog or spaniel wet-nurse to bring up three or four of the puppies beyond those which the mother is capable of suckling.

Masters usually have prejudices about colour, preferring generally dark hounds to light. The mother's prejudices are

not safe guides, as she may devote herself chiefly to 'the weakest of her progeny. An idea prevails that light-coloured hounds have weak constitutions, and some suppose them to be worse tempered than their darker brethren ; but this is a baseless theory, for some of the stoutest and best hounds ever seen have been light-coloured. The points of a whelp can, however, be but faintly discerned if they can be perceived at all, so that on the whole colour must be the guide.

The mother should suckle her whelps for six or seven weeks according as her milk lasts. When weaned their food should



Puppies.

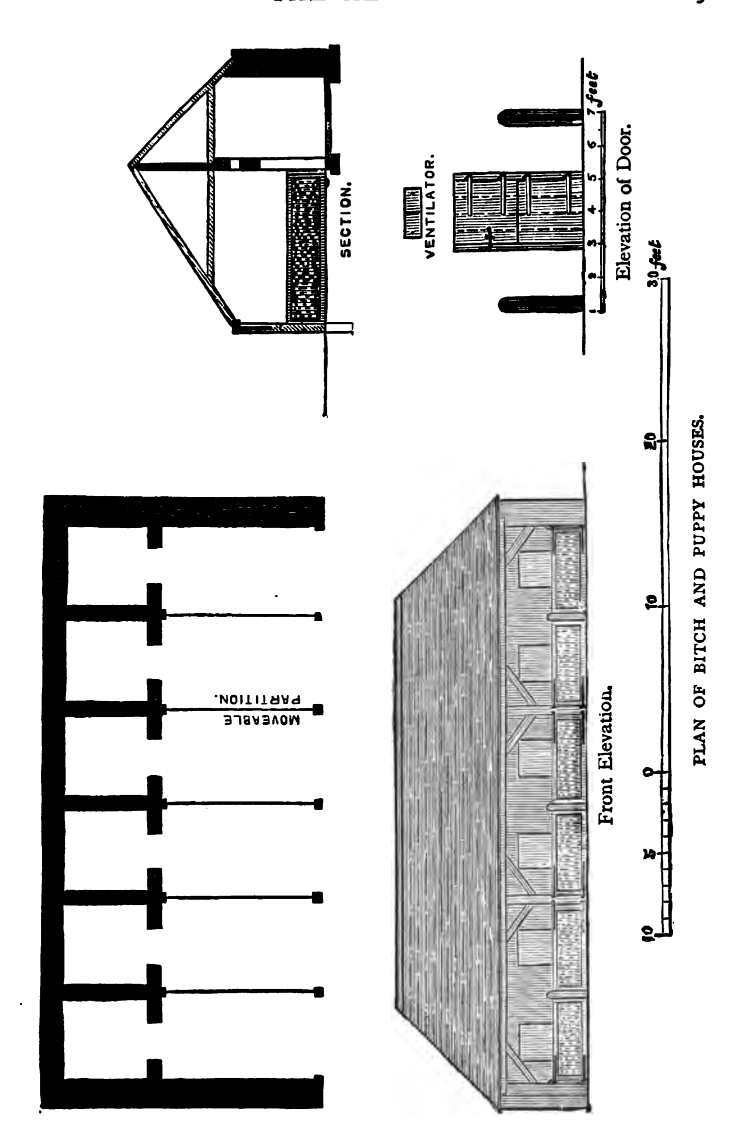
be the best oatmeal (neither barley nor wheat should ever be given to hounds), and dog biscuit, mixed in cow's or goat's milk, with just enough soup—horseflesh soup—to make it warm. This should be given them twice a day, and in addition, for the first few days after they cease to suckle, about half a pound of parboiled horseflesh chopped up into mince. When two months old this meat may be given them raw. It is desirable that the puppies should be born in February. The

young things thrive in the early spring as they do at no other time of year, and experience shows that puppies so born grow into the best hounds.

When the mother is about to whelp, she is taken at Badminton to the bitch and puppy houses, of which drawings are given. The kennel at the back of each little run closes with a door divided into two parts, over the bottom half of which the mother can easily pass to and from her puppies. Gates, as will be seen in the elevation, shut in each run, so that the little creatures cannot stray, and the roof comes right over so as to afford shelter. The divisions between the half-dozen little yards are movable, and thus the puppies can have a fair-sized run if the divisions are taken away. The mother, it will be observed, can be shut in if necessary, ventilation being provided over every door. That a good bed and an abundant supply of food must be given to the mother is too obvious to need explanation.

About May, when three or four months old—the period must be judged by the growth and condition of the animals—puppies are ready to be sent to their walks, where they remain to be tended at the discretion of their temporary masters till the following spring. Those that find quarters at a dairy farm are well placed, but during this year of their lives the puppies are usually well cared for. Often, indeed, they return to their kennels as fat as pigs going to market, and this is bad; a few are perhaps on the other hand thin and poor, owing to the ignorance or carelessness of those with whom they have been living, and such puppies are generally very shy and wild.

Their childhood is now over, and the serious business of life begins. They must be brought by degrees to be as other hounds are; but as different puppies have been differently treated during the past year at their various homes, some are much longer than others before they accept the food and discipline of the kennel. Puppies often take to kennel food at once, others are some days, occasionally some weeks, before they eat with relish. The food supplied to them is much the same as that



PLAN OF BITCH AND PUPPY HOUSES.

which they had when they were first weaned. Putting milk on the top of the food in the trough will often induce those who do not take kindly to their new table of dietary to lap it up.

They are to be fed twice a day at first, once a day afterwards when they display good appetite, the delicate feeders being drawn in for a few mouthfuls a second time. It is very neces-



Bringing Hounds into Feeding Room.

sary to consider these delicate feeders, which are to be found in all establishments. Even when they have begun to work they will digest their food better, and consequently be better, if they are fed twice a day. Coarse oatmeal some twelve months old is the only proper grain for hounds.

One great reason for keeping the puppies temperate in the matter of diet and for giving them due exercise on their

return to the kennel, is that distemper, the curse of all kennels, is likely soon to attack them. It is far better that they should have it now than some months hence. In all probability if they escape for the time being, the disease will take them in the following February when they are in good work, and then they have it, as a rule, much more severely. If they do not die the master loses their work for the rest of the season, and they are thrown back, so that it is more convenient to get it over. The severity and even the nature of distemper varies so much from year to year, that it is impossible to suggest any specific cure. One year it attacks the lungs, and is then very fatal, particularly if the yellows (jaundice) is a symptom. Another year it goes to the head, when blindness, violent bleedings at the nose, discharge of matter, and other troubles ensue. Often the hound looks as if he were dead, being utterly unable to stand. Distemper occasionally affects the limbs with fearful twitchings, from which in some cases the hounds never recover, that is to say, these symptoms never wholly disappear. Hounds thus affected have seemed so well in other respects that a few years ago in the Badminton kennels it was determined to see whether they would stand a day's work, and it was found that some of those which never lost this result of the disease could run up with the best and stand the longest and hardest days. Distemper appears to be especially fatal to the finest, strongest, and best young hounds. Sucking puppies if attacked are hardly ever known to survive. The master is powerless to avert the disease. Many people vaccinate their hounds as a preventative, but though few sane men doubt the efficacy of vaccination as a safeguard against small-pox, it can have no effect against distemper in a hound, a disease of a totally different character. Mr. F. Gillard, huntsman to the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir, has compounded a medicine which is perhaps as good as any that can be used, but it will be found much more efficacious in some seasons than in others on account of the various methods in which hounds are affected in different years. Much also depends on the weather, a long spell of

bitter east wind in March or April is to be dreaded by the master whose hounds are down with distemper.

Life in the kennels may be best described by a brief account of a day's proceedings during the hunting season. Desirable as it is to exercise the puppies when they come in, it is almost impossible when the hunting is going on, except perhaps in a two-days-a-week country; but if the kennel staff is strong enough, one man can lead out for an hour or more three



Hounds feeding.

couples at the time, with three cords or straps, one to each couple.

The hounds' day passes as follows:

As soon as it is light, in winter and summer, the kennel huntsman opens the kennel doors and takes his charges out for a walk for a quarter of an hour or so, and in their absence the room is cleaned and fresh bedding supplied. The troughs have meantime been filled; and if it is the hunting season, those hounds which are not going out are fed as soon as possible. This will be about seven o'clock in winter. Having

eaten their daily meal, they are again turned out, and then left to themselves till about ten o'clock, when they have another run, and again about four, at which time a few delicate feeders, if there be any in the pack, as is almost invariably the case, are allowed a little more food. The pack which is going to hunt is of course not fed till it comes home. Then after running through the bath three or four times, as described, they are called to the troughs. The huntsman will of course look care-



Hounds after having been fed.

fully to note any signs of lameness or injury. Thorns in the hounds' legs and feet are naturally frequent, scratches and tears are also common, and these are treated, when the thorns have been extricated, with a little tincture of myrrh, which may also usefully be applied to hot bruised feet.

In the summer-time hounds should be taken out four times a day, and permitted to play and lie about under the trees. They will scratch into the ground for pig nuts, and eat not only grass but earth. The huntsman should put on a pair of

rough horsehair gloves, with which to rub their backs as th
go near him, a proceeding which is obviously pleasant to th
hounds. In summer they will need a little water, which the
do not want in winter, except indeed when they are hot afte
hunting, and then they must not have it; the moisture o
their food suffices.



Exercising Hounds on the Road.

As the hunting season approaches hounds, like horses, must be conditioned. The huntsman and whips now mount and trot the packs about, six or eight miles at first, and longer distances as they become more fit to go. A good deal of the work should be done on the roads, for the purpose of hardening the hounds' feet.

Of late years one or two masters have abandoned the custom of rounding the puppies' ears. Most of the operations which are performed on animals are equally stupid and cruel. There was a time when even a hunter's ears were cropped, thus giving the flies and gnats special facilities for tormenting him. But rounding puppies is desirable, for the reason that their long drooping ears would be continually torn and wounded by thorns and briars in the thick undergrowth, into which the foxhound has to force his way, as well as in the hedges, through which he must also scramble. Many huntsmen are of opinion that rounding has a good effect in certain cases of distemper, though Beckford lays it down that 'dogs must not be rounded all the time they have the distemper upon them; the loss of blood would weaken them too much.'

At Badminton the young hounds are taken out in their couples among the deer in the park, and soon learn to take no notice of them. Obedience is before all things necessary in the kennel, and it is not only possible, but in the highest degree desirable, to secure this by the voice. The whip should be rather a symbol of authority than a weapon of punishment.

Of the perfect hound it is not easy to better Somerville's description:

See there, with countenance blythe,
And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound
Salutes them cow'ring; his wide op'ning nose
Upwards he curls, and his large sloe-black eyes
Melt in soft blandishments and humble joy:
His glossy skin, or yellow pied, or blue,
In lights or shades, by Nature's pencil drawn,
Reflects the various tints: his ears and legs
Fleckt here and there in gay enamel'd pride,
Rival the speckled pard; his rush-grown tail
O'er his broad back, bends in an ample arch,
On shoulders clean upright and firm he stands:
His round cat feet, straight hams, and widespread thighs
And his low drooping chest, confess his speed,
His strength, his wind, or on the steepy hill

Or far extended plain ; on every part
So well proportioned, that the nicer skill
Of Phidias himself can't blame thy choice.
Of such compose thy pack.

The poet's demand, that he shall stand 'upright and firm' is wise. He must be straight on his legs ; 'the widespread thighs' imply a powerful back and loins, that, in fact, the hound

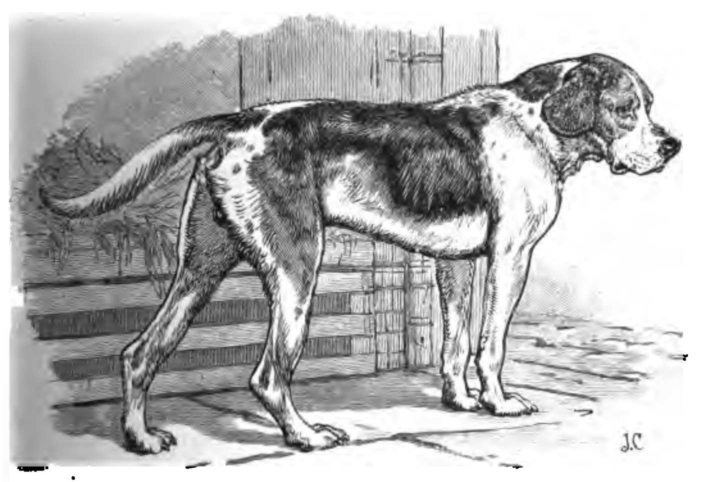


A good hound (from a picture in the possession of His Grace the Duke of Beaufort, K.G.)

is 'good to follow.' The shoulders, besides being 'clean,' must be well sloped. A flat-sided hound is sure to be a bad-winded

one. Speed and strength alike call for great length from hip to hock, and as little as possible from hock to foot. As for the size of the hound's head, that is the best size which is oftenest well to the fore on the line of the fox.

The animal chosen as an example of what a hound should be is the Badminton Potentate, a dog which, born in 1840, did notable service in the hunting field for eleven seasons, and has transmitted his own sterling qualities to successive generations. He is one which the man in search of a hound



A bad hound.

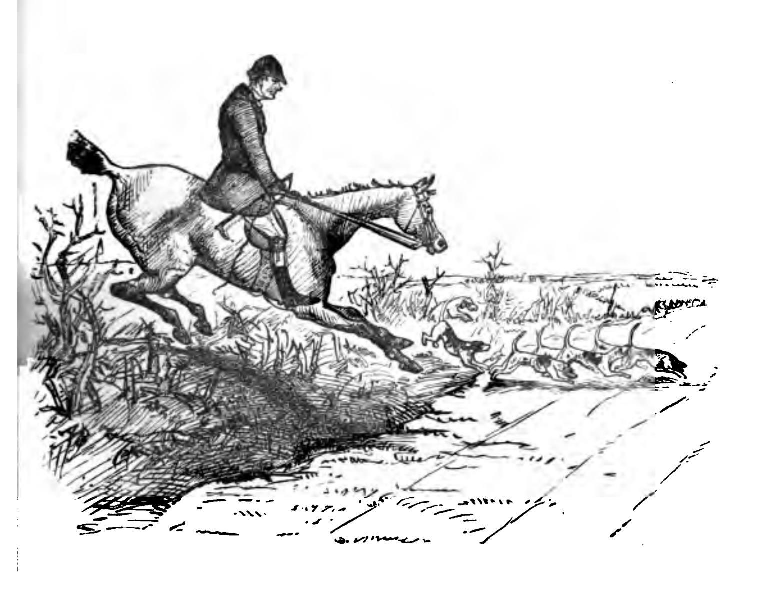
will do well to carry in his eye. He died in 1851. As a contrast to him the picture of a bad hound is given, his defects being purposely emphasised in order that they may at once strike the observer. Such a nightmare of a hound is not to be discovered in any hunting field, but by a course of injudicious breeding he might conceivably be produced. From head to stern he is all that a hound should not be. His shapeless head is joined by a thick neck to a shockingly clumsy pair of shoulders, which have no liberty of action about them. His

legs are weak and crooked; he has the reverse of those 'round cat feet' which Somerville properly desires. He is flat-sided and slack in the loins; his stern is badly put on in the wrong place, and there is a total lack of muscle in his lean and long-drawn thighs.

The expenses of a pack of hounds naturally depend upon the number of days per week that the master hunts, and the number of hounds that it is therefore necessary to keep. In the Badminton kennels there are, as a rule, about 75 couples, and this provides 18½ or 20 couples five days a week. For a pack which hunts four days a week, 52 couples will suffice. The two-days-a-week man will be well found with 28 couples, or, if he does not breed, 23 couples will be enough.

The annual consumption of 75 couples includes about 40 tons of oatmeal, 3 tons of dog biscuit, and 150 horses. Great care should be taken in selecting the meal. It should be bought before the new oats are harvested. Once placed in the meal room, it must not be moved or it will ferment. If it be possible to obtain damaged navy biscuits nothing is better. Some makers are grossly careless, and their manufacture has a deleterious effect on the hounds. A two-days-a-week pack will consume about 13 tons of oatmeal, 1 ton of dog biscuits, and 50 horses. Prices vary. Oatmeal ranges from 10*l.* to 18*l.* per ton; biscuit is about 13*l.* per ton, and horses may generally be had from 1*l.* to 5*s.* and less. They are difficult to get about harvest time, and the supply seems scanty near the large towns when sausages are in season!

The servants immediately connected with the kennels include the kennel huntsman, a feeder, who unites the office of butcher and cook, and a couple of lads. Of the duties of hunt servants, however, we shall proceed to speak in the next chapter.



CHAPTER V.

HUNT SERVANTS.

THE DUTIES OF A HUNTSMAN IN THE FIELD.

THIS is a subject most difficult to treat on paper. The natural answer that would be given to an inquirer, by anyone of long experience in the hunting field, would be, 'If you would learn the business of a huntsman go and hunt with one of good repute, and exercise all your intelligence and common sense in explaining to yourself the why and the wherefore of the various things you observe him do.'

Our Library being intended for the use of beginners in various sports and pastimes, we must, however imperfectly, try

to give to such a one, if he seeks it, sufficient information to enable him to commence his career as a huntsman, and leave it to his natural aptitude to perfect him after experience in the profession.

A resident in our colonies or in a foreign country, where no hounds are kept, would be naturally dependent on books for instruction, and to him, therefore, are these lines specially addressed. An aspirant to fame as huntsman resident in the United Kingdom or Ireland may be recommended to follow the advice already suggested.

The huntsman having made himself well acquainted with his hounds, and they having got to know him, sallies forth from his kennel, his object being to find a fox. Should he be drawing an open country, he should draw directly up the wind or with a good cheek wind. The pace at which he draws should be regulated by the thickness of the stuff through which hounds have to go, whether it is gorse, heather, bracken, fern, or the rushy materials and myrtle that grow on bogs. And here let me remark that there is no place in an open country where a fox is so likely to be found as a bog. Water rats, moor hens, ducks, and mice, all favourite articles of food, are there in abundance ; there are generally high dry tussocks of strong rough grass, and on these he makes a warm dry bed. Often a fox is found a hundred to a hundred and fifty yards away from the bog, he having made his bed in a thick patch of short gorse within easy reach of his larder. One of the prettiest sights to a lover of hunting is to note this up-wind or cheek-wind draw. You will observe some hounds quietly pass on, drawing and sniffing at the bushes by which a fox has passed during the night, and you will suddenly see one hound to whom a whiff has come put his nose up into the air, sniff, and going first right then left, finally make his mind up whence comes this scent. He will follow it patiently as it gets stronger and stronger, leave the bog and go a hundred or a hundred and fifty yards to a thick bed of gorse or bramble. He will go all round it, losing the scent when he gets the up-wind side

of the thicket. Returning down wind he catches it again, and after sniffing and poking about some little time will suddenly throw his tongue loudly and dash into the break; and out will go the fox. I quote this that the aspiring huntsman may understand the necessity of giving his hounds time when drawing. I have several times in my life seen this occur just as I have described it.

In an open country to draw down wind means to get a bad start with your fox, for even those that have never been hunted will be very apt to move and be off, and one that knows what hounds are is sure to take the hint very quickly. Should the country be an inclosed one and the coverts large, the same rule as to drawing up wind applies. Here the huntsman should be very particular about regulating the pace of his horse by the pace at which the hounds can travel whilst drawing for their fox. Should the covert be hollow a good brisk trot is necessary, but if it is a real fine thick covert the huntsman cannot go too slowly. It is an advantage, and makes hounds draw better, if some of them are ahead of the huntsman. I have often known a huntsman put hounds in and trot away, speaking to them all the time. After a bit, as the huntsman's voice gets fainter and fainter the hounds stop, listen, and instead of going on drawing come out into the ride and trot up it after the huntsman; and in this way often miss a fox. In a woodland a huntsman should be rather noisy than quiet, make good use of his voice, and occasionally blow a single note on his horn. It is a judicious course, and makes hounds much livelier, if the huntsman only uses a single note when no fox is on foot, but 'doubles his horn' when a fox is found; the difference in the way hounds move to it is extraordinary. The horn may be advantageously used in case of hounds running riot (hunting a hare or any wrong game), or taking the scent heelways of a fox. A screech or, as perhaps it may be called, discord blown on the horn will stop them more quickly than the cry of 'ware heel!' The ear of a hound or dog is very sensitive, and he dislikes the discord. The screech may also be used in covert

by the huntsman if he comes upon hounds eating carrion, or finds a litter of cubs in a hollow tree or stool, and wants his whipper-in to assist him and drive the hounds away. It should be understood that when he is sitting still and blowing discords, the whipper-in or some of the field should go to him.

In large woodlands the huntsman should draw everything, and closely, as otherwise he may leave a fox in some unlikely corner. When the coverts are small they should be drawn down wind, to avoid the chance of chopping a fox. A few cracks of a hunting whip or a gentle touch or two on the horn should put a fox on his legs, and the down-wind side being kept clear of horse and footmen he should have a chance of going away. One of the most annoying things in hunting is the chopping of foxes. If small coverts are near together and they have to be drawn down wind, some quick-eyed servant of the hunt, or some keen and observant sportsman who can be trusted, should be sent on down wind. He must conceal himself so as not to head the fox, and yet be able to command a good view of the country. In the event of his seeing a fox away he should gallop back and hold his cap or hat up or otherwise attract the huntsman's attention. It is no use sitting and halloaing down wind with the result of making the fox hurry himself whilst the huntsman and field do not hear the halloa.

Now as to the huntsman's duties when the fox is afoot. Having made sufficient noise with voice and horn to get the hounds together and keep them together whilst in the woods, and also, I often think, to frighten the fox into seeking the open country, the huntsman should then subside and be as quiet as possible. As to telling a man what he should do when hounds come to a check after running hard—say, twenty minutes—it is impossible; but the first thing to do, if happily no horsemen were near them when they checked, is to leave them alone and let the hounds swing and cast forward, back and round; then the huntsman must exercise his keenest sense of observation and his natural intelligence. Of course, if there is a plough team or an old woman sitting on a stile right in front, the pro-

babilities are that the fox has been turned, and after the hounds have tried their best and failed to recover the scent, the huntsman must try his hand, but he must always allow the hounds to have a good try first. In a strange country, and where there is nothing to indicate whether the fox has most likely turned right or left or straight back, a short cast up the wind and a longer one down the wind is not a bad mode of solving the difficulty.

There is one check that beats hounds and the best of huntsmen, and that is when the fox not having been turned hounds check on his line. That very mysterious and little understood thing, scent, brings this about at times. It seems to float up in the air above the hounds' heads, and when the huntsman returns, after ten minutes' vain endeavour to hit off his fox, away go the hounds straight on from the very place at which they checked. Another thing that constantly baffles a huntsman is when, the fox being ten minutes before the hounds, the object that frightened and turned him has passed out of sight before the arrival of hounds and huntsmen. The great thing for a huntsman to remember is that the hounds are more likely to recover the scent than the huntsman if they only have sufficient time given them, and the longer in reason he lets them alone the better; but when once he thinks they have had sufficient time the sooner he makes his cast the better. Old Goosey, the late Duke of Rutland's celebrated huntsman, used to say, 'I take leave to say that a fox is a toddling animal, and never stops, and if you are not quick after him you will very soon lose him.' On open downs, where there is always a great draught, hounds are constantly blown off the line and want their heads just turning up the wind, and then away they go again.

A huntsman should keep as near his hounds as he can without inconveniencing them, and never be straight behind them, otherwise he will drive them when they wish to turn and bring them to check. Whilst hounds are running the huntsman's eyes should always be well forward. If he has good quick eyes

he will often see the fox, and will at other times see some object that has turned his fox from the point he is running to. A sheep or cur dog who has coursed him perhaps. Sometimes a shepherd or man with a dog, more truthful than his neighbours, will say, 'I'm sorry my dog has run your fox up to such a point,' but as a rule even when you have seen the dog coursing the fox, the dog's master will swear he did not run him. Experience has taught me never to ask the man, but to ask the dog. If you find him with his mouth shut, you may be satisfied he has not run him ; if the dog's tongue is out and he is panting, you will know he has run the fox, and then you can ask the master how far the dog did run.

It is a very extraordinary but well-known fact that in nine cases out of ten if a fox is coursed by a dog during a run all scent ceases afterwards, even when you get your hounds to the line of the fox beyond where the dog has been. Scent is one of the things 'no fellow can understand,' and this is one of the most remarkable phenomena relating to it. Except practice and experience and what a huntsman will learn from it, I know nothing more that I can say to assist a beginner in his work. One remark I may make, and that is, that though to get to know the hounds and make them know their huntsman it is as well to feed them at first, after you have killed one fox with them it is unnecessary, as they will always leave the man who feeds for the man who hunts them. Also I strongly advise hounds being allowed to eat their fox when they catch him; they should not be knocked about and beaten when the fox is taken away to be cut up by the whipper-in.

Should any beginner try to get a hint from these pages, I shall be pleased if these few remarks (which for convenience, having so much personal observation to make, I am putting in the first person singular) prove of any assistance to him.



THE DUTIES OF A WHIPPER-IN.

Various and diverse are the ideas of Masters of Hounds and Huntsmen as to these duties. The system mostly in vogue now I abominate and detest, for which I will presently give my reasons. That system is that when there are two whippers-in, on whichever side of the covert each may happen to be, when the fox and hounds go away the first whipper-in is to make the best of his way to hounds whilst the second is to hang about and halloa and bring on any left behind. If he is in time to 'tell' them and sees all are there, of course he comes on, but if he either finds that a hound or a ccuple or more are short, or if he has no chance of 'telling' them, he must hang about in case they should be left behind. I was brought up under old Bill Long, a man of singular intelligence, one who reasoned and turned over carefully in his mind all things connected with hunting. He

used to say to me, 'Hounds are like children, they do not like to be left behind, and if they know you will not wait for them they bustle to get after you; but if they know you will wait, they don't hurry themselves, but they will stop just inside the fence peeping at the huntsman and pack waiting, and will not come out till they see them moving off (this, of course, when there is no fox on foot); or if hounds are away with a fox will try and do a bit of hunting for themselves, in some independent way; and why? because they know that some one will come back and fetch them.' Bill Long was nineteen years a whipper-in and twenty-seven years a huntsman, and first class in both capacities. Some years later Tom Clark (who began in Devonshire and Hampshire, whipping-in to Captain Howarth who hunted his own hounds, and then was in the Shires and eventually hunted the Old Berkshire, when kept by the late James Morrell) came to me as huntsman, beginning the cub hunting in the season 1857–1858. He was excellent in the kennel, conditioning the hounds well, and giving them real good long summer horse exercise, and he could kill a fox in the open or in the woodlands when once found as well as any huntsman I ever saw, so that it was a pleasure to hunt with him. He was wonderfully cheery and fond of a gallop. I learnt many wrinkles from him, enjoyed many a good day's sport, and saw him kill many a good fox that would have beaten a less expert huntsman than 'Sagacious Thomas.' I think he spoilt my hounds by his anxiety to get away for a gallop. He would stop them off the fox they were running, and lay them on to another that had gone away, so that they lost that excellent quality of not changing from one fox to another, which in Bill Long's day they had. After a long run if they got to a covert with fresh foxes in it they would not change, but stick to and kill their own fox. Clark's system of galloping lost them that, and they have never recovered it. He was, however, inferior in intellect to, and less observant than, Bill Long, would often draw over a fox, was proverbially a bad finder of foxes, and his system with the whippers-in was bad. In the first place, it was as

regards going away that which I have above written as the prevailing system now. Further, when hounds had run five or six miles, if he found a hound away he would send his second whipper-in back—where do you think to? Why, to the covert the fox had come from. Now, any sportsman of average intelligence who thinks of this, will, I dare say, come to the conclusion that an hour after hounds have left a covert any hounds left, if they were hunting a fox, will have rattled him out of covert and no longer be there, or if they were not hunting will have set off on the line of the pack, or trotted off home; the last place such hounds are to be found in is the covert you have quitted. To this, however, Clark used to send. I positively forbad the practice, but it was done when I was not out, and sometimes when I was; but if I saw the whip going I always stopped him. I remember on one occasion we had run from Great Wood through a very large strong covert of the V.W.H. called Webb's Wood. The ground being deep, and the pace very severe, the hounds beat us, so it was impossible 'to tell them' away from Webb's Wood through which the fox had gone very straight, and we did not discover till we had killed the fox, some five miles beyond, that three couple of hounds were away. As we were returning into our country to find another fox I saw the second whipper-in turn away. 'Where are you going?' I asked. 'To Webb's Wood.' 'Certainly not,' I said; 'come on with the hounds.' Clark was very cross, till I told him that I should contract with him to find the second whipper-in's horses and then perhaps he would be less fond of sending them miles round to flounder through the rides of one of the deepest, stickiest clay woods in England. I said, 'Keep touching your horn as you go.' After we had got back into our country and within a mile of the covert we were going to, some three or four miles from Webb's Wood, as we were trotting down the towing path of the canal, which was our shortest route, there on the path were the three couple of absent hounds. How they got there, why they were all together, whether they had hunted their fox to near there, lost him, or run him to ground, or whether they

were on their way home and heard the horn and came, I know not, and never was able to make out from the country people; but there they were.

Now Bill Long's system I hold to be correct. Whichever whipper-in happened to be on the side the hounds broke away had to go with the hounds, and the other one coming round or through the covert, making use of his voice and holloaing 'Forward,' &c., was to make the best of his way after them, being sure to turn round with his face to the covert before setting off, and holloaing 'Away,' at the top of his voice, so as to insure any straggling hound hearing him; and then he used to come on. Of course, in the event of hounds dividing, it would be the duty of whichever whipper-in happens to be nearest the smaller lot to do his best to stop them, and make them join the body of the pack. I am confident that, besides the injury to horseflesh caused by sending back for hounds, it tends more to make hounds helpless and slack than anything else in the world. All hounds dislike being left behind, and all hounds when let alone will find their way home. Often have I seen Tom Clark sitting under a covert blowing his horn. 'What are you doing there?' 'Two couple of hounds away.' 'Well, if you sit there for a week they won't come. Shog on!' and before he had gone three fields I have seen them coming at a good pace.

Whilst hounds are drawing a whipper-in cannot be too quiet. If hounds riot and he can get to them to stop them, let him do so without making a noise; if he cannot, then he must rate them; but the more quietly the better. If they take a scent heel-ways, the quieter and lower he says 'Ware heel!' the better. If he is in a big covert watching a straight ride let him never turn his head or take his eye off the ride, for at that instant a fox will surely cross; and most particularly if he sees him cross, even if he holloas immediately, let him not take his eye off the ride for a minute or two, as the result of holloaing immediately a fox has crossed a ride often is to make him pop back again over the ride, and if he does that

without being seen it is more than probable he will be lost. Certainly it will bring hounds to a long check, and the holloa will have done more harm than good. Whippers-in when sent on down wind, or to the far end of a covert, are very fond of sitting at the exact point of the angle of a covert. Now this is a great mistake, for if a fox does not actually break there, I believe he generally will go there before breaking to look if he can, if there is anyone to observe him, and most certainly to listen to what is going on. Some few foxes are bold and do not care who sees them, but these are rare, and I fancy are strangers out visiting, who, hearing a noise, and, if they have been previously hunted, recognising the voice and the horn of the huntsman, think it time to be off home.

Foxes know the huntsman's voice as well as hounds do after they have heard it a few times, and the generality of foxes are shy at breaking covert, and hate to be seen. One small child will keep a fox from going, while a regiment of cavalry can't prevent his going back again. I say, therefore, let the whipper-in hide himself as well as he may, where he can command both sides of the angle if possible; if not on the most likely side, but never at the angle. If anyone follows him, let there be no conversation. If two or three gentlemen come down, let him (the whipper-in) beg them either to go away or not to talk or smoke. If he is fortunate enough to have hit upon the right spot and to see the fox break away, let him not move or speak till the fox has got through at least two, and much better, three fences; and if he even then gives him another field no harm is done. In the first place, the fox will not turn back into covert; in the second he will be more likely to go straight, which all sportsmen know is better for hounds and pleasanter for those who ride to them. A fox with a good five minutes' start of hounds is much more likely to give a good fine straight run of from six to ten mile points than one on whose very back hounds get away.

Just one word on the voice, and its use. To a huntsman a fine voice is of the greatest benefit; it exercises a marvellous

influence over his hounds, and is a pleasure to all who hunt with him. Old Carter, who died in the autumn of 1884, having survived his ninetieth birthday, had a lovely voice. Even when he was over seventy years of age it was a treat to hear him draw a big woodland. William Long also had a most musical voice. To a whipper-in such a voice is a misfortune, and he should nourish and cherish it till such time as he becomes a huntsman and carries a horn. I fully agree with the late Earl Fitzhardinge, who was one of the best sportsmen that ever lived, whose knowledge of hunting and all appertaining thereto was inferior to no man's. He used to say, 'I hate a whipper-in with a fine loud voice. If anything goes wrong, if hounds riot or get hold of carrion, he is satisfied to sit a mile off and rate them.' That may do very well once, and hounds may fear the consequence of not avoiding whatever their misdeed is; but when they find nobody comes, the next time they will take no notice of it. The whipper-in when he finds wrong-doing should say nothing but get quickly to the hounds; when he is right on top of them, a quick rate with the voice and a smack of the whip will probably put matters to rights; should it not, then a smart stroke with a not too heavy whip may be necessary. The last thing it strikes me to remark about the voice is that in coming away from a covert drawn blank the huntsman's voice and horn should be sufficient to bring hounds away; the whipper-in's voice should not be heard. I hear constantly whippers-in making as much noise as though six foxes had gone away. This is wrong, and makes hounds slack and slow in coming when a fox *has gone.* You cannot make more than a certain noise, and if you make all you can when no fox is gone how are hounds to know the difference of being simply drawn out of a blank covert or being wanted to get quickly away after a fox? This is particularly objectionable when drawing a succession of small coverts, which you are probably doing down wind, and it moves a fox that is a mile or even two miles off. I have known several whippers-in—good men in their way—I should have liked to take out with muzzles on.

I ought to say a word on the subject of horses as regards whippers-in. I have often in my life heard a M.F.H. say of a brute that can neither jump nor gallop, 'Oh, he will do to carry a whipper-in.' Now this is a very great mistake. Leave your whipper-in at home sooner than mount him badly. To be of any use he should be able to get to hounds and to stop hounds if wanted. If you are too stingy or too badly off to buy good horses for him, buy none, and begin your economy at the right place. It is just as expensive to feed, and keep helpers to attend to, a bad horse as a good one, and your whipper-in badly mounted is useless. I would impress on whippers-in that horses are not steam engines that will go as long as you choose to keep the steam on, and that even if they were they have no tender with water and coal to feed them with. I know some who never take care of their horses, always tire them, gallop in the deepest and worst, instead of the firmest and best, ground, and ride them over the biggest place instead of the easiest in the fence, when there is no necessity for it. To these men I would say, 'Nurse your horse; the run may be severe, the day may be long, and to get to the end of either you must ride with care and judgment.' A good horse deserves to be well treated, and a whipper-in who ill-uses and knocks his horses about deserves the fate with which I always threatened Dick Christian, who was a butcher on a horse—namely, that I would buy blind fly horses in Bath or Cheltenham and give him nothing else to ride.

A huntsman, whether he be a gentleman or a professional, should impress on his whippers-in certain things that they should or should not do. This is better done by quietly talking to them in the kennels or elsewhere than by blowing them up or swearing at them in the hunting field, though it is at times necessary to speak out there. I have observed that nine out of ten interfere with hounds when they ought not to do so. For instance: having got a long way behind his fox, and the hounds being at check, the huntsman is making his cast. Some one, or perhaps even two or three, couple of hounds, with finer

noses than the others, stop and try to puzzle out the scent. The whipper-in should not then interfere with them. He should leave them, and putting the others on to the huntsman, watch them. If he finds they are feathering on the line, he should encourage them and call the huntsman's attention to them. As a rule directly a whipper-in sees hounds doing this he rides at, rates, or hits them, any way drives them on. It never seems to strike a whipper-in that hounds come out to use their noses, and to hunt a fox! In countries where foxes lie out much in hedgerows or in trees, in trotting from one covert to another you may move a fox without anyone seeing him. Should you cross his line, directly hounds put their noses down and begin to speak to it, or to quicken their pace, without even looking or considering whether it is a hound given to rioting or a staunch foxhound that will hunt nothing else, bang goes the whipper-in at them, with voice and whip to stop them. My experience is that with very few exceptions nine days out of ten that a whipper-in goes out hunting he does more harm than good.

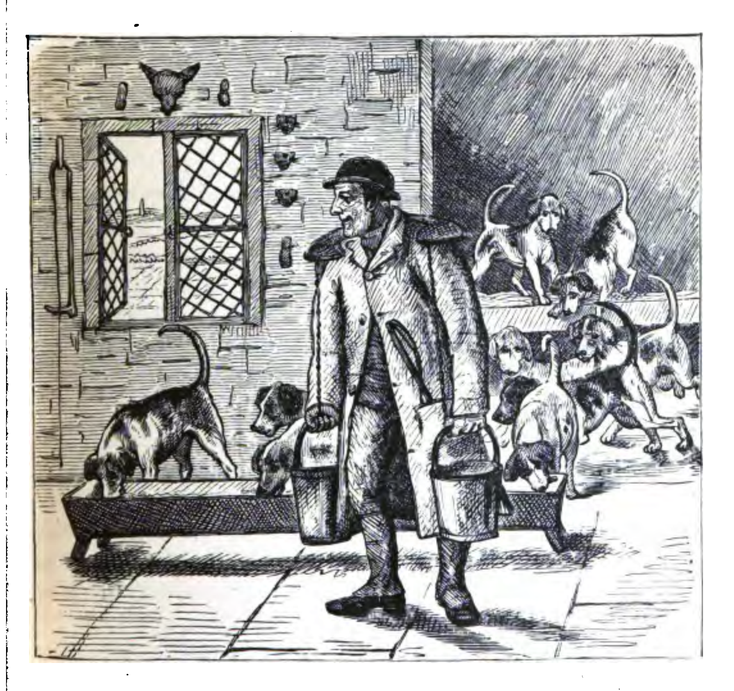
I persistently call these men 'whippers-in,' agreeing with the late Earl Fitzhardinge that it is the proper name for that species of kennel servant, that a whip is a thing you carry in your hand, and not a man on horseback.

I dare say I have omitted many things I ought to have noticed, but at the present time the only other hint I should give is that whips in the kennel cannot be too short or too light, as many hounds have been seriously injured across the back by the use of the usual heavy whips served out.

THE DUTIES OF A KENNEL HUNTSMAN.

In the ordinary case of a professional huntsman being engaged, he must have under him either a man of experience whom he can trust to feed the hounds properly when he is away from home (though generally that can be done before he starts for his day's duty), and to look after lame and sick hounds, or he must have an intelligent young man who will obey orders and carry out the instructions given to him. This

functionary would be called the kennel feeder, and it would be his duty amongst other things to walk out all the hounds left at home three or four times a day for fifteen or twenty minutes each time. In the case of a gentleman hunting his own hounds, or the subscription pack of which he is master, it is necessary to have a kennel huntsman. There are three



sorts: one who is old and does not ride, except to exercise the hounds in summer, and whose sole occupation is to feed and look after them and doctor them during the hunting season; another, a man capable of hunting them should illness or business oblige the master to absent himself from the field. There are great advantages in this second sort, because it is not fair to ask a whipper-in to hunt hounds, nor to ask hounds

to recognise the whipper-in in his new capacity. It stands to reason that the man who has been for weeks or months driving hounds from him will not find them come to him very freely when he wants them to do so. Then the kennel huntsman comes in. It is a great advantage to a man who has to feed hounds to see them in the field, and he should always have two or three horses at his disposal, to be able to hunt at times, twice or thrice a week say. He then sees how his conditioning answers, and whether some want rather more, others rather less, food. The third sort is, I think, objectionable. It is the kennel huntsman to whom the hounds look for protection in the kennel, who whips-in to his master, and is obliged to drive and rate, and perhaps strike a hound in the field. A good man as kennel huntsman is a very valuable addition to a kennel establishment. If he has studied veterinary books a little and knows the properties and effects of different medicines, it is a great advantage. Kennel servants are often terribly ignorant on this point, and might as well give known poisons as the medicines they administer in certain circumstances.

I am very fond of listening to hounds singing in kennel. It is delightful to hear as it rises and falls, and seems as if each hound had studied his notes ; it is also a beautiful sight to see them sitting up with heads in air enjoying their chorus. At Badminton, ever since I can recollect it has been the practice not to interfere with them and to let them have their song out. Charles Hamblin has a theory that they are apt to fight; but that is all nonsense ; they are much more apt to fight if they are stopped. I never knew a case of their fighting after singing. They seem satisfied and quiet. They sing much more in the summer time and when they are fresh than during the hunting season ; still they will do it at all times, but more or less according to how fresh they are, and with regard to the state of the weather. Fine weather induces them to sing. I am sure it is much better for them to enjoy their music. To my mind a huntsman will do well to allow this without any interference, and to avoid a much more likely source of fights,

and that is keeping terriers, by day and by night, in the hounds' lodging houses. Those are the little fellows that get into mischief and first begin a row and a fight; they are better in separate lodging houses.

THE DUTIES OF AN EARTH-STOPPER.

One of the most vexatious and constantly recurring annoyances that befall those who pursue the fox is his getting to ground. To begin at the beginning, we will say that the earth-stopper's duty is, after the fox has gone out on his nightly prowl, and before he comes home to his rest in the morning, to stop out all the main earths, and such drains as he knows the foxes use at night. The hour must depend on the setting and rising of the sun at the various periods of the hunting season. Here let us pause to say that the term 'stopping out' means doing it during the night, and the term 'putting to' means stopping the earths or drains later in the morning, just in sufficient time to prevent the fox getting to ground after he is found. That part of the country in which the hounds are likely to draw for a fox should be 'stopped out,' and that part to which they are likely to run should be 'put to.' It is a good plan and saves time to have packs of post cards with the names and addresses of the stoppers printed on the back. You have then only to write 'Stop out Tuesday night,' or 'Put to Wednesday,' and date and post it. In most countries, if a man's stop is not too large to enable him to do so, it is advisable for him to visit the main or largest earths again in the morning, to see that no one has pulled out the stones or faggots; in those in which there are badgers this is absolutely necessary. A small terrier dog is a very useful adjunct to an earth-stopper. In the first place, if he wants to stop a drain permanently it is necessary, on the commonest principles of humanity, to run a dog through so as not to starve to death some wretched fox, rabbit, or cat that may happen to be in it. This saves a great deal of trouble, and the omission of it is a fruitful source of running to ground, for either some mischievous fellow moves the

stones or the water washes a way through, or a rabbit, a fox, or a badger has scratched a way in, and a good run may be spoilt by the fox going to ground there. If the drain is grated it should be constantly looked at. The better way is to set the grating in masonry about a yard in to avoid its being stolen, but that makes it more difficult to see if the water has scowered sufficiently under it to make room for a fox after a little drawing by a rabbit. In the



spring of the year it is better not to 'stop out,' so as to let vixens get to ground. When there are cubs about, the 'putting to' should not be too late, say about 8 A.M., for vixens when their cubs get strong go in and suckle the little ones, but often come out again and take up a position near, whence they can watch the earth, because the cubs scratch and worry the mother; and if the earth is 'put to' too late the vixen gets stopped out instead of being stopped in. Killing

a heavy vixen is annoying, but killing one that has laid up cubs is still more so. If you do not find them the poor things are starved to death ; if you find them and get a cat to bring them up, you do not often raise them. If the cubs are three or four months old, the dog fox will sometimes provide them with food and bring them up. A great deal of the success and sport of a season's hunting depends on efficient and careful earth-stoppers. In spite of the greatest pains and trouble a M.F.H. will find himself constantly running to ground in the same earth or drain. If he does get a really good man in whose stop he rarely or never gets to ground, he should treasure and encourage him in every way.

COMPENSATION FOR DAMAGES DONE BY HORSEMEN AND BY FOXES.

This is a most difficult subject to treat of. As a rule, during the hunting season, horsemen do but little damage beyond making gaps in the fences, and occasionally hurting a field of vetches or young clover seeds or winter beans. The bulk of farmers are so sporting and so good-natured that they do not mind. You may come across one every now and then who says, 'I won't have my bounds broken,' or 'You sha'n't ride over my wheat.' But that is rare, and practically very trifling damage is done. Sometimes in a wet spring, after grass has been bush-harrowed, it is otherwise. Wheat is a very hardy plant, and it takes a great deal to hurt it. I have seen fields three times in my life that I thought utterly ruined by horses' hoofs, and I arranged with the occupiers of the land to send, before harvest, a good agriculturist to look over and report on their state, with a view to compensation ; and on each occasion I received a letter saying it was quite unnecessary, that there had never been a better crop on those particular lands. But all the same, the feelings of the farmer must be taken into consideration, and he should be treated with gentleness and civility at all times, and compensated at the proper time if neces-

sary; though it will generally be found that not much damage has been done. A hunting farmer of my acquaintance once told me he never went over any part of his farm across which the hounds had run for at least ten days after their visit, and that then, beyond gaps in his fences, he found hardly any marks. Every man has a right to object to his land being ridden over, and when he does so, must be treated as a man who is within his rights. To those who do not hunt themselves, and yet welcome the hounds, all hunting men are deeply indebted; they are indeed generous and unselfish specimens of humanity. To those who hunt we are also indebted, but as they participate in the sport, and ride over other people's lands, it is in a less degree. I remember a tenant of Lady Holland's at Foxley, in North Wilts, a gentleman of the name of Baker, once opening the gate of one of his own fields—forty acres of wheat—in the month of February, when we were going to draw his gorse covert, which he had asked us to make on his farm, and saying, 'This is the best way!' There were three hundred horsemen at least, and I remonstrated and suggested going a field farther on—'Bless you, it will do it good!' he said; and rode first into it. There are many such, I am happy to say, but when it is otherwise, it is good policy to keep them friendly, to listen to their complaints, and recompense them if they want it. As regards foxes killing lambs, there is a great deal of nonsense talked and of misconception about it. That a fox will undoubtedly kill one, if it is very weak, or sometimes, when a ewe has two, will nip up one whilst she is defending the other, is a fact; but it is only when they are very small. The ewe is quite capable of defending her lamb. One man declared to me that the foxes came in troops and attacked his fold, which of course is ridiculous, as foxes seek their prey 'single-handed,' and do not hunt in troops like wolves. He said he could prove it, and laid a dead lamb down. When it stank, of course foxes passing winded it, and he found three foxes fighting over it. In almost every case where a fox is found eating a lamb, it has been killed by a dog, and generally by a sheep dog; more often

than not by the lamb's own shepherd's dog. Foolishly, when lambs die, the shepherds give them to their dogs. When the larder is empty, doggy, being sagacious, forages for himself. One certain way in which you can tell if a fox has killed a lamb and begun eating it, is that he will do so by making a hole in the side of the chest under one or other fore leg, and getting at the heart. If a dog begins to eat it, he does so by gnawing off the head or making a hole in the throat in endeavouring to do so. I do not say that foxes never kill lambs, but I say that such an occurrence is very rare. When it can be proved, the lamb should be paid for; but it requires good proof first.

Three cases have come to my knowledge, within the last four or five years, in which farmers' belief in the harm done by foxes has been eradicated. On two of these occasions the men who had declared war against foxes made a party of three or four with guns, and in both instances they slew the culprit. There was a who-hoop! and a rush at the animal they had bowled over; in one instance it was the farmer's own sheep dog, in the other it was his neighbour's. In the other case the farmer, if not actually convinced, was effectually cured of his wish to destroy foxes. He sat up in a tree for two or three nights waiting for his enemy. On the last night he went to sleep, fell out of the tree, broke several of his ribs, and vowed that for the future he would never try to shoot a fox. As regards the claims for loss of poultry, they increase and multiply to a degree that threatens to make it one of the heaviest items in the expense of keeping hounds. My hunting country is a very large one. I should say, if the boundaries were measured right round, it would be at least 160 miles. We have divided it as well as we can into districts, and in each of these some gentleman has kindly undertaken the very difficult task of adjudicating as to whether the claim shall be paid or not. We make a rule that no poultry shall be paid for that are not shut up at night. If a fox burglariously enters a hen roost and takes and destroys, they must be paid for. The worst of a fox is that he likes killing better than eating. He is the prototype of the

Englishman looked at from the foreigner's point of view: 'God dam it is fine to-day! What shall we kill?' If he would only take the little that satisfies his appetite he would not be grudged his food. But if there are twenty or thirty or more fowls that he can get at, he will kill them all. He may take away three or four and bury them and one to eat presently, but the rest he leaves. Poultry taken in broad daylight near the owner's farm or residence are paid for also. But we must have some proof, such as the feathers strewn about, and like a paper chase dropped on the line he has gone, for a fox makes a rare mess when he kills poultry. In a country full of foxes, and where such claims are paid, directly a fowl is missed, without inquiry or demur, its loss is set down to the foxes; and consequently the two-legged foxes, in whose pots they might be often found, get off with impunity. It is therefore very necessary to have these claims inquired into and made out to be genuine. I have had claims for calves and cows killed by foxes, but they are too ridiculous to require any remarks from me. Bulls and cart horses as yet have not been claimed for.

ARTIFICIAL FOX EARTHS.

In describing the various methods of making artificial fox earths, or drains as they are called in some countries, it is of course impossible to lay down any hard and fast rules, as their construction must depend in every case upon local considerations. A few of the principal points to be aimed at may be noted, however, and the constructor must then use his judgment in putting them in force according to circumstances.

Artificial earths are primarily meant for breeding establishments, and among the chief points to be borne in mind are the Aspect, Position, Soil, Drainage, Construction, Materials, and Form of earth.

With regard to Aspect, i.e. the aspect of the entrances or mouths, it is first of all necessary to look at the habits of the young cub. It will be found that he does not come out of the bowels of the earth till he is about four or five weeks old, generally at first only for an hour or two morning and evening, after sunrise and before sunset; and as it is a well-known fact that the sun has a great power in making young animals healthy, it is evident that the mouths of the earth should be situated where they will catch the most sun; but at the same time it must be in such a place that it is sheltered from the prevailing winds, and especially from the north. It will be also noticed of young cubs that for some weeks after coming out of the earth they keep close to the mouth of the hole, gambolling and playing in a circle of a few yards. Care should be taken, therefore, that the ground round the mouth of the earth is of as dry a nature as possible, as the little animals often play till they get hot and lie down, and if the ground is at all swampy or wet they are very liable to get what is commonly called 'yellows,' a canine form of jaundice; therefore let the aspect be as sunny as possible, sheltered from the winds with dry ground round the mouth of the hole.

With regard to the Position of the earth there are also many points to be considered. Some people place their artificial earths in a gorse, but this I hold to be a mistake; as if the earth is put as it should be, away from a ride or path, the earth-stopper when the gorse is grown up will have great difficulty in finding the earth in the dead of night unless he has a mark to guide him. The result of this will be that he will always go the same way, and eventually make a conspicuous path right up to the earth. Besides this, a gorse covert is a covert where foxes are expected to lie above ground, and the keeper going to stop the earth at night disturbs the covert for the next day's draw. Moreover, in regard to the question of breeding, very little sun would reach the mouth of the earth. To some extent these objections apply to the making of earths in large coverts. The best artificial earth is probably one that is built in a small spinney close by a large stronghold with a dell in it, the earth

being placed on the north side of the dell, half-way up the bank, so that the sun may get at it in the afternoon and evening.

The Soil of the place should be a matter of careful selection. The great object to be aimed at is that the vixen may have a dry place to lie on and drop her cubs, and it is also an advantage that she should be able to scratch or draw out a snug corner in the lodging room to litter her offspring. It is the instinctive nature of the vixen some few weeks before her confinement to scratch out and make for herself a bed on what may be called fresh soil in order that she may here lay up her cubs; and by giving her the opportunity of following her instincts there is a greater chance of her taking to her artificial home. Chalk we all know is the driest and best soil for this purpose, and it is at the same time a soil that is easily moved by the burrowing animal; also, it is not so likely as gravel or sand to fall in. Endeavour then to get your earth made where you have a subsoil of chalk. If no chalk site is obtainable, the nearest possible approach to a soil of this nature is the best.

Drainage is also a matter of consequence, but one upon which it is impossible to offer any very definite suggestions. Everything depends on the situation, but this can be said: always make the lodging room considerably higher than the mouth of the hole. This will assist the drainage considerably, also drain the ground outside the mouth if damp.

As for Construction and Materials, it is not advisable to construct these earths in a smart or neat way. They should be made as roughly as possible, and with as rough materials. The outside cuts of trees, old bricks or flints—anything, in fact, which is sufficient to keep the ground from falling in.

Two matters ought to be taken into consideration. First, that the first few feet of the entrance must not be large enough to allow a terrier or cur dog to get in. Secondly, that there should be more than one entrance to the lodging room, so that in case of an enemy getting in the fox is able to slip round and get out.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HORSE.

Many stories are told of that facetious nobleman, Lord Barrymore, the 'Cripplegate' of those three brothers whose eccentricities seem to have so largely delighted the old historians of the turf. Not all of these are particularly interesting to us, or creditable to his lordship's memory, but in the following, related by 'The Druid,' there is a little grain of salt that has sufficed to keep it still sweet enough for our purpose. He walked one fine morning out on to the pavement in front of his stables at Newmarket, and roared at the top of his voice, 'O yes! O yes! O yes! who wants to buy a horse that can walk five miles an hour, trot eighteen, and gallop twenty?' Of course a crowd was round my lord in a moment, and on his repeating the flattering tale, there was no lack of aspirants to the possession of this remarkable animal; but they were forced to content themselves with the assurance that 'When I see such a horse I will be sure to let you know.' There is no recorded reason for believing that such a wonder has yet been found; perhaps the nearest approach to it was that famous steed of whom the enthusiastic dealer assured a doubting purchaser, 'The shadow of him on the wall is worth all the money I axes; he can pick up his feet, and go, and catch a bird.' But the desire for a good horse is as keen now as in Lord Barrymore's time, and if the prices do not as a rule run quite so high now as they did in the days Dick Christian has waxed so eloquent over, nobody with a good animal to sell need ever look long for a buyer.

Mr. Sidney, in that vast equine encyclopædia of his,[1] has printed a 'table of contents' of the stables of Algernon Percy, fifth Earl of Northumberland, in 1512, which gives one a very fair notion of the sort of stud a great nobleman of those days thought it necessary for his comfort and dignity to maintain:

This is the ordre of the chequir roule of the nombre of all the horsys of my lorde's and my lady's that are appointed to be in the charge of the hous yerely, as to say, gentell hors, palfreys, hobys, naggis, clothsell hors, male hors.

First, gentell hors, to stand in my lorde's stable, six.

Item.—Palfris for my ladis: to wit, oone for my lady, two for her gentlewomen, and one for her chamberer.

Four hobys and nags for my lorde's oune saddell, viz. one for my lorde to ride, one led for my lorde, and one to stay at home for my lorde.

Item.—Chariot hors to stand in my lorde's stable yearly; seven great trottynge hors to draw in the chariot, and a nag for the chariot man to ride—eight. Again, hors for Lord Percy, his lordship's son and heir; a great double trotting hors, called a curtal, for his lordship to ride out of townes; a *proper amblynge little nag, when he goethe hunting and hawking*; a great amblynge gelding or trotting gelding, to carry his male.

A single hunter, it will be seen, was then thought sufficient for a 'lord of high degree,' and though distinguished from the rest, as kept for hunting and hawking only, he is somewhat contemptuously dismissed as an 'amblynge little nag,' though 'proper.'

But a century later things have advanced. Then we get into the days of our friend Gervase Markham, a time which, as Mr. Sidney rightly says, 'may be taken as a standpoint for summing up the condition of the English horse before the production of the thorough-bred racehorse, which was not effected till nearly a hundred years later.' In James the First's reign the English horse had become a notable beast. He was of foreign blood of course, as were the English men themselves, of foreign blood mixed and mixed again with the native stock.

[1] *The Bock of the Horse,* 2nd ed. ch. ii.

There were horses in Britain when Cæsar landed with his Romans; ponies in the hilly wooded districts, others of larger and stronger build on the rich pastures of the lowlands. The Normans imported those solemn ponderous beasts one sees in the Bayeux tapestry, and later, the Crusaders brought back with them from their wild pilgrimage some Eastern strains, 'genets' as they were then called, and still are called in Spain. From the earliest days our kings had made horseflesh their care. Before the Norman rule, Athelstan had forbidden English horses to be sent out of the country except as presents, and one of the few good acts recorded of John is his importation of a hundred Flemish stallions. Edward III. tried to make the breed lighter and speedier by the infusion of a Spanish strain; but it does not seem as though all this care had been very efficacious, for in his French campaigns that king found such difficulty in mounting his cavalry that he had to send for large drafts from Hainault. Nevertheless of some kind or other horseflesh was growing in our islands, in quantity if not in quality, and to such an extent that Richard II. compelled the dealers to fix their prices at a *minimum* value. In Henry VII.'s reign the practice of gelding first came into use in consequence of the vast herds of horses that were kept at grass together. The eighth Henry took the matter in hand with his usual vigour. He passed an Act of Parliament for the improvement of the breed of horses, the preamble to which ran to this effect:

> Forasmuch as the generation and breed of good and strong horses within this realm extendeth not only to a great help and defence of the same, but also is a great commodity and profit to the inhabitants thereof, which is now much decayed and diminished by reason that in forests, chaces, moors, and waste ground within this realm, little stoned horses, and nags of small stature and of little value, be not only suffered to pasture thereupon, but also to cover mares feeding there, whereof cometh in manner no profit or commodity.

This Act made it law that no entire horse above the age of

two years and under fifteen hands high should be 'put in any forest, chace, moor, heath, common, or waste within the shires of Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, Buckingham, Huntingdon, Essex, Kent, South Hants, Berks, North Wilts, Oxford, Worcester, Gloucester, Somerset, Wales, Bedford, Warwick, Nottingham, Lancaster, Salop, Leicester, or Lincoln, nor under fourteen hands in any other county.' It ordained also that 'all commons and other places shall, within fifteen days after Michaelmas, be driven by the owners and keepers, and if there be found in any of the said drifts any mare not able to bear foals of reasonable stature, or to do profitable labour, in the discretion of the majority of the drivers, they may kill and bury them.' The Archbishops and Dukes were each to keep seven entire trotting horses, no one of which was to be under fourteen hands high; and every clergyman whose living was worth a hundred pounds yearly, or whose wife could afford a bonnet of velvet, was to keep one such horse. By a subsequent Act all owners of inclosed grounds to the extent of one mile were ordered to keep two mares thirteen hands high (*handfulls* was the old expression) for breeding purposes; where the grounds were four miles in extent, four such mares were to be kept. The counties of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Northumberland, and the bishopric of Durham, were exempted from these laws, all violations or neglect of which were strictly punished; or, at any rate, ought to have been if the officers did their duty. Henry is also said to have imported fresh blood from Turkey, Naples, and Spain, all famous for their breed of horses in those days. Nevertheless the result does not seem for all his care to have been worth very much. In 1588, when England was looking out from her cliffs for the coming of the great Armada, only three thousand cavalry could be mustered, though Catholic and Protestant alike forgot their quarrels as they rallied to their Queen's call. And these horses were, according to a contemporary, 'very indifferent, strong, heavy, slow draught-horses, or light and weak.'

Markham was writing only a quarter of a century later,

yet, unless he or Blundeville (the aforesaid contemporary) has largely exaggerated, a vast change must have taken place in our horseflesh within those years. James was the first king to import an Eastern sire for the express purpose. But 'the Arabian horse,' called 'Markham' after the merchant from whom he was bought for 154*l.*, did not set foot in England till 1616, the date of Gervase Markham's book. The improvement, therefore, cannot have been due to the Arabian, who was, moreover, a notorious failure. At any rate, Markham (the man, not the horse) is very plain-spoken in his approval of the English horse of his day, and as he had travelled and knew well what he was writing about, his praise cannot be set down to mere 'provincialism.' He says:

I do daily find in mine experience, that the virtue, goodness, boldness, swiftness, and endurance of our true-bred English horses is equal with any race of horses whatsoever. Some former writers, whether out of want of experience, or to flatter novelties, have concluded that the English horse is a great strong jade, deep-ribbed, sid-bellied, with strong legs and good hoofs, yet fitter for the cart than either saddle or any working employment. How false this is all English horsemen know. The true English horse, him I mean that is bred under a good clime, on firm ground, in a pure temperature, is of tall stature and large proportions; his head, though not so fine as either the Barbary's or the Turk's, yet is lean, long, and well-fashioned; his crest is high, only subject to thickness if he be stoned, but if he be gelded then it is firm and strong; his chine is straight and broad; and all his limbs large, lean, flat, and excellently jointed. For their endurance I have seen them suffer and execute as much and more than ever I noted of any foreign creation. I have heard it reported that at the massacre of Paris (St. Bartholomew) Montgomerie, taking an English mare in the night, first swam over the river Seine, and after ran her so many leagues as I fear to nominate, lest misconstruction might tax me of too lavish a report. Again, for swiftness, what nation has brought forth that horse which hath exceeded the English—when the best Barbarys that ever were in their prime, I saw them overrun by a black hobby at Salisbury; yet that hobby was more overrun by a horse called Valentine, which Valentine neither in hunting or running was ever equalled, yet was a plain-bred English horse both by sire and dam? Again, for

infinite labour and long endurance, which is to be desired in our hunting matches, I have not seen any horse to compare with the English. He is of tolerable shape, strong, valiant, and durable.

A contemporary, Michael Barratt,[1] writes pretty much in the same strain, though 'for all general uses, for service (that is, war), swiftness, and proud going, as well as for pleasure pace as a gallant trot,' he thinks, 'the Barbary and the Turkey stallions are the best.' But for 'toughness' he holds by the English horse, a cross between one of the foreigners and an English mare.

Markham was the first to really distinguish the hunter from other horses, to explain his points and qualities, and call attention to the particular circumstances necessary for his proper breeding, training, and keeping. His remarks are worth considering; entertaining of course, as all his writing, but also very sensible (as, too, he generally is), and not very much perhaps to be improved on by modern experts.

Although some men hold an opinion that every horse which can gallop may be made a hunting horse, and albeit we daily see that many horses, which indeed can do no more but gallop (and that not long together neither) are ordinarily used in this exercise of hunting, yet I am of that mind, that if a horse has not some virtue more than ordinary, as either in his swiftness, toughness, wind or courage, that he is not worthy the name of a hunting horse, and neither doth deserve the labour, cost, and good food which he must eat, nor the grace to be employed in such an honourable pastime.

Now therefore to save ill-employed cost, and the repentance which follows hours that are in vain wasted, you shall (being admitted to pursue this pleasure) be exceeding careful in the choice of that horse which you intend for hunting. For as before I told you in the breeding of horses, some are good for service in the wars, some for running, some for coach, some for cart, and some for the hamper, now all these in their kind good, yet very few excellent in general for all these uses whatsoever, and those few which are so well compounded, both of mind and body, that they are fit for any purpose, they only and none else are most excellent for hunting, as having the strength of the war horse, the toughness of the hunting

[1] *The Vineyard of Horsemanship*, 1618.

horse, the good pace of the traveller, the swiftness of the runner, a good breast for the coach, a strong joint for the cart, and a back like a beam for the hamper.

But forasmuch as there be three especial characters or faces by which a man shall choose a good hunting horse, to wit his breed, his colour, and the shape of his lineaments, I will by them show you what observations you shall regard when you make choice for this purpose.

And first for his breed, if he be either bastard Jennet or bastard Polander, his breed is not amiss; for I have known of all these sorts of bastards excellent hunting horses. Now if you demand what I mean by this word bastard, it is when a horse is begotten by any of these country horses upon a fair English mare, or by a fair bred English horse upon any of these country mares; but neither to flatter other countries, nor to take from our own that which is due unto it, the world doth not afford in all points (both for toughness and swiftness being joined together) a better horse than the true-bred English horse for hunting: which assertion should I maintain by the best proof, which is example, and could repeat so many instances as were sufficient to fill up the rest of this volume, but I will not at this instant be so troublesome.

Through all the many gradations of colour we need not follow Markham. In his day the colour of a horse was a very particular point, and considered an infallible indication of his temper and qualities. The saying we go by now that 'a good horse cannot be of a bad colour'—a saying, by the way, clearly susceptible of more readings than one—would not have been allowed by him for a moment. 'As a horse is coloured, so is he for the most part complexioned: and according to his complexion, so is his disposition of good or evil quality.' Such was our forefathers' opinion, and very ingeniously did they go about to explain it. We will satisfy ourselves, however, for the present by noting that brown bays, dapple greys, black 'with silver hairs,' 'well mixed' roans, the 'ashy' grey, and 'the white liard, which hath his outward parts, as the tips of his ears, mane, tail, feet, and suchlike, black,' were all in favour. A black horse with no relief of white whatever, is much to be avoided, for 'he is furious, dogged, full of mischief and misfortunes.' A bay or chestnut,

on the other hand, without such relief might be made something of, 'only in his pace and natural motions he will be fantastical, forgetful, and uncertain.' Then, for the shape :

> His head should be somewhat long, lean, and large, with a spacious wide chaule, both thin and open ; his ear if it be short and sharp, it is best, but if it be long and upright, it is a sign of speed and good mettle. His forehead long and rising in the midst, the feather thereof standing above the top of his eye ; his eyes full and round ; his nostrils wide and without rawness ; his mouth large and hairy ; his thropple within his chaule as much as a man can grip and by no means fleshly or so closed with fatness, that a man can hardly find it (as many fine-shaped horses are), the setting on of his head to his neck would be strong, but thin, so as a man may put his hand betwixt his neck and his chaule, and not bull-crag-like, thick and full, that one cannot easily discern where his chap lieth ; his crest strong and well-risen ; his neck straight, firm, and as it were of one piece with his body and not (as my countrymen say) withy-cragged, which is loose and pliant. The thropple or nether part of the neck, which goes from the underchaps to the breast, should, when the horse reineth, be straight and even, not bending like a bow, which is called cock-throttled and is the greatest sign of an ill-wind. If the nether-chaps, and that nether part of the neck also be full of long hair, and bearded down to the setting on of the breast, it is a sign of much swiftness : a broad strong breast, a short chin, an out rib, a well-hidden belly, short and well-knit joints, flat legs exceeding short, straight and upright pasterns, which is a member above all others to be noted ; his hoofs both black and strong, yet long and narrow ; and for his mane and tail, the thinner the more spirit, the thicker the greater sign of dulness ; to be (as some term it) sickle-houghed behind, that is somewhat crooked in the gambrel joint, as hares and greyhounds are, is not amiss, though it be a little eyesore. And for my own part I have seen many good which have borne that proportion.

Of course the hunter of those days, and of days very much later, was an altogether different sort of animal from that in vogue with us. The hunter as we know him now may be said to have come in with the century, just as the style of hunting now practised came in. 'Nimrod,' who had some knowledge of the old order as well as the new, writes thus of the changes the

latter has made necessary in the composition and circumstances of the English hunter :

The half-bred horse of the early part of the last century was when highly broken to his work, a delightful animal to ride, in many respects more accomplished as a hunter than the generality of those of the present day. When in his best form he was a truly shaped and powerful animal, possessing prodigious strength, with a fine commanding frame, considerable length of neck, a slight curve in his chest, which was always high and firm, and the head beautifully put on. Possessing these advantages, in addition to very great pains taken with his mouth in the bitting, and an excellent education in the school or at the bar, he was what is termed a complete snaffle-bridle horse, and a standing as well as a flying leaper. Held well in hand—his rider standing up in the stirrups, holding him fast by the head, making the best of, and being able to pick or choose his ground—such a horse would continue a chase of some hours' duration at the pace he was called upon to go, taking his fences well and safely to the last; and he would frequently command the then large sum of 100 guineas. But all these accomplishments would never have enabled a horse of this description to carry the *modern sportsman*, who rides well up to *modern* fox-hounds, on a good scenting day, over one of our best hunting countries. His wind would be spent and his strength exhausted before he had gone twenty minutes by the increased pace at which he must be called upon to travel, but to which his breeding would be quite unequal; and his true symmetry, his perfect fencing, his fine mouth, and all his other *points*, would prove of very little avail. If ridden close to the hounds, he would be powerless and dangerous before he had gone across half a dozen Leicestershire inclosures. The increased pace of hounds, and that of the horses that follow them, have an intimate connection with each other, if not with the march of intellect. Were not the hounds of our day to go so fast as they do, they would not be able to keep clear of the crowd of riders who are now mounted on horses nearly equal to the racing pace. On the other hand, as the speed of hounds has so much increased, unless their followers ride *speedy*, and, for the most part, *thorough-bred* horses, they cannot see out a run of any continuance, if the scent lies well. True it is, that at the present time, every Leicestershire hunter is not thorough-bred; but what is termed the cocktail, or half-bred horse of this day is a very different animal from that of a hundred years back. In those

days, a cross between the thorough-bred, or perhaps *not quite thorough-bred*, horse and the common draught mare, was considered good enough to produce hunters equal to the speed of the hounds then used. There was not such an abundance of what may be termed the intermediate variety of the horse in the country—'pretty well bred on each side of the head'—which has of late years been in demand for the fast coaches of England, in which low-bred horses have no chance to live. Mares of this variety, put to thorough-bred stallions, and their produce crossed with pure blood, create the sort of animal that comes now under the denomination of the half-bred English hunter, or cocktail.[1]

This question of blood has always been a vexed one among hunting men. Dick Christian has decided pithily as usual in their favour. 'Give me 'em lengthy, short-legged for Leistershire; I wouldn't have 'em no bigger than fifteen-three: great rump, hips, and hocks; fore-legs well afore them, and good shoulders; *thorough-bred if you can get them*, but none of your high short horses. *Thorough-bred horses make the best hunters. I never heard of a great thing yet but it was done by a thorough-bred horse.*'[2] Whyte-Melville, too, held by the same creed.[3] 'In all the qualities of a hunter,' he says, 'the thorough-bred horse is, I think, superior to the rest of his kind.' He adds, however, 'though undoubtedly the best, I cannot affirm that they are always the *pleasantest* mounts. The horse he had in his eye is not one bred expressly for hunting but a cast-off from a racing stable, one found not fast enough to be worth training, or rather one whose 'distance is found to be just short of half a mile,' one who 'fails under the strain on wind and frame, of galloping at its very best, eight hundred and seventy yards, and fades into nothing in the next ten.' This failure in his opinion is a question more of speed than stamina: 'There is a want of reach or leverage somewhere, that makes its rapid action too laborious to be lasting, but there is no reason why the animal that comes short of five furlongs on the trial ground, should not hold its own in front, for five miles of a steeplechase, or fifteen of a run

[1] *Quarterly Review*, March 1832. [2] *Silk and Scarlet*, ch. i.
[3] *Riding Recollections*, ch. x.

with hounds.' His commendation of the steeplechaser as hunter is one we fancy not generally shared, but, as usual, he gives reasons for his taste worth considering :

A good steeplechaser, properly sobered and brought into his bridle, is one of the pleasantest hunters a man can ride, particularly in a flying country. He is sure to be able to make haste in all sorts of ground, while the smooth easy stride that wins between the flags is invaluable through dirt. He does not lose his head and turn foolish, as do many good useful hunters when bustled along for a mile or two at something like racing pace. Very quick over his fences, his style of jumping is no less conducive to safety than despatch, while his courage is sure to be undeniable, because the slightest tendency to refuse would have disqualified him for success in his late profession, wherein also he must necessarily have learnt to be a free and brilliant water jumper.

Such a nag as this would certainly be a pleasant one to ride ; and no doubt a horse good enough to win the Liverpool under eleven stone or more would be both a brilliant and a safe mount across Leicestershire. But all steeplechasers are not good enough to win that race under such a weight; indeed, they seem to get scarcer every year ; and all hounds do not run across Leicestershire. Much as we respect Whyte-Melville's opinion on all matters connected with horseflesh, we have to doubt whether a man would be wise to look for a hunter in a steeplechasing stable now-a-days. He *might* get hold of a pearl of course, but the chances are, to say the least, *very* doubtful. Even with a horse taken out of a racing stable Whyte-Melville owns immense pains must be taken to make him really fit for hounds. He warns you 'not to feel disappointed that he seems to require more time and tuition than his lower-born cousins.' 'It is not that he has less valour but more discretion ! In the monotonous progress of training he has acquired, with other tiresome tricks, the habit of doing as little as he can, in the different paces, walk, canter, and gallop, of which he has become so weary.' And he tells a story of the difficulty that famous horseman, Sir Charles

Knightley, had in persuading his scarce less famous hunter, Sir Marinel, even to look at a fence when first taken out of training. Yet this horse, with Benvolio, also a thorough-bred one, were far and away the best Sir Charles ever rode.

Colonel Cook is as thorough an advocate for blood as Whyte-Melville, but he rather shakes his head at the training stable. 'Many fox hunters,' he says, 'prefer thorough-bred horses, others cocktails; I always gave the preference to the former, if it was possible to get them. It is the general opinion that thorough-bred horses cannot leap so well as cocktails: I think otherwise; and if you will try the experiment, by taking ten young horses of the former and ten of the latter sort, I am convinced you will find the thorough-bred ones to have the advantage, and naturally to clear their fences with more ease to themselves. Horses that have been in training for years cannot be expected to make hunters; but, nevertheless, what superiority has a thorough-bred one in every respect—above all, in speed, bottom, and wind! It often happens when a cocktail is at the height of his speed, a thorough-bred is only at three-quarters, and the latter will always go through dirt (as the term is) best.'

'The Druid'[1] gives us the word of an old hunter breeder, that he could never get exactly the animal his heart was set on, till he put his short-legged cart mare to a thorough-bred horse,[2] and crossed her first filly foal ('laid up in lavender till she was rising five') with a thorough-bred. 'The Druid's' own idea is that the size should be on the side of the dam, and the breeding on that of the sire; 'a large roomy mare should be put to a small compact blood horse;' and he calls Sir Harry Goodricke (no mean authority) in evidence. Another friend of his, vaguely described as 'one of the finest horsemen and judges of the day,' gave him this standard for a good hunter, as good a piece

[1] *Observations on Fox Hunting.*

[2] My own experience is that unless the *mare* is well bred the produce lacks speed. I prefer both Sire and Dam to be well bred, but a well-bred mare and an under-bred horse will produce a faster animal than a thorough-bred horse and an under-bred mare.—EDITOR.

of advice for an intending purchaser to carry in his mind as any we know of:

'Had I to choose a hunter by seeing one point only, it should be his head; for I never knew one with a small, clean, intelligent face and prominent eyes to be bad. I like his neck also to be muscular, but not heavy; shoulders well back, with long arms; short from the knee to the fetlock; pasterns rather long but not upright; his feet cannot well be described on paper, but they should be large and perfect, or all the rest is as 'leather and prunella.' His back



'Had I to choose by one point, it should be his head.'

should not be too short, and he should have stout loins and wide hips, and good length from the latter to his hocks, which should be rather turned inwards. Added to this he should be large round the girth, but whether in depth or width does not much signify; and the higher he is bred the greater his intelligence, and the speedier his recovery from the effects of a hard day.[1]

The objections to thorough-bred hunters come mostly from heavy men. No doubt the system of handicapping has pro-

[1] *Post and Paddock*, ch. xiii.

duced an inordinate number of 'weeds' among our raci stock, and it may also be said that the majority of our steep chasers would not carry heavy men, either fast or far, to hound But *size*, it must be remembered, does not necessarily me *strength*; it has been well said, *it is action that carries weigh* A thorough-bred horse is always bigger than he looks, an stronger. Nevertheless, it would be unwise to expect that the *always* make the best hunters. It may be, as Dick Christia said, that the greatest things have always been done by th thorough-breds; 'blood,' as the old adage goes, 'will tell,' an no doubt in difficulties the blood horse will show the mos courage, will struggle the longest, and often get himself and hi rider out of scrapes which his lowlier-bred cousin will accept as inevitable. Still, in the heavy cramped countries the plebeian will often prove as useful as the aristocrat; and possibly, from his more phlegmatic temperament, a safer conveyance. Where it is rather necessary for a horse to be as nimble as a cat, as thick-skinned as a badger, and as patient as an ass, than to gallop fast and leap big, a three-quarter, or even half-bred horse is as useful a beast as a man need wish. There is also rather a sense of these high-couraged, high-bred animals being wasted in such countries, to say nothing of their high prices. Perhaps, after all is said on either side, the safest verdict to fall back upon is this, that, whereas a half-bred horse cannot be made of use in the great grass countries, a thorough-bred horse *can* be made of use anywhere.

The saying, a good horse cannot be of a bad colour, is, as we have seen, susceptible of a double interpretation; so is that other saying, a good horse cannot be of a bad shape. A horse may be perfect to a hair's breadth in every proportion, yet thoroughly worthless as a hunter; on the other hand, many first-rate hunters have been very queerly shaped, 'rum 'uns to look at, but devils to go,' as the old song says. Mr. Sidney gives in his book a portrait of a famous hunter, Unknown, who had carried the thirteen stone of his master, Mr. John Bennett, for many seasons with the Quorn and Pytchley without a fall, and was

lared by Sir Richard Sutton, then hunting the former pack, be one of the best animals he ever saw cross Leicestershire. the portrait tell truth, no man certainly would have bought known for his shape, to say nothing of the fact that he was der fifteen hands high. One of the first points a buyer looks in a horse required to carry weight is the back. When the ture of the horse's anatomy is considered, and the position of e saddle, it will be clear that a back disproportionately long to say the least, *not* the one thing needful. Yet Whyte-Mel-lle tells us that the best hunter owned by each of the three aviest men he ever saw ride perfectly straight to hounds had at fault. These were Sober Robin, owned by Mr. Richard urney, who rode twenty stone; a bay horse belonging to Mr. Vood, of Brixworth Hall, who was no lighter, and used to vow is horse 'had as many vertebræ as a crocodile;' and a black mare, belonging to Colonel Wyndham, at least three inches too ong behind the saddle. 'I remember also,' he adds, 'seeing he late Lord Mayo ride fairly away from a Pytchley field, no easy task between Lilbourne and Cold Ashby, on a horse that, except for its enormous depth of girth arguing unfailing wind, seemed to have no good points whatever to catch the eye. It was tall, narrow, plain-headed, with very bad shoulders and very long legs, all this to carry at least eighteen stone; *but it was nearly, if not quite, thorough-bred.*' Certainly no good horse, no horse at all one might say, could well have a more extensive collection of bad points than this. The bad shoulders, for instance; what man, unless he 'knew something,' would buy a horse to ride, let alone to ride to hounds, with bad shoulders, the very first qualification, as is universally agreed, for carrying a saddle with comfort and safety to its occupant? Emblem, that famous steeplechasing mare, was saved by her shoulders. With her light middle-piece, and badly ribbed-up, she was anything but a promising beast to the eye. Yet she won the Birmingham, Derby, Liverpool, Doncaster, and Cheltenham Steeplechases in 1863, and in 1865 the Leamington and Cheltenham Grand Annuals. 'She won her steeplechases,' wrote her owner, Lord

Coventry, to Mr. Sidney, 'at her fences; and I attribute her extraordinary quickness in jumping to her shoulders.'[1] Gayman, the favourite mount of the giant Tom Edge, Assheton Smith's silent friend, was, in Dick Christian's graphic phrase, 'a queer-looking creature, thin neck, large head, raw hips, and a rat tail, for all the world like a seventeen-hands dog-horse;' yet, in a



'An extensive collection of bad points.'

famous Leicestershire run, thirteen miles from Botany Bay to Slawston Windmill, only four men saw the fox killed, and Edge on Gayman was one of the four.

The northern counties have from time immemorial been the best nurseries for hunters. In the seventeenth century the fame of Malton and Richmond fairs was great; the latter was held in Easter week and at Rood-tide, the former on September 23. Good horses were to be bought, too, at Ripon and North-

[1] *The Book of the Horse*, ch. iv.

ampton.[1] Horncastle Fair, held between the 10th and 20th of August, was for long the most celebrated for all kinds of horses. But the plough has rather spoilt the Lincolnshire breed, once the first in the world for hunters, both in quantity and quality; the hunters bred there are still wonderfully good, but there are not so many of them, and Howden, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, where the fair begins on September 25 and lasts for fourteen days, has rather usurped the fame of Horncastle. At Newcastle-on-Tyne, in August and October, and at Rugeley, in Staffordshire, in the first week in June, there is also much buying and selling of horseflesh. At Cahirmee, in county Cork, there is a well-known fair in July, and one at Ballinasloe, in county Galway, in October. Whyte-Melville maintains that 'handsome, clever, hunting-like animals, fit to carry thirteen stone, and capital jumpers, at reasonable prices, varying from one to two hundred pounds,' are still far more plentiful in Ireland than in England. He adds this too: 'They possess also the merit of being universally well-bred. Till within a few years, there was literally *no* cart-horse blood in Ireland. The "black-drop" of the ponderous Clydesdale remained positively unknown; and although the Suffolk Punch has been recently introduced, he cannot yet have sufficiently tainted the pedigrees of the country, to render us mistrustful of a golden-coated chestnut, with a round barrel and a strong back.'

But buying a hunter first-hand at a fair is, of course, a tremendous lottery even for the keenest and most practised eye. Even if your eye tell you true, if the material is got ready to your hand, there is the making it up. Ready-made hunters are not bought at fairs. The farmers go there to pick up promising three- or four-year olds, giving from 80*l.* to 120*l.* for them, hoping after a year's schooling or so, either at their own or a breaker's hands, to sell again at a good profit. The dealers go there not so much to buy as to see what is bought, to mark the likely ones down, and be able to lay hands on them afterwards when the hour comes and the man. But if you go into the lottery yourself

[1] *The Hunter: a Discourse of Horsemanship*, 1685.

you must take your chance. How many hunting men, even if they have the skill and the patience, have the time needful to make a young horse? Hear Dick Christian on the subject:

When they're taken into the stable, give them plenty of air and walking exercise three or four hours each day; whatever you do never make them sweat. Give 'em an ounce of sulphur and half an ounce of nitre in their corn twice a week; for the first month I like new hay better than old, but it must be the very best. Give them plenty of walking exercise up hill, and now and then give them a trot, but not too much of it. You may increase it by degrees; then walking over ridge and furrow is a grand thing to give them action. Action's the thing; if they haven't got it, they're like a pump without a handle, blessed if they ain't. The less you gallop hunters the better; all you want of them is to be in good condition, and fresh on their legs. It's all very well galloping racehorses if you like; but no horse should go very fast or know their best pace till they're put to the test. There's many a good horse spoiled by them tricks. I says, let me have a horse a bit above himself; he's much pleasanter to ride, and better able to do a right good day's work. Never press a horse very hard going down hill; it beats them far more than if they go fast up hill. When I wanted them to leap, I always took them to a very low bar, knee high; hold them there till you get him on to his hind legs, then let him go; likely as not he'll drop on the bar; take him to it again and again; if he turns a bit nervous, wait with him; when you've got him to go from his hind legs, then start him the same way with water, four feet wide. I was very fond of beginning them with a bit of timber like the body of a tree in a park. They can't get a leg in; if they force themselves against it they pick over; they must spread themselves. When you get him to the fences begin with small places; first walk him to them; then trot him; you'll soon find you may take him at them any pace you like. It's only confidence he wants; then you may take liberties with him, but do it in good temper, and keep him in the same. He'll soon get confidence for the stitchers. Whatever you do, never go fast at them; don't go too slow or he'll stop; and many horses have been spoilt that way; give him time to get his hind legs under him; if you're too slow they buck, jump short, and don't spread themselves, and then down you both goes. When you takes a horse at his jumps hold him steady by the head, not pulling him hard; the longer you hold him steady the farther

he'll go. A horse doesn't jump the farthest by going over fast at his fences, or water; he wants to get his stride well up to them; he can't go to last long if he's not kept collected; he'll soon be beat, particular in deep ground, and ridge and furrow. When I go to try a horse on such like ground, down hill is what I choose: if they have action to do that all right, they will make something. I don't care anything about up hill. . . . I never used thick bits. Nearly all horses ride better with a curb than a snaffle; but mind you never use too sharp a one; they only irritate the horse. I always puts the hunting curb on the first time with young horses; you must let 'em have plenty of liberty to play with the bridle, but mind as his tongue don't slip under the bit; this is the most consequence of anything. . . . When your horse refuses his fence never spur or maul him about; they doesn't know where they are and comes to no good. They want a bit of riding after all this to get them into form for a lady or gentleman. I trot them with the right leg first, head a little to the left, and quarters to the right. Then I takes them into some riding school, and rides them round and round, right-hand way; first walking, then trotting, not too much of it. Pet him and chat to him a bit, and give him a piece of carrot with your left hand; I've had a good ton or two of carrots about me one time or another. When you begin to canter him round, get him on to his hind legs, and go as slow as you possibly can. Be uncommon quiet with him; keep him right leg first; if he changes take hold of both your reins level, pull lightly with your right, and put your left hand forward on both reins, leaning down as much as required.[1]

The old rough-rider, it will be seen, begins at the very beginning, whereas a horse bought out of one of these famous fairs has probably had some sort of schooling. It is pretty sure, however to have been of a somewhat primitive, and not quite sure to have been of the right sort. In any case it will certainly not have been such as to enable the purchaser to flatter himself that he has bought a *hunter*, though he may possibly have bought the materials for the best a man ever threw his leg across. It is, then, clear that to look for your hunter in these quarters, apart from its intrinsic hazard, cannot be recommended to any man who has not a great deal of time on his hands, a stock of patience beyond that enjoyed by the most part of humanity, and

[1] *Silk and Scarlet*, ch. i.

also a sufficient quantity of matured horseflesh to supply his wants till the new purchase shall be ripe for business. At the same time the pleasure of fitting yourself in this fashion is not to be gainsaid, nor the profit—when all turns out well.

But how impertinent do all warnings seem to the inexperienced man, when once he has screwed his courage up to resolve on venturing for himself into these perilous places. For timid as some are in these matters, when once this timidity is put aside, your 'green hand' is as 'cock-sure' as ever was Macaulay in his gayest moods. The world of horseflesh, by the way, was perhaps the only department of human knowledge in which that great man would at no time of his life have been confident of his supremacy. Only one instance is given in Mr. Trevelyan's delightful biography of his having been in the saddle, and that was on the back of a diminutive Sheltie, in one of his Scotch tours, while a huge native walked on guard at the bridle rein. Once, when he was setting off on a visit to Windsor, and it was intimated to him that a riding horse as well as a carriage would be at his disposal, as he might prefer, he made answer that, if the Queen wished him to ride, she must send an elephant with a howdah, as he could not undertake to keep his seat on any less secure conveyance. The inexperienced buyer, who scorns to put his trust in a friend's superior knowledge, is in the condition described by the poet:

Man never is, but always to be blest.

Strange stories has he heard, too good not to be true, of all manner of wiles and devices—of cheats, to put it plainly—practised on the unwary; but himself, he feels confident, is not to be thus imposed on. Yet what experience, what knowledge, what counter-cunning, shall avail to save him from such a fate as this, told in his pleasant autobiography by Mr. Yates on the authority of the late Sir Alexander Cockburn?[1] We will tell it in Mr. Yates's own words, which are better than any we could furnish:

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[1] *Edmund Yates, his Recollections and Experiences*, ii 134–5.

A man saw a very handsome chestnut horse at Horncastle fair, and was astonished at the lowness of the price asked for it. After some chaffering he became the purchaser, taking it without warranty or anything else; and having paid his money, he gave a 'tip' of five shillings to the groom, and asked him what was really the matter with the animal that he should be sold so cheap. The man, after some hesitation, declared that the horse was a perfect animal with the exception of two faults. 'Two faults!' said the purchaser; 'well, tell me one of them.' 'One is,' said the man, 'that when you turn him into a field he is very difficult to catch.' 'That,' said the purchaser, 'is no harm to me, as I make a point of always keeping my horses in the stable, and never turning them into the field. Now of the other?' 'The other,' said the man, scratching his head, and looking slyly up, 'the other is that when you have caught him he is not worth a rap.'

The custom of *warranties*, one may observe, has rather gone out of fashion now. Even when given with the best faith they opened a terribly wide door to litigation. No lapse of time puts an end to them, none, that is to say, by law defined. If a jury can be persuaded to believe that a horse who has become unsound as a three-year-old had the germs of his unsoundness latent in him when sold with a warranty as a yearling, it is all up with the seller. And a 'British Judy' (to borrow Mrs. Crupp's time-honoured paraphrase), prone as it is to strange notions of things, is never, it may be parenthetically observed, so prone as in matters of or belonging to that noble animal, the horse. Sometimes a limited warranty will be given, valid for a month, or some period shorter or longer, as the case may be. But any such limit must inevitably, however unjustly, be touched with some sense of suspicion. An examination by a skilled veterinary surgeon, and a fair trial, are as good pledges as any warranty. They are what the best class of dealers generally offer, and what buyers will be wisest to take.

Buying at Tattersall's, or at any public auction, is of course something of a lottery too. But the chances against you here are much less, allowing of course that you do not neglect the ordinary precautions which a prudent man will observe in any trans-

action. Indeed at Tattersall's it is mainly a question of money. The man, who does not mind opening his purse wide, will rarely fail to find himself suited, but he *must* open it, and wider too, it seems, every day. We are supposing, of course, that he intends buying only such horses as come to the hammer with an established and trustworthy reputation : if he buys merely because he likes the look of an animal, without knowing more about it than the person in charge or some other equally interested and communicative individual may choose to tell him, heaven help him—we cannot. In every hunt there are always a certain number of good nags whose merits are well known, and whose price can be fairly calculated. There is no better chance, for a man who need not trouble himself over-much about prices, for picking up a good hunter than this, nor does it at all follow that he will do better to buy privately than to wait and take his chance in the auction yard. When the stud is the property of some famous 'performer' in the grass countries, of course the competition will be brisk and the prices high. When the late Lord Stamford gave up the Quorn hounds in 1863, and sent his stud to the hammer, the seventy-three horses realised nearly fourteen thousand guineas, an average of about two hundred pounds apiece, probably the highest ever known for so large a stud. In 1826 Mr. George Payne had reached an even higher average, but with a smaller stud ; his twenty-seven hunters and hacks realising a sum of seven thousand five hundred guineas.

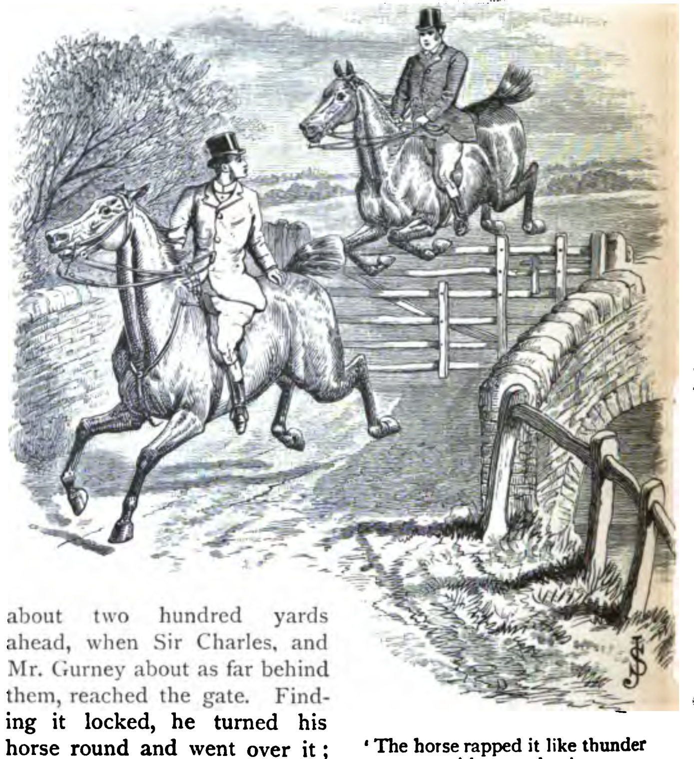
In the autumn of 1884 the stud of a young officer, who had had to give up hunting foxes in Leicestershire for hunting Arabs in the Soudan, was sold at Tattersall's at an average of two hundred and fifty pounds apiece. The pick of the famous Lord Wilton's stable brought as much as six hundred pounds!

It is probable, however, that first-rate hunters may be bought now for rather more rational prices than our grandfathers used to give. In the palmy days of the Old Club at Melton, the buying and selling of horses was quite a feature of the evening's amusement. 'Parties were often made on purpose,' says 'The Druid,' 'and after a couple of bottles of

claret, business became quite brisk. Each owner had one reserve bid, and it was quite a sight the next morning to watch the different horses change stables, to the great bewilderment of the grooms.' The great time of high prices was in Lord Plymouth's day, who was never himself a particularly hard rider. Among his most costly freaks was giving 'the Squire' six hundred guineas for a horse which had already seen six seasons' work. He gave Sir Bellingham Graham one thousand guineas for a couple of nags; and Mr. Peter Allix seven hundred for a mare he had only seen out once, and which proved a very bad bargain. A horse called Confidence, once, and more than once, the property of that rare old veteran Mr. Lackley, was sold many times over for all prices ranging from seven hundred and fifty to six hundred guineas, and once, it is said, to Lord Plymouth for one thousand. The facetious Lord Alvanley was another who would open his purse as wide as it would go when the fancy took him. It is told of him that being asked once why he had gone out of his line in a run to get at the widest part of the Whissendine, he answered, 'What is the use of giving seven hundred guineas for a horse if he's not to do more than other horses?' Sober Robin, the famous nag on whose back the monstrous Dick Gurney used to go pounding along with a pound weight of gold and silver jingling in his waistcoat, was originally bought at Lincoln Fair for eighty pounds, and sold to Mr. Gurney for one hundred. He is described as 'a handsome, short-legged brown animal, perhaps a trifle under sixteen-one,' and for twelve seasons he carried his owner's nineteen stone to the front over the Northamptonshire pastures. The most wonderful feat the pair ever performed has been thus immortalised by our useful friend, 'The Druid':

Sir Charles Knightley's leap of thirty-one feet over a fence and brook, just below Brixworth Hill, has ever since gone by the name 'Knightley's Leap.' It was accomplished, we believe, on his celebrated black horse Benvolio; but he was on his nearly as famous bay, Sir Marinel, when he led Mr. Gurney, on Sober Robin, over a

gate such as a nineteen-stone man has never yet jumped, and never will again. The Pytchley had a fast thing from a gorse of the baronet's at Dodford, and ran to the Nen, near Heyford village, where there is a bridge across the river, and a six-barred locked gate in the middle of it. They were just running into their fox,



'The horse rapped it like thunder with every leg.'

about two hundred yards ahead, when Sir Charles, and Mr. Gurney about as far behind them, reached the gate. Finding it locked, he turned his horse round and went over it; and to his amazement, as he glanced back, the Norfolk welter and his horse were in the air. Fortune favoured them, and although Robin rapped it like thunder with every leg, they landed safe. 'What do you think of that?' was the question put to Parson Walker, who would not have charged a hurdle for a

bishopric, at a county table that evening. 'Why, that my friend Dick has more guts than brains,' was the prompt reply.[1]

Buying from a dealer is a difficult matter to treat of. Many and many a good hunter has been bought in this way, for not a penny more than he was worth, and many and many a one will so be bought hereafter, no doubt. Nevertheless, you must remember that you are buying on the responsibility of one man's word. The dealer has probably bought this horse in one of two ways: either at first hand, from out of one of the large fairs, or from some farmer who has done so, and then kept the nag by him to grow in wisdom and stature. In either case the dealer cannot well have much more than faith to go on, for his estimate of the animal's powers. No doubt he believes thoroughly every word he tells you: far be it from us to disparage his honesty, and indeed, we consider a horse dealer in a large and thriving business to be as honest as any tradesman of his inches, though, no doubt, the atmosphere of the stable and 'the rattle of the hat' *does* exercise an untoward influence on some men's moral natures. But it is obvious that, whatever a man may think and honestly believe of the *possibilities* of a horse, his belief must have less practical value than the public estimate formed of a horse that has been ridden in the face of day, and several hundreds of prying eyes, by a good man to a good pack of hounds across a good country.

That experienced judge of horseflesh, who wrote under the name of 'Harry Hieover,' has observed: 'My first, best, and most strenuous advice to any man wanting horses, not being a thorough, good, practical judge, yet wishing to keep the money together, I shall write in large characters—NEVER BUY FOR YOURSELF.'[2] To get a friend who has the qualities you lack to put them at your disposal is, no doubt, much to be recommended—if you can find such a one. To be asked one's opinion is always flattering in any matter, and especially in the matter of horseflesh, wherein judgment and shrewdness, the capacity for

[1] *The Post and Paddock*, ch. xiii. [2] *The Pocket and the Stud.*

not being *done*, is by many people supposed to give a stamp of very superior intelligence indeed. But it does not follow that the man most ready to give his opinion is the man best qualified to have an opinion worth giving. Perhaps one might, without much exaggeration, say rather the contrary, for there are not, we think, many men who have had experience in these delicate matters who would care a second time to subject themselves to the terrible ordeal contained in the seemingly simple phrase, *buying a horse for a friend*. For our own part we would far sooner select a wife for a friend than a horse: at any rate, we should not be expected to get rid of the former, if haply she did not suit, as would be nine times out of ten the case in the latter bargain.

If a man does not dare to rely on his own judgment, and does not know exactly where to lay his hand on the animal he wants, and cannot find the friend wise enough and daring enough to act for him, perhaps he cannot do better than put himself in the hands of a respectable dealer. After all, to put the case brutally, it must be most to the latter's interest to treat his customers fairly. The buyer will of course consider the limitations above indicated in the event of his being recommended an untried horse. He may possibly do well also to consider if the horse offered to him has a very shining reputation. Dealers are fallible as well as their customers, and may, themselves, have been sometimes a little too ready to listen to the voice of the charmer. One is apt to wonder 'how the devil it got there' when one finds a horse with very splendid testimonials in a dealer's stable; it is not impossible that the testimonials, true as gospel, as in their day they may have been, may be found on trial to refer rather to the past time than to the future. But, when all is said and done, a man who is quite certain of the sort of animal he wants and the sort of price he intends to pay—simple pieces of knowledge in which so many buyers are so curiously deficient—will probably not go very far wrong to trust to a good dealer. There are a fair proportion of them to be found, and some, of course,

not quite so good. It would obviously be unwise to mention names, but at least there need be no difficulty even for the veriest tyro in assuring himself where *not* to go, and it has been justly said that 'to know what to avoid, to know where at least *not* to go, is perhaps the first step to an advance in the right direction.' It would be only, we trust, an insult to our readers' common sense to impress on them that the advertisement columns of the newspapers are not the quarters in which to look for good horses. Finally, let the buyer remember these simple facts: that he must not expect to buy a swan at the price of a goose: that a horse who is a notoriously brilliant animal in one man's hands is not necessarily the same in another's: that when he finds he has got a really good animal, even if it be not gifted with the exceptional properties of Lord Barrymore's facetious ideal, he will do well to let no offer tempt him, and no caprice move him, to part with it.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RIDER.

THERE is a story told of a certain highwayman, very famous and skilful in his profession, who, after a long and successful career, was at last brought to book.

> The charge is prepar'd ; the lawyers are met ;
> The judges all rang'd—a terrible show !

and, after all due preliminaries, the gallows are reached. Before the hangman advanced to play his part on the body, the chaplain was busy, according to custom, with the soul. 'Do you repent of your past life?' he asked. 'I do,' was the answer, 'I repent unfeignedly. And yet—a gallop across country by moonlight !—oh, you dog, it was *delicious* !'

Delicious, indeed, is a gallop across country under certain conditions, among which—now that the 'Knights of the Road,' together with many another more reputable fellowship, have become

> Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past—

few of us would probably care to place moonlight. To be sure, such is the good nature and keenness of their master, the Duke of Rutland's hounds have been known to kill their fox 'on a shiny night,' as the old song says, and once, indeed, if not more than once, even to *find* one ; so that it has become a proverb throughout his country that you are always sure of a run with the Belvoir, if you will only stop out long enough. A famous steeplechase, moreover, was once ridden under the

rule of the 'Sweet Regent of the Sky,' and has received immortality from the hand of Alken. But then the riders were dashing young dragoons, and that branch of the English service has ever, as we know, been ready to go anywhere and do anything—to say nothing of the very stimulating nature of the jumping powder supplied by a Cavalry Mess. But we may fairly assume that, on the whole, we will not say sunlight, as in this desperate climate of ours too narrowly circumscribing our possibilities, but daylight, let us say, will be found most favourable to feats of equitation.

But delicious as a gallop across country undeniably is to a good rider on the back of a good horse with, as an enthusiastic writer has expressed it, 'the best fellows in the world to the right and left, but never a soul 'twixt yourself and the hounds,' it is no less capable of affording sensations the very reverse of delightful. Everyone remembers Leech's picture of the unfortunate man going down hill at a slapping pace over ground studded with mole-hills, on a straight-shouldered ewe-necked brute ridden in a single snaffle, one foot out of the stirrup, his hat off, and a dab of mud in his left eye—a combination of miseries said to have originated in the lively imagination of 'Jem' Mason. The tastes of men are notoriously various and surprising; but it is difficult to imagine any person in such a situation describing his gallop as *delicious*. It would be an interesting subject for discussion in one of those 'symposiums' which at one time crept into our periodical literature, the relative amount of pity given to the *good* man mounted on a *bad* horse, and the *bad* man on a *good* horse—the man who could make everything of his chances if he had them, and the man who can make nothing of the chances he has. To be sure, one has often heard of the man who can get to the end of the hardest run on a horse which others have never been able to persuade over a single fence. But in that case we may be pretty sure that the animal was not primarily to blame: the possibilities were there, they only wanted developing. 'I sold you a horse, sir,' said once a

famous rider to a rather indifferent one who was inclined to grumble at his purchase, 'but I did not sell you the gift of horsemanship.' On the other hand, a really bad man will never make anything out of a good horse—except, if he be allowed his wicked will long enough, a *bad one*! Perhaps, it would be safest to say that, in the first case, one pities the man most, in the second, the horse.

What is a *bad man*? We are not about to discuss the question from a Sunday-school teacher's point of view, useful as



'A bad man on a good horse.'

that would in its own way be; but as in our last chapter we exposed the various points of badness in a horse, so now we propose to treat the rider to the same process. So often one hears the question, 'Is So-and-so a good man across a country?' and the answer, 'Yes' or 'No' as the case may be. Now, if So-and-so be not a good man, it is clear he must be a bad man. When so great an authority as Whyte-Melville 'begs emphatically to disclaim any intention of laying down the law on such a sub-

ject as horsemanship,' it behoves every writer to be careful. To tell a man *what* he ought to do, is one thing; to teach him *how* he ought to do it, is another, and a very different thing. 'Every man,' says the same master of the game, 'who wears spurs believes himself more or less an adept in the art of riding.' For adepts it would obviously be as presumptuous as useless to write. But to briefly and gently indicate to those who are not yet adepts the chief points to be avoided, may possibly best serve to put them in the best road to become such.

There are, of course, various degrees of badness. A rider is not necessarily a *bad man* because he is not always in the first flight, nor need he even merit the epithet if he be never found there. On the other hand, a 'thrusting scoundrel' is by no manner of means to be accepted unreservedly as a *good man*. When the 'Spectator' paid his famous visit to Sir Roger de Coverley he was so enchanted with a day's hare hunting his host showed him (our humanitarians will be delighted to hear that the good knight's 'stop hounds' were not permitted to kill their game) that, regardless of Pascal's contempt for men who could 'throw away so much time and pains on a silly animal which they might buy cheaper in the market,' he registered the following resolve: 'For my own part I intend to hunt twice a week during my stay with Sir Roger; and shall prescribe the moderate use of this exercise to all my country friends, as the best kind of physic for mending a bad constitution and preserving a good one.' Now the 'Spectator' by his own confession was anything but a hard rider. 'My aversion,' he says, 'to leaping hedges made me withdraw to a rising ground, from whence I could have the pleasure of the whole chase without the fatigue of keeping in with the hounds.' He made no pretence of *riding*; he went out for his health's sake, and for the novelty of the diversion, leaving the 'honours' of the chase to more daring spirits. No true sportsman would despise such a man, any more than he would find in his heart much praise for him who gauged his day's *sport* by the size of the fences he had jumped and the number of his friends he had cut down. Hunting is the

amusement and not the business of a gentleman. He is at perfect liberty, therefore, to pursue it in the way which pleases him and suits him best, provided, of course, the gratification of his own tastes is compatible with the equal liberties of others. If he like best to ride the roads, or, at most, make his careful way through an occasional gap, by all means let him do so; he will not, perhaps, see very much of the sport, but that, after all, is nobody's concern but his own. If, on the other hand, it is his opinion that hunting can yield no amusement deserving the name to anyone who is not in the same field with the hounds, again by all means let him get there and keep there—if he can. Of the two classes into which hunting men may be broadly divided, the men who ride to hunt, and the men who hunt to ride, it should always be remembered that the *sportsman*, as distinguished from the mere *hunting man*, will be found in the former. The latter, however, may be further subdivided. There are those who hunt for the sheer sake of riding *hard*. In the list of their amusements fences occupy a much more prominent place than foxes or hounds, and who would regard the fastest and straightest gallop in the world over the Berkshire or Sussex downs as great an infliction as a blank day in Leicestershire. There are those again who, like the good 'Spectator,' make no account of glory; who, if they successfully negotiate an accommodating sheep hurdle, are inclined with Dogberry 'to give God thanks, and make no boast of it,' and if hounds *will* run away from them, follow the advice of the same sagacious philosopher and 'let them go.' Such men hunt for the sake of the exercise, the fresh air, the pleasure of meeting their friends, the diversion from the routine of every-day life. Often enough they are good sportsmen, too, and if they seldom, perhaps, see a fox handsomely killed, enjoy as much as anyone to see him handsomely found. Every hunt knows one or more of such men; men who know the name and pedigree of every hound in the pack, the line from every covert, the most practicable place in every fence, the ford to every brook, every gate and every by-road in the whole country. Often thus, without risking their

necks more than, if as much as, we do every time we get into a Hansom cab in the London streets, they will see far more of the day's fun, and give a far better account of it, than the most persevering and dauntless of 'bruisers.' Honest, reputable, and blameless members of the great community of fox hunters, enjoying themselves without any pretence or parade, jealous of no man's glory, interfering with no man's sport, they are entitled at least to our hearty respect if not to our admiration.

But the man who is *not* entitled to our respect is he who *does* make parade and pretence; who at the covert-side is a thing of beauty, indeed; who from the crown of his glossy hat to the sole of his yet glossier boot is, sartorially speaking, the ideal man, whole, complete, polished to the finger nail. Decked with the sweetest and choicest of flowers, soothed and supported by the largest of cigars, perched on a nag fit to carry Cæsar's fortunes, he is by far the most conspicuous and splendid object there, till the fox is found, and then—becomes conspicuous only by his absence. Not that dandyism is incompatible with the hardest and straightest riding. The records of the hunting field have proved that over and over again, and prove it every day, just as in that larger and bloodier field of which it is the image, the dandies have ever held their own since that famous day in the pass of Thermopylæ when the Persian looked with awe on the Spartans dressing their long hair for their last battle. It is the business of every gentleman to dress himself as well as his means will permit, and in the fashion which the custom of his day prescribes. A conspicuous disregard of custom is just as contemptible a form of affectation as a too slavish adherence to it; and he who noisily affects to despise the sumptuary amenities of his time is influenced by precisely the same motive as he who carries their observance to a point beyond the limits of taste and reason—namely, a vulgar affectation of singularity. Brummell does not seem to have been a very wise man; but he was wise, at least, in his own affairs, when he said that the best-dressed man was the man whose dress attracted least notice. In these

sober-suited days a certain amount of splendour must necessarily seem to belong to the hunting field, and the dandies of Melton and Market Harboro' are, no doubt, very great dandies indeed, as were their fathers before them. But when they can carry their splendours well to the front for forty minutes from Ranksboro' Gorse or the Coplow, nor fear to smirch them in the murky waters of the Whissendine, or the bullfinches of Ashby Pastures, no one would think of quarrelling with those minute and various sacrifices to the graces which your true hunting dandy would as soon think of omitting as he would of turning aside from a *nasty* place for fear of soiling their beauty. It is only when those splendours are seen jogging along lanes, or waiting their turn at gates and gaps, that they have the effect of making their wearer ridiculous. In the hunting field, as everywhere else, a humbug is a *bad man*. If your style of riding be *quiet*, it is well that your appearance should be 'in concatenation accordingly.'

No man, then, deserves to be ridiculed or despised because he has not the courage and the skill necessary to enable him to ride close and straight to hounds when they are really running over a strongly fenced country, provided always that he is careful not to assume the virtue that he has not. It is clear that if it were to be regarded as a canon law of hunting that no man should make his appearance at the covert side unless he be prepared to follow the fortunes of the pack to the bitter end, like the lover in Moore's poem,

> Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame,

a great number of honest souls would be arbitrarily deprived of an innocent and healthful amusement. Nay, it will often happen that a man who can ride, and does when the fit is on him, for some reason or other—disinclination, ill-health, a disappointment in the stable, or any of those thousand and one ills to which fox-hunting flesh is heir—will for the nonce content himself with the part of spectator from the back of some safe and quiet hack, or possibly even on wheels. Such a one will,

of course, know well how to behave himself in such circumstances, but for the benefit of the less initiated, the more uniformly unambitious, a few simple rules may not be out of place.

The first advice we should be inclined to give to a stranger in the land would be *follow a leader*—advice, we may observe in passing, which holds good alike for those who intend 'going' as for those who do not. However experienced in the art of road-riding a man may be—and an art be assured it is—however keen may be his eye for a country, it is tolerably clear that if he has never been in that country and along those roads before, there is likely to be disappointment somewhere before the day is over. So long as the disappointment is individual only it is of no particular moment—save to the individual. But he who trots along strange roads in pursuit of his own nose, knowing not where he is going, or, more important still, where the fox is likely to be going, may not at all improbably find himself sooner or later in the unenviable position of 'the man who has headed the fox'—words which may hardly even be written without a sense of unutterable misery and shame. Even when by some untoward train of circumstances beyond the best sportsman's control he finds himself in this humiliating position he must expect scant mercy or justice. But when he rides into it along a line of roads, when, in short, he has spoiled other people's sport, as he will probably be told, because he dare not share in it himself, then his case is desperate indeed. 'Hanging,' as that eloquent nobleman Lord Scamperdale once observed, 'is too good for him.' But we have said enough: it is, indeed, a situation

> To be dreamed of, not to tell.

The unaspiring adherent to Macadam will do well, then, to provide himself with a leader, and he need never be at a loss to find one. Every hunt has one or more skilful and well-trusted pilots, who will be able to show him all the sport possible on such conditions, without risking his own neck, or spoiling the fun of others. Should he, however, by some mischance find

himself left to his own guidance, remember this : always to keep well down wind, to have his eyes well in front of him, and his ears well open, whereby he will not only avoid any too sudden intrusion on the line, but may even prove of some use at a critical moment to his more daring neighbours :

> He who has watched, not shared the fight,
> Knows how the day has gone.

And it is very possible that the judicious roadster may be able on occasions to tell the huntsman a little more about his fox than that functionary is always in a position himself to know. Finally—and this for his own especial comfort and safety—let him remember that, as has been pertinently observed, the man who never jumps at all can by no possibility be 'pounded,' and let him never enter a field without being as certain of his egress as of his ingress. In the hunting field, as elsewhere, half measures will always prove fatal in the long run. If he means 'going,' let him 'go ;' if he means riding the roads, let him ride them. Not to every man falls the luck that fell to Mr. Sawyer on the memorable day he rode Marathon to sell. But to turn to the riders.

Egerton Warburton has, with his usual dexterity, hit off the ideal of a 'good man to hounds :'

> Give me the man to whom nought comes amiss,
> One horse or another, that country or this ;
> Who through falls or bad starts undauntedly still
> Rides up to the motto, *be with them I will.*

It might be broadly said that the opposite of this ideal would be a good definition of a bad man. The man who never gets a start, who is always falling, who can only go well on a particular sort of horse, over a particular sort of country, on a particular sort of day—one could hardly with truth speak of such a one as a 'good man to hounds,' however forward he might show when all his necessary conditions were granted. But lower still in the scale, and far lower, comes the man of excuses ; he who has an explanation for every contingency, a

reason why for every mishap. Now his 'confounded fellow' has given him the wrong bridle, now the wrong saddle; this time his stirrups are too short, that time his curb chain was too tight—the lineal descendant of Captain Guano, that distinguished follower of the 'Mangeysterne' hounds, may be met with to-day in every county of England. Sometimes a hound crosses him at a critical moment; sometimes his good nature prevails, and he forfeits his place, if not his day's sport, to help a friend; at others, just at that precious moment when the crowd have been choked off, and the real good ones have settled to their work, he loses a shoe. Of this favourite device to conceal the failings either of horse or rider, an amusing story is told. During a very fast and straight gallop in Leicestershire a rider was observed walking his horse leisurely down a field towards a stiff fence, holding a shoe in his hand. 'What's the matter?' hailed a passing friend, 'why don't you screw him at it?' A sorrowful shake of the head, with a demonstration of the shoe, was the only answer. 'Why, my good fellow,' observed a too curious third party, 'your horse has got *four shoes on*!' In short, with men of these delicate susceptibilities, everybody and everything is to blame except their own want of pluck, decision, or skill.

No doubt the first essential to a good rider to hounds is courage. True, courage alone will not make one, but without courage, it may be said that all other qualities, the finest hands, the firmest seat, the surest judgment, are of no avail. Now, courage is of two sorts, moral and physical, and of these the first, in the hunting field as everywhere else, is the rarest. The man who has not the latter in sufficient quantity to enable him to make his way over a stiffly fenced country, may possibly have enough of the former to confess his weakness. From such we withhold our contempt; though perhaps not our pity. But for one of these you will probably find twenty of those. How often, too, one hears it said of a young and inexperienced rider: 'So-and-so goes like a fool, who doesn't know his danger; wait till he has had a real bad fall, and see how he

will go then.' The saying is ill-natured, no doubt, and often enough contradicted by subsequent facts; nevertheless it has a spice of truth in it. These two sorts of courage, the courage of sheer ignorance, rashness or foolhardiness, if you like to call it so, and the courage of judgment, which is the true courage, are very fairly distinguished by the following story. On the morning of that famous October day in Balaclava valley, after the splendid charge of our heavy cavalry had broken and scattered to the winds more than twice their number of Russian horse, while our Light Brigade were waiting the fatal order which poor Nolan was to bring them, two grim war-worn veterans, as they sat on their horses in the ranks waiting for the next move, were watching a young trooper near them tickling his comrade's horse to make it kick. 'Look at Bill,' said one of them admiringly, 'ain't he a rare good plucked one?' 'Not a bit of it,' was the answer, 'he's only a fool; he don't know his danger. Now you and I, mate, have been at this game before. We do know our danger, and cursedly afraid of it we are. But we can't run away, and we wouldn't if we could. We're the real good plucked ones.' It is probable that the young rider whose heart is really in the right place will in time acquire this better sort of courage, and that one or two rattling falls, instead of destroying his *pluck*, will improve it into that still more valuable and rarer quality we call *nerve*; and thus will he develop into the first-rate performer who, thoroughly conscious of all the hazards he runs, is determined to shirk none of them that are necessary, but who, by experience and judgment, has learned how far they may be minimised, and is equally determined to throw no one of his lessons away.

Nerve and pluck are two distinct qualities, though both belong to the *genus* courage. Whyte-Melville very well separates them when he says, 'The latter takes us into a difficulty, the former brings us out of it;' and he goes on more minutely to define them thus: 'I conceive the first to be a moral quality, the result of education, sentiment, self-respect, and certain high aspirations of the intellect; the second a gift of

nature dependent upon the health, the circulation, and the liver. *As memory to imagination in the student, so is nerve to pluck in the horseman.* Not the more brilliant quality, nor the more captivating, but sound, lasting, available for all emergencies, and sure to conquer in the long run.' Probably no man ever rode to hounds who united these two qualities in a more striking degree than Assheton Smith, and his three favourite maxims were: *Throw your heart over and your horse is sure to follow; there is no place that you can't get over with a fall;* and *no man can be called a good rider till he knows how to fall.*

Of the first and last of these maxims the truth is indisputable, and so, in a sense, is it with the second. No man, whatever may be the country he hunts in, can make up his mind to really see where hounds go and what they are doing, without taking falls into account. He must be prepared for them, and he will have them. Nevertheless the tyro will do well to remember that his primary business in the hunting field is to get over his fences *without falls*; that the first and most obvious motive of the partnership between horse and rider is that it should be firm and lasting, not frail and intermittent. While, therefore, taking all possible contingencies into account, his first care should be to so manage matters that he and his companion may encompass their fences *together* and not *separately*. There was no spice of bravado in Assheton Smith's saying; neither, doing what he did, can he be held to have fallen unnecessarily. Whether he was hunting the hounds himself or not, his one fixed, unalterable resolve was always to go into the same field with them. Nor did he, as did most of his straight-going contemporaries, ride finished hunters, or as a rule give long prices. Some of his best nags were notoriously such as many men, and good riders too, could have done nothing with; some, indeed, are said to have been such as few men would even have cared to mount. 'He entertained,' it has been said, 'no fancies as to size, action, above all peculiarities in mouths and tempers. Little or big, sulky, violent, or restive, if a horse could gallop and jump, he was a hunter the moment

he found himself between the legs of Tom Smith.' Certainly no man ever put his theories into practice more zealously or more successfully than he. For nearly fifty years of his life he had been a master of hounds. When close upon his eightieth year, old Tom Wingfield, who had been with him when he hunted the Quorn, asked him whether he could manage 'them there big places' as well as he did 'in old Jack O'Lantern's days,' and he could honestly answer, 'I hear no complaints, and I believe my nerve is as good as ever.' Only two years before he died he had no less than three falls in one day, and was none the worse for them! It has been computed that in the heyday of his fame his average of falls was from sixty to seventy a season, and he was never hurt but once! His light weight, his iron constitution, and temperate habits, served him well, of course; it may be admitted, too, that he was an exceptionally lucky man. But his cool head, unshaken nerve, and thorough knowledge of horses, had really enabled him, as one may say, to reduce the art of falling to a science, though it would have been difficult probably, for him or anybody, to formulate its precepts in words. One of his favourite rules was, when he fancied a fall was likely, always to put his horse at the fence *aslant*, so that, if his fancy was proved fact, the animal might keep at least one leg free, and fall on its side clear of its rider. Another famous follower of this rule was Mr. Greene, the Squire of Rolleston, who in his youth had sat at the feet of Mr. Smith. There are two other golden rules that the young rider will do well to bear also in mind: *never to part company with your horse till the last moment*, and *never to leave go of the reins.*

Granted, then, that the rider has this primal gift of courage, and that he possesses both its component parts of *pluck* and *nerve*, or, as they may be now elegantly called, *valour* and *discretion*, there remain to make him really a good man, seat, hands, judgment. The combination of all three in their proper degrees results in a perfect horseman.

Of all these essentials the seat is the only one that can

really be *taught*, and to learn it there is, perhaps, no better plan than to practise riding without stirrups. We are supposing, of course, that the preliminary education that most English boys receive either from their father or the family coachman has not been neglected. In all athletic sports the child must be father to the man. Without some experience at least in boyhood, no man is ever likely to attain much proficiency in the



'Never part company till the last moment.'

saddle, at any rate in the hunting saddle. But teaching, even in this matter, is only of avail up to a certain point, and after the young rider has mastered his alphabet, so to speak, he must do the rest pretty much for himself.

To some men a good seat comes, as it were, naturally; to others, on the contrary, it may be said to come with great difficulty; a *graceful* seat perhaps never. Short legs and round thighs are certainly terrible impediments either to a firm or a

graceful seat; they tend to produce that most unlovely and unsafe appearance styled by Sir Bellingham Graham a 'wash-ball seat.' Still, even with these drawbacks, a man may learn how to sit in his saddle with comfort to himself and his horse (the one, as Mr. Jorrocks shrewdly observes, being 'in all humane probability' identical with the other), though he may not wholly satisfy a lady's eye for the picturesque, if only he will set about it in the right way. It is probable that the Athenians were not as eminent in horsemanship as in most other accomplishments; but no one can go into that room in the British Museum where the spoils of the Parthenon are stored without seeing at a glance that they knew well what a good seat on horseback should be. The riders in the famous Frieze bestride their steeds bare-backed and without stirrups, but they are one and all sitting precisely in the *right place*, that is to say, *in the very centre of the saddle*, did a saddle form part of their equipment. The weight of the body is thus thrown on that part of the horse's spine, immediately behind the withers, which is most capable of sustaining it. Starting from this point the most inexperienced rider will be surprised to find how easily his body adapts itself to the motions of the horse; starting from any other he will probably, and really not unnaturally, jump to the conclusion that he has been cursed by fortune with an animal of abnormally rough and unsympathetic paces, the one horse in the world that 'no fellow could sit.'

But a seat, to be a really *good* one, should be *firm*, as well as *graceful*, should be good to wear as well as to look at. Above the waist the body should be light, supple, giving and taking with every movement of the horse; below it should be strong as iron, and as unyielding. The distinction between riding by *grip* and riding by *balance*, on which a good deal of talk is sometimes expended, is a foolish one. 'As well,' observes Whyte-Melville, 'might a man say he played the fiddle by *finger* or by *ear*.' To insure a good seat there must be both, and each in its proper proportion; *balance* above the saddle, *grip* below it; indeed, it is practically impossible to

really secure the one without the other, as any man may prove foi himself: the proper balance of the upper limbs can only be preserved by the firmness of the lower. One often hears of a resolute rider holding a shifty horse in such a grasp that, with the worst intentions in the world, refusal is quite out of the question. Now, this grasp is quite as much a matter of the legs as the hands, and a horse is quite as quick to understand and appreciate the meaning of the former as of the latter. The good Mr. Greene, whose hand and seat were so light as to have won him the nickname of 'the Fly,' always struck people as intimating his will to his horse more by knee-pressure than anything else. Most horses, it should be remembered, will gauge the quality of their riders in a much shorter time than the generality of riders will gauge the quality of animals beneath them. A story is told of the wonderful sympathy Assheton Smith always contrived to establish between his horse and himself, which shows by what slight means this mutual understanding, when once established, can be maintained. He had mounted a friend upon one of the best horses then in his stable, Cicero by name. Hounds were running fast over the grass, and, as usual, Smith was at their stern, with his friend at his side. Before them stretched a most uncompromising flight of rails, which Smith saw was not much to the taste of his friend, and was likely, therefore, to prove equally distasteful to Cicero. As they neared the obstacle Smith removed the irresolution at any rate of the horse by the exclamation, 'Come up, Cicero,' and the moment that well-known voice was heard, all thought of refusal passed out of Cicero's head. The rails were cleared; but, as Cicero's rider was not quite so susceptible of sympathy, they were cleared, as one may say, in detachments, though luckily with no worse effect to the biped than a roll on the grass. A horse who has had any experience of humanity, as soon as his rider has settled himself on the saddle, will generally form a pretty shrewd opinion of that rider's intentions; and the way the human legs are placed against his flanks will help him to that opinion as much as anything else.

The ease and security of the seat, as well as its appearance, will depend much on the length of the stirrups ; and that will, in its turn, depend much on the conformity both of the rider and the horse. A man who has to contend against these natural obstacles to horsemanship, which we have already indicated, will have to ride in shorter stirrups than one more suitably formed for the saddle. On a horse rather low in the withers, and very strong in the quarters, shorter stirrups, too, will be found necessary, however the man may be formed. It may be taken as a good general rule for the majority of men on the majority of horses, that that length of the stirrup leathers will be found at once the most comfortable, and affording the firmest hold, which raises a man clear of his horse's withers when he stands up in his stirrups with his feet home.

It will be hardly needful to expatiate on the inflections of the body necessary to preserve the equilibrium while the horse is in the act of leaping. The mere instinct of self-preservation which is native in every breast would be sufficient to teach this primary lesson, which indeed is generally learnt on the rider's first mount, the nursery rocking horse ; though, to be sure, one sometimes sees it strangely forgotten in the hunting field. It may, however, be worth while to remark that here again the movement of the body should be mainly from the hips upwards. Down thence to the knee the legs should retain their original position, but from the knee, as the horse descends, they should be inclined slightly backwards. This, too, may seem a simple rule enough, almost an inevitable one ; but, as a matter of fact, one often sees it violated, not only in the field, but often in books, and most often in the illustrations to books. If the feet be thrust forward, so that the whole leg be in a direct line from the hip downwards, the shock when the horse lands, especially over a drop fence or on hard ground, will be so violent, that the rider, if he does not actually lose it, will at least find some difficulty in keeping his seat, besides running the risk, if the fence be a high one, of strain or rupture. No man, if he leaps

a fence on his own feet, comes to the ground with his legs in a stiff unyielding line—at any rate, if he does so once, he will take good care not to do so again; and the principle of 'give and take' holds equally good on horseback. We were lately turning over the pages of the 'Life of *Another* Tom Smith,'[1] and came across a case in point. When this gentleman was hunting the Craven country, he came one day to the wall of Elcot Park, six feet two inches in height. The hounds made their way through the holes left at the bottom for game to pass, and the field made for a door. Mr. Smith, however, rode at the wall. The first time his horse refused, but the second time they cleared the desperate leap. On reaching the ground on the other side, however, the horse's fore-legs gave way, and he came down on his chest, his rider's feet being dashed with such violence against the ground that when the rest of the field came round through the door they found him unconscious, and it was three weeks before he could get again into the saddle. This story is accompanied by an illustration from the pencil of the adventurous sportsman, and from his attitude in the saddle, the body thrown very far back and the legs thrust very far forward, the chief wonder of the reader must be that Mr. Smith was not very much more seriously injured than he was.

Nor can the young rider be cautioned too much against that still so common practice of raising the whip-hand in the air while taking a fence. It not only prevents him from giving that support to his horse that may be necessary on landing, but it also throws the body off its balance, and, as a necessary consequence, tends to destroy the balance of the horse as well. It is really a more evil practice than that other one, which is occasionally seen, of grasping the cantle of the saddle. If any support is needed, placing one hand on the pummel of the saddle as the horse descends is far better than 'catching hold behind.' *This* in the case of old and heavy riders, when 'creeping' a drop fence, may occasionally be condoned, though hardly recom-

[1] *Sporting Incidents in the Life of Another Tom Smith.* This is the Mr. Smith to whose *Diary of a Huntsman* there is an allusion in ch. iv.

mended; but the other, never. In nearly all the old hunting pictures, the riders will be seen not only taking their fences with their whip-hands high in air, but going at them in the same attitude, and no matter what the description of fence, always at the same headlong pace. Like the horsemen in Macaulay's poem who carried inland the news of the coming of the Spanish Armada, these fiery riders are seen on the canvases of Ferneley and Alken charging over the Leicestershire pastures 'with loose rein and bloody spur,' as though each one had in his pocket any number of spare necks both for himself and his horse. It adds to the picturesqueness of the scene, no doubt, it may also make the unskilful 'wonder with a foolish face of praise;' but it will certainly make the 'judicious grieve.' And if this were really the style of riding popular among those mighty men of old, the tales of their prowess must certainly lose a little of their currency. Remembering, however, Assheton Smith's saying, 'Whenever you see a man going a hundred miles an hour at his fences, depend upon it that man funks,' one may fairly suppose that the fault lay with the painters and not with their subjects.

To write of *hands* and *judgment* is indeed a difficult matter. One may write of them, of course, for ever and ever, but how little 'forwarder' will mere writing get our young friend! When Izaak Walton sat down to pen his 'Pleasant Curiosity of Fish and Fishing,' he first took care, like the wise man he was, to guard himself about with the following precaution or 'letter of advice' to his readers: 'Now for the Art of catching fish; that is to say, how to make the man that was none to be an Angler by a book, he that undertakes it shall undertake a harder task than Mr. Hales, a most valiant and excellent fencer, who in a printed book called a "Private School of Defence" undertook to teach that art or science, and was laughed at for his labour; not but that many useful things might be learned by that book, but he was laughed at because that Art was not to be taught by words, but practice; and so must Angling.' And so, with even more confidence may we say, must Riding. Of all the many and intricate branches of the sport of hunting, there is

none in which the old rule of the relative value of an ounce of practice and a ton of theory holds so good as in that comprised under the head of Riding to Hounds, and of this particular department, again, incomparably the most difficult to treat of is that known as *Hand.* One might say of it, indeed, as Mr. Matthew Arnold has said of the 'Grand Style:' it cannot be analysed or defined ; it can only be *spiritually discerned.*

It is, perhaps, too much to say that the gift of hands, like 'reading and writing,' comes by nature ; but it is certainly a gift that some men can never acquire, with all the experience in the world. Again, though one can hardly say that a rider blessed with a good nerve will also have good hands, it is pretty nearly certain that *without* the former the latter will not be found, or, at least will be found wanting when most necessary. Nerve and presence of mind are synonymous terms, and presence of mind is that quality which shows a man at a glance exactly what to do or, at any rate, what not to do, at the critical moment. Consequently an experienced rider with presence of mind and pluck (and the *one* can hardly exist without the other) will generally be found to have pretty good hands, a good seat being of course understood. At least, if he is not able to perform those wonderful feats with a horse's mouth such as the late Lords Gardner and Wilton, for example, were famous for, he will abstain from vexing, distressing, or flurrying his horse. If he cannot always do the one thing needful at the proper moment, he will do none of those many things that are not only never needful at any moment, but absolutely fatal at all moments.

About as good a piece of general advice as could be given on this score to the young rider, if he be riding a trained hunter, whom he knows, and who knows him, would be to *leave him alone.* Keep him 'in hand;' keep your hold of the bridle, and let the horse feel you have hold of it ; the best and cleverest of hunters will want support at times. Moreover, as he is not gifted with the spirit of prophecy (though it is wonderful how near his instinct often approaches thereto), it is impossible for him to be quite certain what waits for him and you on the

other side.[1] Your point of vision is higher than his, and often the uncertainty becomes to you a certainty sooner than it does to him. You must be prepared therefore to stop him almost in the last stride if necessary, or at any rate to turn him, and this no man can do, however fine the mouth he has to deal with, however strong his own grasp, if he rides at his fences in that loose-reined fly-away fashion our elder painters were so fond of depicting. But supposing both rider and horse are willing to go, and the latter has proved his ability, then let the former leave him alone. A wise old rider was wont to say, 'People talk about size and shape, shoulders, quarters, blood, bone and muscle, but for my part give me a hunter with brains. He has to take care of the biggest fool of the two, and think for both!' A young rider will do well to bear this saying in mind, and believe that his horse knows more about the business than he does. Many of us have seen wonderful feats wrought in the hunting field by human hands, more of us have read of them: horses all fire and fury made handy as poodles, sure-footed as cats, creeping up and down banks, squeezing between trees, and tripping in and out between doubles, crawling here, flying there, turned on half-a-crown, as the saying goes, managed almost like horses in a circus. Such things can be done, are done every day; but such things, Oh young rider, you were best to believe as yet 'are not for thee.'

> If your horse be well-fed, and in blooming condition,
> Well up to the country and up to your weight;
> O, then give the reins to your youthful ambition,
> Sit down in the saddle and keep his head straight.

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[1] A remarkable instance of this prophetic instinct is thus given by 'The Druid.' 'As regards leaping, one of the cleverest things we remember was done some years since by a Belzoni-bred hunter who had never been known to refuse a fence before. A lad of about fifteen was riding him as straight as an arrow to hounds, and put him at an apparently easy bank and rails, when he suddenly closed up in his stride about twenty yards from it, and refused to face it. On examination there proved to be an old stone quarry on the other side; the lad thought it a good joke, but the horse lost all his jumping nerve from that hour.'—*The Post and the Paddock*, ch. xiii.

While ambition is still youthful, it had best, perhaps, be satisfied with the result of the conditions framed in these lines, remembering only not to give the reins *too* literally.

How often we hear a woman praised for her hands ; how often hear it said that the gentler sex have naturally better hands than we men. Partly, no doubt, this is because they *are* the 'gentler sex,' because they have not the strength to pull and haul a horse about that we, alas ! have. But mainly it comes from this, that they are content to leave their horses alone. Mounted, as they mostly are, and certainly always should be, on thoroughly trained and experienced hunters, they are satisfied to leave everything to the horse ; it is his business to carry them, theirs to be carried. Whether this happy state of confidence arises from their superior tact, or from ignorance, matters nothing. The result remains, that a woman, however straight she goes, is much more rarely seen in difficulties than a man. To Diana we shall not presume to offer any advice, the more so because more than one of her own sex has already written on this score ; and when a woman *is* competent to instruct her own kind, on this or any other subject, she will naturally know much better what to say and how to say it than a man can.

There remains then, judgment, and of this what can be said? Whatever else may come by nature this must come by experience. Nor by experience alone. 'Reading,' once wrote a great man to his son, 'and much reading is good ; but the power of diversifying the matter infinitely in your mind, and of applying it to every occasion that arises, is far better.' Following hounds across a country through a lifetime will do you little good if you do not keep your eyes open, do not observe what other men and horses are doing, what the hounds are doing, ay, and what the fox, too, is doing. By what secret does that man, who you can see is not so well mounted as yourself, invariably manage to beat you? How is it that he never seems to be going half the pace that you are conscious of, that he always seems to have the weakest and smallest place in the fence before him, the soundest ground to

gallop on? How is it that he always seems to anticipate every turn of the hounds? How is it that, no matter how deep the country, how hot the pace, how big and how frequent the fences, yet at the end of the run, which he invariably manages to reach before you, his nag is in so much better plight than yours?—than yours which has all the blood of all the equine Howards in its veins, and is as well lodged and as well cared for almost as one of 'Ouida's' dandy guardsmen. It is *judgment* that does it all. The man with a *head* on his shoulders will always get the best of it here in the hunting field as elsewhere 'in among the throngs of men.' Some of us perhaps still remember with grateful feelings poor Mayne-Reid's enchanting romances, as we used to think them once upon a time. One of the most startling of them, 'The Headless Horseman,' introduced the hero to us with some such words as these: 'Something is wanting to this solitary rider. What can it be? Good heavens! *it is the head.*' That is precisely the *something* wanting to so many of our horsemen, and the something that must be got by everyone who aspires to be ranked among his fellows as a really 'good man to hounds.'

But how to get it? asks the impatient youth. Can no one teach it me? Is nothing then to be learned from books? Have all these wise men, from old Markham to Whyte-Melville, written in vain? Far be it from us to say so. Many admirable lessons are there contained in these books, inspired by the fullness of knowledge and of the heart, lessons wherefrom he who is 'to the manner born' may no doubt learn much. The rider who is also a reader, and blessed with a good memory, should he ever find himself in a situation precisely similar to one he remembers to have been treated of in his books, may then put his precepts into practice, and no doubt prosper greatly. But the difficulty is that in hard fact situations are so very rarely precisely similar to those one reads of in books. A professor of mathematics at Oxford once discovered a system by which the hazard of betting could be reduced to a certainty; a mathematical certainty, for he did not profess to have proved his

system by practice. Like a generous man he gave his discovery to the public, and the public, of course, were very much interested in it. One by one he answered all objections, till the unknowing ones began to think that here at last was really the philosopher's stone. But one fine day a knowing one stepped in and demolished his El Dorado with a word, showing that if on every race every bookmaker was prepared at any moment to give or take on every horse precisely the odds, no more and no less, you wished to take or give, then your system would be infallible, *but not till then.*

Now it is pretty much the same with verbal lessons on riding. If at any particular crisis all the circumstances exactly tally with those your teacher has selected for the purpose of his lesson, well and good. If you have read with understanding, and your memory be good, as we have already said, you may come triumphantly through the difficulty. But how rarely will that happen! Take a single instance. We all know that we should ride fast at water and slow at timber. Theoretically the advice is excellent; no advice could be more so. But can any rider of experience say honestly that he has not often been obliged to throw it to the wind? Some horses *must* be ridden quickly at all their fences; some horses *must* be ridden slowly. A first-rate rider used to say that he not only rode every horse differently, but he rode the same horse differently at every fence. Whyte-Melville, who records this saying, explains it thus: 'He had his system of course, like every other master of the art, but it admitted of endless variations according to circumstances and the exigencies of the case.' Elsewhere he gives instances from his own personal observation of the various ways good riders put their horses at timber. 'Lord Wilton' (he was writing in 1878) 'seems to me to ride at timber a turn slower than usual, Lord Grey a turn faster. Whether father and son differ in theory I am unable to say, I can only affirm that they both are undeniable in practice. Mr. Fellowes, of Shottisham, perhaps the best of his day, and Mr. Gilmour, *facile princeps*, almost walk up to this kind of leap; Colonel, now General

Pearson, known for so many seasons as the "flying Captair charges it like a squadron of Sikh Cavalry; Captain Arth.. Smith pulls back to a trot; Lord Carrington scarcely shortens the stride of his gallop. Who shall decide between such professors?' Who, indeed? *Much depends on circumstances, more perhaps on horses.* That is about the sum-total of all that can be said, and the best man is he who can best adapt his horse to the circumstances, or, if haply he get the chance, the circumstances to his horse.

Take your own line, and keep it, is a piece of advice one often hears airily given to young riders, more often, perhaps, reads it. Like much other advice, it presupposes conditions under which the *young* rider, at any rate, is not often able to work. It presupposes, in the first place, an intimate knowledge of the country he is riding over. Now young riders mostly hunt from home, as the saying goes—which is, indeed, by far the most agreeable and rational form of enjoying the sport for all riders; and we may therefore suppose that he has some, if only a vague, idea of the lie of the ground and the nature of the fences. But in the summer the country looks very different from what it does in the winter. Rambling about it leisurely, when Nature has 'hung her mantle green' on every copse and hedgerow, one gets but a very poor idea of its characteristics and qualities as they present themselves from the back of a galloping horse. It is under the first of these aspects that our young friend is probably most familiar with the country in which he lives, and well as he may think he knows it in such guise, he will be astonished to find how much in the dark he really is when he comes to steer a horse across it when hounds are running. Some men, indeed, seem to be born with 'an eye to a country,' as the saying goes, which, with practice, develops almost into a sort of instinct, or spirit of prophecy; so much so that were they to be dropped, ready mounted, booted, and spurred, into almost any field in England through which hounds were running, they would incontinently find the best and quickest way out of it. Some such men are generally to be

and in every hunt, and the tyro will hardly do better than take such a one for his guide. But let him remember to give his pilot *plenty of room.* At fifty yards' distance he can see perfectly well what his leader is doing, and any nearer he runs the risk of jumping on him should any mishap occur on the other side of the fence, or of galloping into him should one occur on this—than which, to say nothing of the danger,



'Give your pilot plenty of room.'

nothing can be more unworthy of the name and character of a sportsman. Should he determine, however, to shift for himself, wherever he may choose his own line, it must never be that of the hounds; he must never, that is to say, ride exactly in their wake, but a little either to the right or the left. Nothing makes hounds so wild as being conscious of horses galloping in their track. With all his fire and dash

the foxhound is really a timid animal, and finding a crow
of horses pressing on him, his sole idea will be to get awa
from them as fast and as far as he can without troubling his hea
much about the fox. The rider will of course choose his plac
left or right, as the way of the wind may determine; for a fo
will naturally as a rule run down wind, though not always. I
is impossible to determine with any certainty which way
hunted animal will go; and it will often happen that witho
any apparent reason, a fox will set his nose straight against th
stiffest breeze. He will rarely, however, keep this course fo
long; and in nine cases out of ten you will generally fin
yourself in the right place by keeping to leeward of the pack
If the day be a still and clear one, no rule can be laid down.
Here only experience, and that instinct we have spoken of will
avail; and if you have not them yourself, you must trust yourself to the guidance of those who have.

When the ploughs are wet, choose always the furrow where the water lies, for there the ground will be hardest. Look out for rushes, where the grass shows indications of a swamp. Take ridge-and-furrow on the slant, where you *cannot* keep to the furrow. When riding at a brook, of which you know nothing, choose always the neighbourhood of a tree or bush, for there the bank will be firmest; but if there be no growth of any kind on its edges, and nothing or nobody to guide you, *cross where the hounds cross*—they follow the fox, and the fox naturally crosses at the narrowest point. Remember, too, that, though hounds go away fast, and you must go fast if you want to get away with them, when once they and you have settled to your work, a run is never over till it is finished. Take every care of your horse, then, that is compatible with keeping your place. Pull him back to a trot whenever you can safely do so. Jump a small fence in preference to a large one, if you have the preference. Rid him of your weight whenever you can safely do so. However light you may ride, to him you can be light only by comparison. Even nine or ten stone is no joke to carry for nine or ten miles. Never holloa when you

view a fox, till you are quite certain it is *the* fox, and even then it will do no harm 'to count twenty,' like Mr. Jorrocks, before you ejaculate. Even when hounds are at fault, to get their heads up is so much easier than to get them down again; and they, remember, are even more excited than you are. These are simple rules, within the compass of everyone's observance; but they are as sound as they are simple.

Whyte-Melville in his 'Riding Recollections' has devoted a chapter to the abuse of the spur, and he quotes the very high authority of George Fordham on his side. That admirable race rider, he says, 'wholly repudiates the tormentors,' arguing that they only make a horse shorten his stride, and 'shut up,' to use an expressive term, instead of struggling gallantly home. No doubt spurs are capable of abuse like everything else, whether it be an instrument of pleasure or pain. No doubt, too, a very young rider had better be allowed to chide his steed with an *unarmed* heel, especially if he propose to arm it with those monstrous lances the young Nimrods of the day delight to equip themselves with. But spurs unquestionably have their use. With a sulky or an ill-tempered horse, sometimes even with a timid one, they are often most effectual. They have, moreover, two advantages over the whip: firstly, they can be used without diminishing the strength of your grasp on the rein; secondly, they can be used without giving the horse any warning of your intentions, while the mere act of taking up the whip will often change a dubious refusal into a certain one. Still they should always be used sparingly. The rowels of hunting spurs as now worn are no puny weapons, and with a generous horse the slightest touch of the sharp steel should be sufficient. Horses as a rule, want control rather than coercion in the hunting field. But every rule has its exception, and even the freest and boldest horse will, like Homer, sometimes nod. When a stimluus is to be applied, or punishment inflicted, those means are the best which do their work quickest and with least display. In both these points the spur is supreme. Whyte-Melville hints that there is danger, in the case of a fall, of the buckle of the

spur catching in the stirrup, and says that he 'cannot remember a single instance of a man's foot remaining fixed in the iron who was riding without spurs.' As a matter of fact we do happen to remember such an instance—an instance in which we ourselves unfortunately played a particular part! Yet this never suggested to us the propriety of riding without stirrups. On the whole, this problematical danger is, we submit, more than balanced by the manifest advantages to be got from what its opponent allows at any rate to give a finished look to a well-made top-boot. But let the tyro be careful to bear this in mind: that the spur is to be applied only *behind* the girth. 'Do you take me for a fool?' the tyro answers. Certainly not, my dear sir; but if, after a hard day, you will, after dismounting from your gallant steed, be careful to examine him, you may possibly be surprised to find that the particular spot, a hand's breadth behind the girth, is one of the very few places that have remained virgin to your steel.

Finally, let the young rider bear always in mind that he owes everything to his horse, and do what he can to return the debt. After the day's work is over do not let him get cold and stiff. Move off as soon as you decently can, and keep him gently going till you get him home. If you have far to go, and the day has been a long and hard one, get him a few mouthfuls of good gruel if you can: you have probably had some mouthfuls of something more inspiring than gruel, and he has appetites as well as you. But be careful of the place you put him in. See that there are no draughts; throw a rug over his loins while he is at his food, and until you too stand in imperative need of some refreshment wait upon him at his. It is not much to do for him in return for all he has done for you. Ten minutes at the outside is quite long enough for the halt, unless the poor beast be in a very bad way indeed, and then, if the quarters are tolerably decent, it were better for him to stay there for the night, *but you must stay with him.* As a general rule, however, it is best for your horse as well as for yourself, to get home as soon as you can. By keeping up a steady even jog of some six

miles an hour it is wonderful how quickly you get over the ground. It is not a pleasant pace, granted; but he has been going, remember, all day at the pace which suited your convenience best; it is not much to ask of you to go now at that which best suits his. Get off and walk by his side occasionally. It will be a world of relief to him, besides stretching your own legs. Regarding the horse from a selfish point of view



'Get off and walk by his side occasionally.'

only, you should never forget that the more care you take of him, the more care will he take of you. 'Of all our relations,' says Whyte-Melville, 'with the dumb creation, there are none in which man has so entirely the best of it as in the one-sided partnership that exists between the horse and his rider.' Let it be your business to see that the profits of this partnership are not all on one side. They will be the larger and the more enduring the more the working partner gets his proper share.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SHIRES.

THE Shires are the eye of hunting England. There are indeed some who maintain that there is no hunting worthy of the name anywhere else: veterans who regard them as the poet's hero, who married the gardener's daughter, regarded the picture of his dead wife:

> the idol of my youth,
> The darling of my manhood, and alas!
> Now the most blessed memory of mine age.

Such a one would be that distinguished soldier who, as the story goes, when asked by a mild stranger if he had ever been out with the Crawley and Horsham, thundered in reply, 'No, sir! I have never hunted with any hounds in my life but the Quorn and the Pytchley, and I'll take d——d good care I never do!'—an expression of opinion which, it may here be observed, the narrator of this story by no means subscribes to.

Geographically defined the Shires are limited to three counties, Leicestershire, Rutlandshire, and Northamptonshire. But a geographical definition will not serve. A considerable part of the Belvoir country is, for instance, in Lincolnshire. Now to hunt with that famous pack is most certainly to hunt in the Shires; to hunt with the Burton, the Blankney, or the Brocklesby, which also wage war with the foxes of Lincolnshire, is not. Again, Lord Ferrers' hounds, which hunt a little tract of country chipped off the north-west corner of the Quorn, are not held to be free of the guild. Neither is the Atherstone, part of whose hunting ground lies in Leicestershire; nor the two Warwickshire packs, nor the Duke of Grafton's hounds, nor the Oakley, all of which

often into Northamptonshire. The distinction is really one of fashion, not of geography. By the Shires is meant the country hunted over by the following packs of hounds—the Belvoir, the Cottesmore, the Quorn, including Sir Bache Cunard's, and the Pytchley. So some unwritten law, dating from what era we know not, has ordained.

Let us take the BELVOIR first, a position it is well entitled to, from the excellence and variety of its country, the excellence and uniformity of its hounds, its antiquity, and the grand style in which things have always been done within its precincts. The kennel books of the Belvoir hounds stretch back to 1756. Like all the historic packs the stag was their earliest chase. The foxhounds were established in the days of the third Duke of Rutland who died in 1779, at the patriarchal age of eighty-three. The Marquis of Granby, whose jolly face and big bald head once English inns knew well, and the Frenchmen also, much to their disgust, on the day of Warburg,[1] seems to have been the first master. The fourth Duke died when his son was but a lad of nine, and during his minority the hounds, which were made up by his guardian and uncle, Henry, fifth Duke of Beaufort, from the Badminton kennels, were managed by a committee under the direction of Sir Carnaby Haggerston. In 1831 Lord Forester held the reins, and kept hold of them till the present duke came to the title in 1857.[2] There are no such beautiful hounds, men say, in England, certainly none of such pure and direct pedigree. 'Their beautiful uniformity of colouring, their high class, and their wonderful evenness in appearance are quite unapproached elsewhere. It might be thought that these qualities could not have been brought to such a pitch of excellence without sacrifice of other more practical attributes, did we not know that nearly a century and a half has been reaching this standard, and that each year as many as fifty couple of puppies (occasionally even more) are sent out to walk. With such a choice of new material there can be

[1] See Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*, book xx. ch. ii.

[2] Cecil's *Records of the Chase*, ch. ii.

little difficulty in filling up the gaps, or even to maintain a standard so unyielding. It puzzles an outsider to imagine how the kennel men ever learn their hounds by name—so extraordinarily similar are they in marking and contour. Every hound has the black "saddle-mark" on his back; every hound has his "Belvoir tan" head; while the groundwork of each skin is purest white.'[1] These beautiful markings, which are the peculiar type of this pack, are said to have been derived from a breed of Lord Monson's which was very famous in Lincolnshire about the close of last century. Much of the old Quorn strain of Mr. Meynell's is also in the pack, for in 1780 when Mr. Heron hunted the Cheshire country he bred largely from that blood, and when he left the field his hounds went to the Belvoir kennels. Twenty-four inches was the standard, till the year 1842, when it was lowered an inch by Will Goodall, who then took the horn from the hands of the veteran Goosey who had carried it for six-and-twenty seasons.

The most central point of the hunt is Grantham, a trim little town of some 5,000 inhabitants, 105 miles from London, two hours and a half journey by the Great Northern line from King's Cross. Six miles off stands Belvoir Castle and the kennels, and all the best meets are within a radius of some dozen miles. 'No country,' says 'Brooksby,' 'presents a greater variety in itself than the Belvoir. Within its confines you may ride over small grass meadows, broad grazing-grounds, light heath, and heavy plough.' The most fashionable district lies, of course, on the Leicestershire side. On Wednesdays and on alternate Saturdays the meets lie Meltonwards. Croxton Park, the famous battle-ground of amateur jockeys, lies just midway between Grantham and Melton. Stonesby Gorse, Newman's Gorse, Freeby Wood, and Brentingby Spinneys, are the great coverts in these parts; but it is, and has been for long, a rule that the fixtures of these hounds never presuppose the drawing of any special cover. It was from Freeby Wood

[1] *The Hunting Countries of England*, by 'Brooksby:' a most useful work, to which we have been largely indebted for this and the following chapter.

that Dick Christian pounded a famous crowd of some two hundred—'each determined to ride, each resolved to be first'—on Sir James Musgrave's Red Rose in a 'crasher over the Lings to Croxton Park wall in sixteen minutes.' 'I was head man all the way,' he told 'The Druid' with pardonable pride; 'Sir James was on his old grey Baronet; Lord Gardner, Mr. Maxse, and Sir Harry (Goodricke)—he was on Limner—were the only ones near me. Sir Harry shouts to me to open a gate, and I jumps it and then turns round and laughs; "Hang you," he shouts, "that's the way you open gates, is it?" It was a good five miles' regular coursing, severe jumping.' Stonesby and Piper Hole are also noted meets, and from the latter, if you are in luck, you will get a gallop over the best part of the famed Belvoir Vale, which the veteran Dick used to think afforded a 'partickler pretty landscape,' but whose prettiness to ride over will depend much on the quality of your horse and your heart. Then there is Melton Spinney, only four miles from Melton, and Mr. Burbage's covert, which is nearer still, lying in a loop where the boundaries of the Belvoir, the Quorn, and the Cottesmore touch. Both these are in the Duke's county, and if a good fox goes away from either towards Melton, there will probably be wigs on the Green. From Coston Covert to Woodwell Head; from Mr. Sherbrooke's Gorse to Holwell Mouth, to Dalby Wood, or over the Stygian Smite to the Curate, are the lines 'Brooksby' specifies as affording the cream of a Belvoir gallop, short and sharp, for so great is the crowd and so lawless the riding on those days, that the first burst is as often as not the last. Dick Christian describes the heroes of his early prime as 'all riding like devils against each other' across the vale. The late Mr. Bromley-Davenport, in his volume called 'Sport,' reports a significant conversation which once passed within his hearing. Sir Richard Sutton, who was then hunting the Quorn country, at one of his meets called aside a gentleman who was supposed to regard his own position in the run as the capital feature in the day's sport, and, pointing at one particular hound, said, 'Please

kindly take notice of that hound. He is the most valuable animal in the pack, and I would not have him ridden over for anything.' The gentleman courteously, and very candidly, replied, 'I would do anything to oblige you, Sir Richard; but I have a shocking bad memory for hounds, and *I am afraid he will have to take his chance with the rest!*' Whether such shamelessness would be confessed to-day we cannot decide, but it is not impossible it might be practised.[1]

In the less fashionable quarters of this fine country there is quite as good fun, and still better *sport.* There is plenty of grass to gallop over and plenty of fences to jump, of all sorts and sizes; the fields are more amenable to discipline; the foxes are said to be stouter; while the hounds remain the same! On the south, along the Cottesmore boundary between Grantham and Folkingham is some good grass country and well fenced, with plenty of timber, but no water to speak of. Northwards from Folkingham, past Aswarby, the ploughs are more frequent; but they carry a good scent in wet weather, and foxes are many and stout. Tending still north, beyond Sleaford, from Ranceby on to Leadenham, the land is lighter, being of a heathy complexion, and fenced mostly with stone walls, over which the hounds get very much the better of the horses. West of Leadenham, which is one of the boundaries between the Belvoir and the Blankney, lies another fine stretch of grass, and then, turning south towards Belvoir, comes some very deep plough with some very stiff fences, perhaps about the hardest part to cross of all the Duke's country when the scent is good. Horses of all sorts, then, are wanted to ride up to the Belvoir hounds: timber jumpers, water jumpers, fast ones, stout ones, blood and bone; and, above all, a good head and a good heart for the rider.

The glory of the QUORN dates from 1753, when the immortal Meynell began his mastership of forty-seven years.

[1] This hound belonged to the Badminton kennel. This gentleman, in the following month of May, went there for Bath Races. In spite of his reply, he took so much notice of the hound that in the kennel he picked it out of forty couple.—EDITOR.

The hounds then were kept at Great Bowden Inn, which is on the borders of Northamptonshire; the master, or masters—for Mr. Boothby bore half the burden of the expenses—living at Langton Hall. A little later Mr. Meynell removed to Quorndon Hall, where the kennels now are, and thence the pack took its famous name. In those days there were no woodlands within the limits of the country, and so Meynell used to stoop his hounds to hare in the spring, so as to get them handy when the real business began. This did not, as may be imagined, result in universal steadiness. 'The Druid' tells a story of a brilliant burst of twenty minutes after a hare ending with a kill in the turnpike road: 'Ah!' observed the philosophical master, 'there are days when they will hunt anything.' Lord Sefton followed Meynell, and did things in an imperial manner, with two packs and two huntsmen, and everything 'in concatenation accordingly.' His lordship was the first to introduce the custom of second horses. He was a very heavy man, and stopped for nothing, so that no horse could live under him for more than ten minutes if hounds ran hard. But he had a grand stud, nearly all thoroughbred and as large as dray-horses; and with three or even four out at a time, he managed to hold his own with the light-weights.[1] Then arose the star of Melton, which still shines, if not with quite such supreme lustre. From 1805 to 1807 Lord Foley was king, and then came the great Assheton Smith, who ruled for ten years, and was succeeded by the universal Osbaldeston. In 1821 Osbaldeston went into Hampshire, changing quarters with Sir Bellingham Graham; but the change did not last long, and in 1823 'the Squire' was back at Quorndon, Sir Bellingham going into the Albrighton country. Both Assheton Smith and Osbaldeston hunted their own hounds, and in that capacity Dick Christian, who, thanks to 'The Druid,' is our main authority for those golden days, did not think very nobly of either of them. The former drew his coverts too quickly, and so 'drew over his fox scores of times.' Also, 'he was very uncertain: sometimes he would not lift his hounds at all,' and, adds the veteran, '*you*

[1] *The Post and Paddock*, ch. xiii.; *Records of the Chase*, ch. vi.

must lift, and lose no time if you want runs in Leicestershire with those big fields.' One quality, however, he had, sure to have been appreciated by those big eager fields; 'he was always for being away as quick as possible.' It was his maxim that the best fox always broke first; and after the first that broke off he would go, often with only three or four couples of hounds. This, no doubt, entailed a tremendous burst, but at the first check as often as not the run was spoiled. 'The Squire' seems to have been still more 'uncertain.' 'He was the oddest man you ever saw at a covert-side. He would talk for an hour: then he would half draw, and talk again, and often blow his horn when there was no manner of occasion—always so chaffy.' But he is allowed to have been 'very keen of the sport,' and to have got away with his fox 'like a shot;' while, for sheer riding, of his great rival Dick vowed 'no man that ever came into Leicestershire could beat Mr. Smith; I don't care what any of them says.'

Lord Southampton followed 'the Squire.' He bought the Oakley pack in 1829, which was then in high repute, built new kennels at Leicester, and the hounds were called after his name instead of by their own title. To him succeeded Sir Harry Goodricke, and the hounds took his name, which indeed was but fair, seeing that he paid all expenses out of his own pocket. He too built new kennels at Thrussington, midway between Melton and Leicester, and a much more convenient place than the latter. His early death in 1833 left the hounds to Mr. Francis Holyoake, who subsequently took the name of Goodricke. In his time a part of the Quorn country was handed over to the second Marquis of Hastings, who had started a pack to hunt the Donnington country, pretty much that now hunted by Lord Ferrers. Two seasons were enough for Mr. Holyoake, and three for Mr. Errington. His next successor, Lord Suffield, who followed, spent a great deal of money, building new kennels and stabling at Billesdon, and giving Mr. Lambton 3,000 guineas for his hounds. But the sport, for some cause or another, was not equal to the cost, and after one season he gave place to Mr. Hodgson of Holderness fame, who brought

his hounds with him from Yorkshire. It was in his reign that Assheton Smith, then in his sixty-fifth year, brought his hounds from Tedworth for a fortnight into Leicestershire. The opening day was at Rollestone, when it is calculated upwards of 2,000 people were present, but there was, perhaps of course, no sport. After Mr. Hodgson came Mr. Greene, of Rollestone, a fine sportsman, who figures in the great 'Quarterly' run as skimming over the Whissendine on his bay mare, 'like a swallow on a summer's evening.' In 1847 he retired in favour of Sir Richard Sutton, who had won a great name in the Burton and Cottesmore countries. In 1857 the latter took the Donnington country back, and then finding the whole rather too large to be properly hunted by one pack, he handed a part of it over to his son Mr. Richard Sutton, building him kennels at Skeffington and furnishing him with hounds. No man ever showed better sport in Leicestershire than Sir Richard, and when he died at the beginning of the season of 1855, it was a bad day for the Quorn. Young Sir Richard and Captain Frank Sutton finished the season, and then Lord Stamford came to the front, with a pack composed largely of old hounds and a good draft from Mr. Anstruther Thomson's kennels. In this mastership Mr. Tailby took a part of the Quorn country together with a slice of the Cottesmore, and showed rare sport up to 1871, when the latter, according to agreement, reverted to its original lords, and Mr. Tailby continued for some seasons longer to content himself with two days a week in the diminished province now governed by Sir Bache Cunard. After Lord Stamford, who kept the hounds for seven seasons, Mr. Clowes followed for three, and then the rather casual reign of the Marquis of Hastings, which lasted for two. Mr. Musters came next, with a good pack of hounds out of South Nottinghamshire. After three years he divided his country with Mr. Coupland, and after two more took his pack with him back to his own tents, and Mr. Coupland was left to his own resources. He was unlucky at first, having bought the Craven pack, which was too slow for Leicestershire. But the famous Tom Firr came to him in 1872 from the North Warwickshire, and matters soon became more

lively. Mr. Coupland managed matters till the season of 1884–5, when Lord Manners succeeded, and so we pass from the domain of history into the living present.

Melton Mowbray is, of course, the cardinal point of this famous hunting ground, though not the central one. There hounds are comparatively close at hand every day in the week. It rarely happens that a ride of ten miles at most will not find them, and a ride to covert in Leicestershire has been declared by an enthusiast to be better than a run anywhere else in the world. From this little paradise, isled in a sea of grass, you get the Quorn on Mondays and Fridays; on Tuesdays, the Cottesmore; on Wednesday, the Belvoir; on Thursday comes either a by-day with the Quorn or one of Sir Bache Cunard's northern meets; on Saturday, the Belvoir and the Cottesmore are alternately at your door. To take all the goods thus lavishly provided a large stud is a necessity. True, as 'Brooksby' says, six thoroughly well-seasoned nags, with the inevitable cast-iron hack (who must both jump and gallop more than a bit) will carry you through the season if you have luck, and here and there a timely frost comes to help. Some men can certainly get more out of one horse than many can out of two. But even the cleverest and most saving rider must lose much of the fun if he makes Melton his head-quarters with only six hunters in his stable. The best sport in this country comes generally in the afternoon, when the coffee-housers have gone home, and hounds have a chance. But although you may have had no *sport* in the morning, there has almost certainly been enough *work*, what with trotting or galloping from one covert to another, a short scurry here and another there, to take the morning steel out of your horse. Then what are you to do? go home with the crowd, or stay and play second fiddle to your happier fellows on their fresh horses; or come to inevitable grief in a brave attempt to show them the way on your tired one? As to not hunting every day from Melton, that never entered into any human head. So, though undoubtedly Melton was made for man to hunt from, it is not every man (nor horse either) was

made to hunt from Melton. *Non cuivis*—but the proverb is something musty.

Plenty of sport is to be got both from Leicester and Loughborough, and under more moderate conditions. The latter, only three miles from the kennels, is the most central point in the Quorn country proper, while the former is just on the border line between that and Sir B. Cunard's, and is handy too for an occasional day with the Atherstone. Some five-and-twenty years ago Leicester was a famous quarter for hunting men, who used to gather in numbers at the Old Bell Inn. But then it was a cleanly quiet little market town; now it is a great manufacturing town, not very quiet, and not at all cleanly. Loughborough is about three hours from St. Pancras; Leicester, about two and a quarter; Melton, about three and a half: too far all of them to be reached from London on the morning of hunting, unless you are prepared to leave your bed not much after four o'clock!

But the pick of the Quorn country is certainly to be got from Melton. Shoby Scholes and Lord Aylesford's are the great coverts near by: the first a close-grown dell, the latter a covert of gorse and broom of some twenty or thirty acres; 'rare things' had Dick Christian seen from here over to Oakham in the Cottesmore country or to Belvoir. Wartnaby Stone-pits is another famous place, only four miles from head-quarters. There were fearful fences hereabouts in the old days: spiked gates, mortised rails, and all manner of devilries. The owner used to say, 'There never were but two men fit to come out hunting—Lord Alvanley, who walked 18 stone, and Quarley Wilson—they were the only men that ever rode straight across my farm.' Farther on is Cossington Gorse, from which if the fox breaks across the old Roman road between Leicester and Newark, over the Hoby and Thrussington lordships, to Shoby Scholes, you will get such a gallop over such a country as you will find nowhere else, men say, even in the Shires. When the Quorn meet at Six Hills, about six miles from Melton, you get the pick of all the best coverts: those aforesaid, Thrussington

Gorse and Wolds, Walton Thorns (rich in the memories of historic gallops), Cossington Gorse, and Mr. Craddock's Spinney. Northwards still towards Widmerpool you come on the plough, fairly light but with blind fences. But from the Curate's Gorse, or from the neighbouring Parson's Thorns you may get into the



'A gallop over Twyford Vale.'

Belvoir Vale at its very finest part. It was in this neighbourhood, from Widmerpool right across the Vale to Blackberry Hill, that Assheton Smith placed the best run he had ever had in Leicestershire. Whether it was the Parson or the Curate who once said in Dick Christian's hearing that he used to fairly tremble before a vale fence to think how he could get over it,

that old chronicler did not specify. Holwell Mouth, Saxelby Spinney, and Grimston Gorse are all shared with the Belvoir, and a grand grass country lies all around them.

South of Melton, across the Wreake, historic names lie thick : Kirby Gate and Great Dalby mean a fox at Gartree Hill, leagues of grass with 'oxers' thick as leaves in Vallambrosa, and the immemorial Whissendine. It was in this covert dwelt the legendary fox of 'the Squire's' time, that always broke at the same point and went over the same line, ten miles of it through Leesthorpe, past Cold Overton to Oakham Pastures, where he invariably disappeared in some miraculous way, undiscoverable by hounds or men. From Adam's Gorse you may get a gallop over the Melton Steeplechase Course; from Thorpe Trussels, Ashby Pastures, and Cream Gorse, you may go straight to heaven or that earthly parallel in a Quornite's eyes, found in a gallop over the Twyford Vale. Barkby Holt and Ashby Pastures are other names to conjure by. Here, in old Dick's time, grew the stoutest bullfinches, the regular 'stitchers,' at which 'we used to go slap-bang, holloaing like fun to cheer up horses and men.' Hereabouts, too, are Rearsby and Gaddesby : Lowesby Hall, made famous by poor Bromley-Davenport in one of the best parodies ever written ; Baggrave and John O'Gaunt ; Scraptoft, and most traditional of all, Billesdon, with its immortal Coplow, which is really within Sir B. Cunard's border. The historical Billesdon Coplow run was in Mr. Meynell's last year of mastership, on February 24, 1800, on a bitter cold day with the wind blowing from the north-east. The distance is said to have been twenty-eight miles, and the estimate of the time occupied in covering it is fabulously short. After crossing the Soar, the hounds changed their fox and carried the new one on to Enderby Gorse, where they lost him. The only man who crossed the stream on horseback was Mr. Germaine. A famous picture was painted of the run at this point by Mr. Loraine Smith, and, according to him, the only men who got so far were himself, Mr. Germaine, 'Jack' Musters (Byron's rival in love and Assheton Smith's in sport), Lord Maynard, his

groom, and Jack Raven, the huntsman. There was another great run from here in 'the Squire's' time, ten miles to Ranksboro', of which only 'the Squire,' on his famous little Assheton, and Mr. Greene, on his even more famous bay mare, saw the end. Along the western boundary from Kirby Muxloe northwards to Lord Ferrers' and the Nottinghamshire districts the county changes; woods grow larger and ploughs mostly take the place of grass. Still, foxes are as plentiful as ploughs; and as the hard-riding dandies do not patronise these uncivilised parts, the *hunting* is good enough, whatever the *riding* may be. If your fox slips from Charnwood Forest, as the wild hilly country from Bradgate to Gracedieu is called, over the Atherstone border, there will be plenty of riding.

The country now hunted by Sir Bache Cunard's hounds is that once known as Mr. Tailby's. As we have said, it was first made a separate country in Sir Richard Sutton's time, and was once larger by the piece a few years ago reclaimed by the Cottesmore. It has also been known as the Billesdon Hunt, from the fact of the hounds having been originally kept at Billesdon, a fact commemorated by the initials 'B. H.' still worn on their coat-buttons by members of the hunt. In the old days, before Mr. Tailby's area became so sadly circumscribed, when Jack Goddard, and then Frank Goodall, held the horn, there was no such sport shown anywhere in the Shires. Leicester and Market Harboro' command the country, but if you intend to limit yourself entirely to these hounds, and they will give you sport enough unless you insist on hunting every day in the week, either Kibworth or Billesdon is more central. Five days a fortnight is the fare provided—Mondays, Thursdays, and alternate Saturdays, when the Cottesmore are away on the eastern side of their kingdom. Gumley, Mowsley, Shemsby, Bruntingthorpe, Kilby and Wistow are the pick of the Monday meets in the southern district. Most of the coverts are small, and there is more plough than in the northern half; but there are several fine galloping bits, from John Ball, for instance, or Walton Holt westward to the Atherstone country. All these

places are on the Market Harboro' side. Leicester way, Thurnby Spinney, Glen Gorse, Norton Gorse, Noseley, and Sheepshorns, are all famous places for good foxes, and almost certain to grant a run over a glorious country. The Saturdays are generally spent in dusting the woodlands on the Cottesmore boundary, from which runs may come, and if they do they will probably be over a very stiff country.

'For the truest sport, the straightest foxes, for perfection of country, for long runs and fast runs, commend us,' says 'Brooksby,' 'to the wild pastures of the COTTESMORE.' This establishment seems to have owed its origin to Sir William Lowther, first Earl of Lonsdale, who kept a pack of harriers at Uffington in the last quarter of last century, which about 1790 he turned into foxhounds. When his hounds were sold, their pedigree went back 130 years, which would presumably carry it into the seventeenth century. According to Dick Christian, who was born at Cottesmore, a Mr. Noel, of Exton, was the oldest accorded master of this country. He kept the hounds at Cottesmore, and his huntsman was Arthur Abbey, 'a big heavy man, with a rasping strong voice.' He was with Sir Gilbert Heathcote afterwards, and is famous, if for nothing else, for his saying to a parson who had just subsided into a muddy ditch: 'You can lie where you are, sir: you won't be wanted till next Sunday,' a happy thought subsequently appropriated, as everyone remembers, by John Leech. Lord Gainsborough took the hounds after Mr. Noel's death, and after his own they passed to Sir William Lowther. Sir Gilbert Heathcote's mastership seems to have lasted about ten years, from 1799 to 1809, during which time Dick Christian was with him as whip and occasional huntsman, and general breaker and trainer of young horses. Then the hounds went back to Sir William, who had blossomed into the Earl of Lonsdale, and in that family they stayed some time. Indeed the Lowthers have always been more or less connected with these hounds. When Mr. Tailby took the lower part of the Quorn country in 1856-7, he was also given, as has been said, a slice of the

Cottesmore, on the particular understanding that if ever Lowther took to the latter hounds again, it should revert to its ancient use. And this actually did happen in the season of 1871–2. In the early years of the century the Cottesmore country was very wild, rough, and deep; even now it is much the wildest, the most in a state of nature, of the Shires. This made the hounds particularly good hunters, and though not so quick in the open as the Quorn, they were always held to be the best on a line. The historians of the chase are less voluminous on the Cottesmore hunt than on many others. With the exception of Dick Christian's reminiscences, and the fact that Sir Richard Sutton was master for a short but brilliant reign before taking the Quorn, there are few facts to be gathered from history. Dick tells us of a tremendous run in Sir Gilbert's reign, known as 'The Prince of Wales's day,' afterwards George the Fourth. His Royal Highness was staying at Normanton; 'he was nowhere, bless you; they gave him the brush, though, just to please him.' The Prince must have had plenty to keep him company, for it was, by the veteran's account, a desperate affair. 'We found at Armley Wood, then through Empingham, Cottesmore Wood, straight through Exton Park, across the North Road by Horn Lane toll-bar, through Ardwick Wood, where the balloon from Nottingham fell, The Lings, Fowthorpe Oaks, Stamford Field-side, Royal Belthorpe, Rasen Gretford; then we came to Langtoft and Deeping—let me see—and Tallerton, and then by Uppington Wood, and killed at Essendine Park—that's it. Six horses died in the field; these they laid heels up'ards. Lord Charles Manners and Sir Gilbert were up first. There must have been twenty-two miles or more. The run would have made sixteen or seventeen of it. The late Lord Lonsdale was out, and Lindow, and Germaine, and Vanneck. I would be about twenty-eight then, and somewhere about ten stone.' Oakham and Stamford are the head-quarters most commonly patronised, and the former the most. A quiet market town it is, about three hours' journey from London, with plenty of good accommodation for man and beast. From here you get

not only all the pick of the native meets, but the Quorn, the Belvoir, and Sir B. Cunard's are also accessible. Westward and southward from Oakham to the Quorn boundaries is the best of the Cottesmore country: fine grass fields carrying a good scent in almost all weathers, plenty of foxes, and fences —'tremendious,' as Dick Christian would have said, and did say, over which, on a memorable day, he pounded the late Lord Cardigan on his famous Dandy. There are some stiff hills about Tilton and Launde, which are not much admired when they present themselves in the middle of a quick burst, however much they contribute at other times to the picturesqueness of the scenery. Leesthorpe and Langham are the favourite meets hereabouts. From the first you get the Punchbowl, from the second Ranksboro Gorse, names surely familiar to every man, woman, or child that has ever heard of a fox, a hound, or a horse. Close to Melton are Wyld's Lodge and Stapleford Park. Just outside the latter is a noted draw, Laxton's covert, below which runs a well-known stream, commonly but wrongly assimilated with the Whissendine. If you run from Laxton's to Ranksboro, however, you are pretty sure to cross the latter, and not absolutely certain not to get into it. A great feature of the Cottesmore country is its woods; not the regular woodlands that lie on the eastern side beyond Stamford, but the smaller ones hereabouts—the Great and Little woods of Owston, the woods of Launde and Launde Park, of Tilton, and Wardley, and Witham, and Orton Park. A woodland draw has its drawbacks, of course (we protest against any intention of a pun); but these are such splendid nurseries of foxes that no good sportsman would wish to see them diminished by so much as a tree. Besides, when you do get well away from them, you can hardly go wrong, and no fox ever runs so staunchly and straightly as a woodland-bred one.

On the eastern side of the hunt, from Stamford northwards past Bowne to Grimsthorpe Park, which is almost on the borders of the Belvoir, runs a great range of woodlands. Full of foxes they are, but not otherwise attractive. The country

hereabouts is mostly heavy plough, and intersected by wide and deep drains. A stout, short-legged horse is wanted here, not fast, but a good jumper. For the rest, a nag that will carry you well to the Quorn will not disgrace you with the Cottesmore. But he must be a strong as well as a well-bred one, for the pastures are heavier here than the Melton grass, and the country generally much wilder and less bothered by scientific agriculturists. The stiffest part of it all is the Skeffington lordship, which you will probably cross (if you and your horse can) from Launde or Tilton Woods. The 'oxers' hereabouts are terrific; the hills are steep; and in most of the valleys are diabolical freaks of nature known as 'bottoms,' almost amounting to ravines, some of which no horse yet foaled could be put at with any chance of getting over, even with a fall. 'A wide-spread region, scarcely inhabited; ground that carries a scent in all weathers; woodlands which breed a travelling race; and mile upon mile of untracked grass, where a fox will meet nothing more terrifying than a bullock.' So 'Brooksby' summarises this glorious country, and those who have known the pleasures of a gallop from Ranksboro Gorse to Laxton's Covert, from Owston Wood to John o' Gaunt, or from Witham Common over the Vale of Catmose, will probably agree with him that there is no sport in England like that shown by the Cottesmore bitches.

No pack of hounds in England, not even its great rival the Quorn, has so memorable a history as the PYTCHLEY. It has even, as one may say, a political history of its own, having, as no one will ever forget, been the cause of Homeric laughter in the House of Commons, on an occasion which no biographer of Mr. John Bright must ever pretend to pass by. The name comes from an ancient Elizabethan house, built by a certain Sir Eustace Isham about 1570, and pulled down by the late George Payne. The lords of the manor, 'Cecil'[1] tells us, held it of the Crown on condition of their keeping dogs to destroy wolves, foxes, polecats, and *such like creatures*. But that ex-

[1] *Records of the Chase*, ch. vii.

llent sportsman and pleasant writer, the late Charles Clarke, as traced the name yet farther into 'the dark backward of me.'[1] He has traced it back to one William of Pightesley, who, in Henry the Third's reign, succeeded to the Pstah of ne Alwyne the Hunter by a tenure binding him to chase wolves, foxes, and other vermin.' The 'Pytchley Hunt' of hose days seems to have been somewhat oddly composed. There were 'sixteen dogs' for hunting fallow deer, and the staff consisted of a royal huntsman, 'two horses and three men.' Their appearance could not well have been splendid, at least from a sumptuary point of view. The prince and great nobles of that day went, by all accounts, very gorgeously clad, but their retainers apparently something less so. The leader of Henry the Third's greyhounds, for instance, was allowed only fourpence for his boots and shoes; 'the winter shoes of the whole establishment of Edward de Blatherwycke (a better name for a member of Parliament than for a sportsman), foxhunter to Edward the First, cost only seven shillings.' Shillings and pennies meant then a great deal more than they do now; still, even on the most liberal computation, the expenditure could hardly have been reckless. As the Cottesmore is associated with the Lowther family, so the family of Spencer has long been connected with the fortunes of the Pytchley. Lord Althorp hunted the country for many years before his death in 1746, though when his hounds became foxhounds purely is not known. From that year till 1794, the Spencers ruled over the Pytchley, hunting alternately what were then known as the Althorp and Pytchley countries. Nearly all the gentlemen of Northamptonshire hunted then, and when the hounds were at Althorp, all the squires in the neighbourhood kept open house: when the time for Pytchley came, they shut up their houses and with their families followed the hounds to the latter place. The Pytchl[illegible]s famous then as the Old Club at Melton be[illegible]d among its best known members was Assh[illegible] Dick Knight was the huntsman,

[1] [illegible]tsman's *Table*, vol. ii. ch. xiii.

renowned in song and story, and the sport was glorious. In the famous library at Althorp there are some interesting manuscript records of the history of the hunt, from which Mr. Clarke was allowed to make extracts. They date from the year 1773, when John, Earl Spencer, kept the hounds, and also a most minute diary of the sport. On October 23 of that year there seems to have been a red-letter day thus recorded:

Out: Lord Spencer, Lord Jersey, Lord Robert Spencer, Mr. Bouverie, Mr. Knightley, Mr. Hanbury, Mr. Percival, Colonel Burgoyne, &c. Threw off with the old hounds at Bagbrooke Hills. Found quite at the extremity of the cover. The fox took a circle round the hill and over the open field to the Dirt House Cover, through which he ran. He then made for the thorns on the edge of the turnpike road, back over the other side of the same open field, in view of the company up the hill, into the cover, where he was first found, and where, after some little check, a hound was seizing him, but was whipped off by Dick Knight, and he got to ground. A fresh fox then jumped up, went into the inclosure, crossed the brook, through the thorns before mentioned, over the high road, bearing down the ground to the left. He then passed over the same brook to Lichborough Springs, by the edge of Grub's Copse, without daring to go into it. Keeping on in a line for Towcester, till he came within two miles of it, when he returned to the right, and within the distance of two or three grounds was killed in a turnip field. *This was a very pleasing chase, having a great deal of steady running and excellent hunting; but the strong inclosures at the first starting off prevented part of the company from seeing the whole of it. An old fox.*

This Dick Knight, who seems generally to have been spoken of as 'Mr.' Knight, is not to be confounded with his namesake of a later day, the one mentioned above. The real, the historic 'Dick,' was a great character in hunting tradition. He seems to have been famous rather as a rider than a huntsman; at least his virtues must have mostly lain the former way. 'The Druid' thus describes him:[1]—

He was a fine horseman, and was magnificently mounted, but he had no practice. He thought he knew better than the hounds,

[1] *The Post and the Paddock*, ch. xiv.

and was too fond of lifting them. . . . He had neither patience nor perseverance, and was always for finding a fresh fox. Having plenty of horses, he would gallop off miles distant. Half the field thought the hounds were running, and did not discover their mistake till they got to a fresh covert with their horses half done. Such we believe to have been the mode adopted by the renowned Dick Knight.

Then, after one season under a Mr. Buller, the hounds passed to the great John Warde. He brought the two countries into one, and moved the kennels to Boughton. Large hounds were his passion, 'great calves,' as the Quorn men called them; but large as they were they could chase as well as hunt, and their steadiness was a byword through the length and breadth of hunting England. When 'Glorious John' left Northamptonshire for the New Forest (a change, indeed !), the old family came to the front again in the person of Lord Althorp, who bought the hounds from his predecessor for 1,000 guineas, a pretty good proof of the value of the 'great calves.' Pytchley once more became the head-quarters, and the golden years returned. According to 'Cecil,' in which he differs from 'The Druid,' who, however, is vague in the matter of dates, and apt sometimes to contradict himself, Charles King was then the huntsman, a better one than Knight and quite as good a rider. He is said to have offered to ride, dance, play the fiddle, and hunt a pack of hounds, against any man in the midland counties, and, like the first Lord Spencer, he was very particular in keeping a diary. The Club was then in its prime, with Frank Forester, the giant Dick Gurney, Hugo Meynell, Sir Charles Knightley, Sir David Baird, George Payne (father of the late George), the brothers Allix, Sir Thomas Salisbury, and Frederick Ponsonby among its shining lights, with an occasional flash from Melton in the shape of Lord Alvanley. This great time lasted till 1820, and then, after a series of short reigns, including Sir Bellingham Graham's and Mr. Musters', came 'the Squire's' mastership from 1827 till 1834, which almost rivalled the great days of Lord Althorp's.

Mr. George Payne, Lord Chesterfield (whose reign was as magnificent as Lord Sefton's in Leicestershire), Mr. Tom (not Assheton) Smith followed, and then Mr. Payne again. It is in Mr. Payne's second mastership that we first find connected with these hounds a name which has since become a household word in the Pytchley hunt—the name of Charles Payne. He came from the Oakley, having graduated under that fine huntsman, George Beers, and at first his duties were confined to the kennels. It was in Lord Hopetoun's time, in 1852, that Payne was first entrusted with the horn, and never at any time, or in any country, did huntsman carry it to more effect. In his earliest days he was noted as 'a quick, intelligent, well-behaved servant, and a marvellous fellow to get over a country,' and these qualities he preserved undiminished to the end of his active career. From 1852 till when he went into Wales to Sir Watkin Wynn, he was at the head of affairs, through the masterships of Lord Hopetoun, Mr. Villiers, Lord Spencer, and Mr. Anstruther Thomson. No quicker or keener huntsman ever cheered a hound; no better rider ever threw his leg over a saddle; no more civil or intelligent servant ever wore scarlet. In 1862, the present Lord Spencer came into office and stayed there for three seasons, and then followed Mr. Anstruther Thomson, whose reign will be for ever memorable for the great run from Waterloo Gorse. In 1873, when Mr. Naylor was at the head of affairs, a second pack was set on foot to hunt the Rockingham woodlands. In 1874, Lord Spencer took the hounds again and kept them for five seasons, when he retired in favour of Mr. Langham, but for a short while longer kept the woodland country in his hands, hunting it two days a week with Brigstock for his head-quarters.

There are six commanding points of departure for the Pytchley country—Rugby, Market Harboro', Weedon, Daventry, Lutterworth, and Northampton. Of these, Northampton is the most central for the country, Market Harboro' the most famous by name, and Rugby, perhaps, the most handy for all sorts of good hounds and countries of all hunting

centres in England. All three, as well as Weedon, are within a couple of hours' journey from London, and can be reached by a 7.30 train in time for an eleven o'clock meet.

Rugby, indeed, offers a most unlimited choice of delights. Besides the Pytchley, the Quorn, Sir Bache Cunard's, the Atherstone, both the Warwickshire packs and the Oakley are all tolerably handy on various days throughout the week. A gallop with Sir Nathaniel over the Aylesbury Vale can also be encompassed with no extreme labour. There is a capital hotel and a club, any amount of stabling, and plenty of pleasant company. It would be hard to find a better place anywhere for the man obliged to make London his head-quarters, and yet able to spare a day or two together for his hunting. Almost the only objection to Rugby is its distance from all the kennels of the packs it commands. The meets consequently can often be reached only by rail; but, on the other hand, of lines of railway there is no lack at Rugby.

To the dwellers at Market Harboro', Sir Bache Cunard's and the Cottesmore are the only packs of convenient resort besides their native Pytchley. It has this advantage over Rugby, that the morning train leaves London half an hour later. By the souls given to festivity, Market Harboro' may probably be thought a little dull, though Mr. Sawyer did not seem to find it so. But to him who regards hunting as a serious business, not to be mingled with social frivolities, it is a notable place. Like Rugby, it is far from any kennel, but not so far.

Northampton commands all the southern district of the Pytchley, and the best also of the Oakley, and the Duke of Grafton's. Weedon is much in the same category, with the Bicester and Warwickshire to boot. Lutterworth and Daventry are quiet little places, rather off the line of railways, but perhaps no worse for that. The former is on the extreme west of the country, in a little nook handy for the Atherstone and Sir B. Cunard's. Daventry is on the extreme south, close to the borders of the two Warwickshire packs, the Duke of Grafton's and the northern meets of the Bicester.

The favourite part of this fine and large country is that known as the Wednesday or Rugby district. The most notable meets hereabouts are Lilbourne Village, Stamford Hall, Kilworth Hall, Yelvertoft, Cold Ashby, and Crick, almost as historic a name as Billesdon. Its fame arose from a marvellous run into Oxfordshire after a fox found in a hedgerow. A covert was then made, the horses were prepared for it, says 'The Druid,' as if for the Derby. From Stamford to Misterton or the Hemplows; from Cold Ashby to the latter hills; from Lilbourne to Crick or Stamford, are tremendous lines, 'fit for a king,' says 'Brooksby,' 'if that king be but well minded and well mounted.' They take you nearly all over grass, and over fences of various and most uncompromising sorts. On these Wednesdays the crowd is so huge, that a 'Pytchley Wednesday' has passed into a proverb. 'If,' says the eloquent 'Brooksby,' 'you would learn to what colossal magnitude and manifold variety a hunting field can attain, go out on a Pytchley Wednesday to a favourite fixture! If you would observe how such a field can cordially subject itself to proper discipline, stand at the covert side as one of them! If, again, you would put your nerve and self-confidence to a thorough test, make yourself an atom in the Niagara-like rush to which the "gone away" is a signal! If you would mark in its most perfect form the first essential for a foxhound in the Shires, watch the Pytchley bitches slipping to the front through the mad torrent.'

On the Market Harboro' side, which is visited on Fridays and Saturdays alternately with the Weedon side, the fences are terrific. Jem Mason used to say—and no one could speak with greater authority on such matters—that no one could ride the line straight from Waterloo Gorse to Dingley, without three falls, no matter what his horse was. And an authority, who quotes the saying, adds that the ox fences round about Market Harboro' are simply impossible. 'You can't ride the country in its immediate neighbourhood straight,' he says. 'It is my belief,' he declares, with a frankness perhaps more bold than judicious, 'that these ox fences, more than all else, bar the way

to Market Harboro's prosperity as a hunting centre. Bold men, perhaps, battle with them for a year or two : fathers of families shudder as they look at them, and decline further acquaintance at once.' *Discretion is the truest valour at Harboro'.* To the stiffness of the Pytchley country generally another witness speaks from the mouth of one who was not wont to turn his head away from a big fence. 'Large grass fields,' says Whyte-Melville, 'from fifty to a hundred acres in extent, carrying a rare scent, are indeed tempting ; but to my own taste, though perhaps in this my reader may not agree with me, they would be more inviting were they not separated by such forbidding



'The Niagara-like rush to which the "gone-away" is a signal.'

fences. A high black-thorn hedge, strong enough to hold an elephant, with one and sometimes two ditches, fortified, moreover, in many cases, by a rail placed half a horse's length off to keep out cattle from the thorns, offers, indeed, scope for all the nobler qualities of man and beast, but while sufficiently perilous for glory, seems to my mind rather too stiff for pleasure.'[1] 'Most of the country hereabouts is grass, and in the very centre of the most formidable tract stands the far-famed Waterloo Gorse. Blue Covert (supposed to have been planted by the 'Blues' when last quartered at Northampton), Talliho, Sulby Gorse,

[1] *Riding Recollections*, ch. xiv.

Naseby Covert, and Marston Wood, are all coverts of mark here.

From Weedon you get grass nearly all round you, and in the Shuckburgh valley, over which a good fox will probably take you from Braunston Gorse, some very big fences. Badby Wood is the most notable stronghold of foxes in these parts, and Ashby St. Ledgers, Nobottle Wood, Brampton Gorse, Harberton Heath, Whitton osier bed (with a nice little brook, though often found a nasty one, handy), Staverton Wood, and Buckby Folly, are all rich in the raw material. From Weedon, too, you may find yourself at Brixworth and try your chance at 'Knightley's leap,' a fenced brook below Brixworth Hill, over which the late Sir Charles Knightley, on his famous Benvolio, once covered thirty-one feet of ground. The coverts on the extreme south, Stowe Wood, Everton Stubbs, &c., are shared with the Duke of Grafton.

In the Northampton district there are big woodlands, and more plough than elsewhere. From Sywell Wood to Gib Wood is almost a continuous chain of coverts, practically making one vast wood. Herein foxes disport themselves abundantly, but they are not always to be persuaded to go away as good foxes should. Round Harrowden and Faxton are the best and most grassy parts of this district. Near Northampton the soil is lighter, and this is known as the worst scenting ground of the country.

The Woodland country, now, as we have said, hunted by a separate pack, lies mainly between the river Welland on the west and the Nene on the east. The kennels are at Brigstock, a central point, and the places from which the best of the country can be reached are Kettering, Thrapston, Oundle, and Market Harboro', but the Nimrods at the last place naturally, save in the early autumn and late spring, prefer their own open pastures. The Duke of Buccleuch's woods, Brigstock Forest, the Bulwick Woods, the great coverts of Deene, Brampton and Oundle Woods, Carlton Forest, and the Pipwell Wocds are the most conspicuous of these famous strongholds.

For those who can appreciate the joys of this style of hunting, and that it has a peculiar charm of its own none who have ever tried it will gainsay, there are few better places to enjoy it in than the Pytchley Woodlands. There is an unfailing supply of foxes, even in the northernmost parts where game is strictly preserved ; the rides are everywhere passable to a stout-limbed nag, and, as is the wont of woodlands, the deep mysteries of scent



'Luckily with a liberal supply of gates.'

rarely trouble much hounds' noses or men's minds. A gallop in the open, too, is no unknown thing. Between the Duke of Buccleuch's woods and Brigstock is a fine piece of grass with some unconscionable fences, but luckily also with a liberal supply of gates. Between the woods round Rockingham and the Welland is again more grass ; while from Cranford Gorse and Finedon Poplars down to the Nene is an open tract of light plough and convenient fences. A man who wishes to enjoy not too violently the genuine sport could hardly do so better than here. And he need not spend too much money on

horseflesh. 'You may,' observes the sagacious 'Brooksby,' 'if you like, keep a good horse for Dingley, Rushton, &c., on the chance of a dive into the outer grass. But for home purposes and general occasion, something stout and short-legged—with a blood head, and heels well protected (if you can hit upon such a combination)—will carry you well enough. An extra ten pounds on fair hack action will not be thrown away—if you would hunt far and late.'

On the whole, most people who have tried it will agree with the same much travelled authority that the Pytchley is a 'superlatively pleasant country,' to ride over. It is less hilly than High Leicestershire, except for the Hemplow Hills, which are indeed most painful eminences to confront after a quick burst; it abounds both in grass and in foxes; the fences, though everywhere big, are, save for the few exceptions indicated, not impossible for a good horse and man. Lastly, but very far from leastly, the farmers are with the fox hunters to a man; many of them riding well themselves, and all staunch preservers.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PROVINCES.



'Rough and various ground.'

ROUND the 'Shires' lie some dozen or so of packs, with many of which, save for the name of the thing, it is possible to get as good *sport* and as good *fun* as in those more fashionable districts; and some few of which actually do over the same ground. Whyte-Melville has drawn for his own purpose a very wide distinction between the 'Shires' and the 'Provinces,'

and his Provinces are very Provincial indeed. He has done so, not in scorn, very far indeed from that; Whyte-Melville was too good a sportsman to turn his nose up at the homeliest establishment in the roughest country in Great Britain, so long as things were done in a workmanlike manner. But his design was to accentuate the difference of ideas on the subject of sport between 'Old Rapid' and his son. So he describes how the latter sees his fox run into after seven-and-twenty minutes without a check over the pick of High Leicestershire, in which run he has gone first from find to finish. And Papa Rapid possesses his soul in a real wild hunting run; in which some twelve miles of rough and various ground have been covered in an hour and three-quarters, with only one check to speak of; sharing his delights with a 'field' consisting of Old Matthew (the huntsman), and his one whip, the Vicar, a schoolboy on his pony, and some three or four strapping yeomen.[1] His enumeration of the merits of such hunting grounds as a training school for young sportsmen is worth quoting.

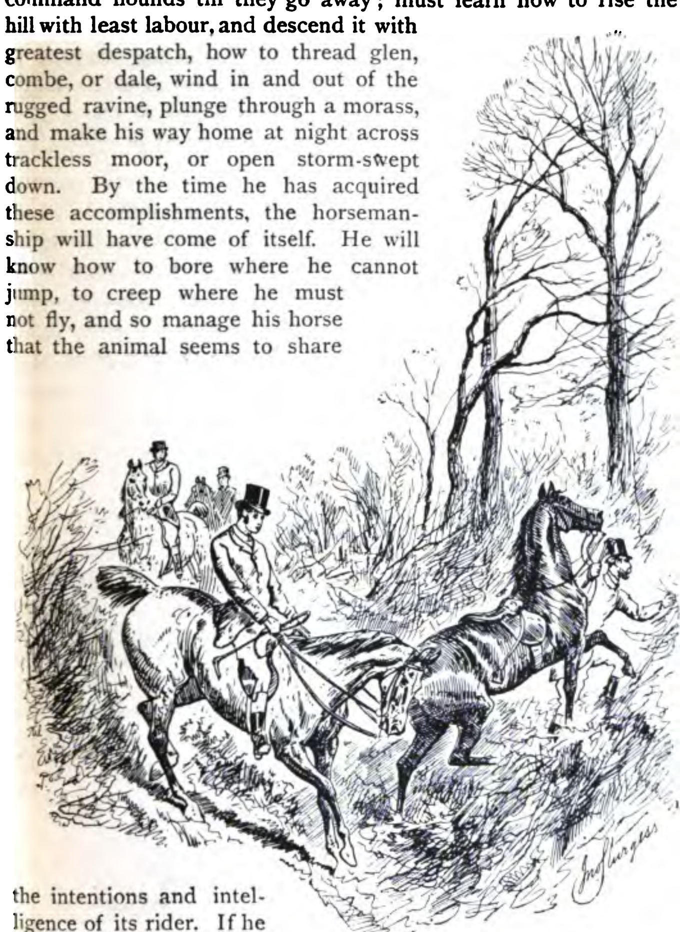
In large woods, amongst secluded hills, or wild tracts of moor intersected by impracticable ravines, a lover of the chase is compelled by force of circumstances to depend on his own eyes, ears, and general intelligence for his amusement. He finds no young Rapid to pilot him over the large places, if he *means going*; no crafty band of second-horsemen to guide him in safety to the finish, if his ambition is satisfied with a distant and occasional view of the stirring pageant; no convenient hand-gate in the corner, no friendly bridge across the stream; above all, no hurrying cavalcade drawn out for miles, amongst which to hide, and with whom pleasantly to compare notes hereafter in those self-deceiving moments, when

> Dined, o'er our claret we talk of the merit,
> Of every choice spirit that rode in the run.
> But here the crowd, sir, can talk just as loud, sir,
> As those who were forward enjoying the fun!

No. In the Provinces our young sportsman must make up his mind to take his own part, to study the coverts drawn, and find

[1] *Riding Recollections*, chs. xiii. and xiv.

out for himself the points where he can see, hear, and, so to speak, command hounds till they go away; must learn how to rise the hill with least labour, and descend it with greatest despatch, how to thread glen, combe, or dale, wind in and out of the rugged ravine, plunge through a morass, and make his way home at night across trackless moor, or open storm-swept down. By the time he has acquired these accomplishments, the horsemanship will have come of itself. He will know how to bore where he cannot jump, to creep where he must not fly, and so manage his horse that the animal seems to share



'To creep where he must not fly.'

the intentions and intelligence of its rider. If he can afford it, and likes to spend a season or two in the Shires for the last superlative polish, let him go and welcome. He will be taught to get clear of a crowd, to leap timber at short notice, to put on

his boots and breeches, and that is about all that there is left for him to learn !

And he adds a shrewd fear lest he should 'offend an incalculable number of good fellows and good sportsmen, were I to describe as *provincial* establishments, the variety of hunts, north, south, east, and west, with which I have enjoyed so much good company and good fun. *Each has its own claim to distinction, some have collars, all have sport.*'

But there are Provinces and Provinces. Such countries as that in which Squire Rapid was wont to bring his foxes to hand, with the aid of those incomparable hounds Challenger and Charmer, are rare now, and grow rarer every day, what with the march of steam and of intellect. And when found, their beauties and virtues, which we for our part would be the last of men to disparage, having indeed both by nature and training, a strong fancy for the more unfashionable side of fox hunting—their charms, we say, are rather local than general. Born to them, he, we are inclined to think, would be something of an ass who should leave them for the more violent and gaudier delights of the Shires—as perhaps Mr. Sawyer may have sometimes thought when things went wrong with his pretty wife ; for had he stayed at home, content to triumph over the Nimrods of his native wilderness, he had never met Miss Cissy Dove. Poor Bromley-Davenport has, indeed, vowed that he

> Counts the swell provincial lower than the Melton Muff;

but the poet, we have the best possible authority for knowing, is 'a maker of images and very far gone from the truth.' Still, charming as these few natural nooks and corners of Old England are, not many, we imagine, meditating on some pleasant place wherein to pitch his hunting tent and enjoy his sport with something less than Meltonian frequency and ardour, and at something considerably less than Meltonian expense, would select such a one. As a rule, they are 'far from rail and turnpike road,' and that is a drawback to all *hunting quarters* however much of an advantage it may be to all *hunting grounds*. But there is plenty of choice for him nearer civilisation. He

need have no difficulty in finding all he wants; good hounds and good country, good sport and good company, hunting *and* riding, without taking a journey to Corinth. Especially will he find them in those packs we have already alluded to as bordering on the Shires; of some of which it may be fairly said that if not the rose, at least they have been so long in its company that only a very nice critic could mark the difference.

Conspicuous among these is the ATHERSTONE, which hunts about equal parts of Leicestershire and Warwickshire, and a small corner of Staffordshire. The history of these hounds springs from some time in the latter half of last century. The first recorded date is the year 1793 when Lord Talbot, of Ingestre Hall, sold his hounds to Mr. Lambton. The first Lord Donegal had preceded Lord Talbot, and Lord Vernon succeeded him. In the latter's day the boundaries of the hunt were considerably enlarged, and orange took the place of the orthodox scarlet as the uniform of the hunt. But for some time after there appear to have been four divisions of the country, sometimes united under one master, sometimes hunted separately on a system of mutual accommodation.[1] It was in Mr. Osbaldeston's time that the pack received its present name, and the kennels moved to Witherley where they still stand. Sir Bellingham Graham, Mr. Anstruther Thomson, and Mr. Selby-Lowndes have been also among the masters. The present master, Mr. Oakley, came into office in 1871. The country as at present established is bounded on the south by the North Warwickshire, on the west by the South Staffordshire, by the Quorn and the Meynell on the north, and on the east by the Quorn, Sir Bache Cunard's and the Pytchley. The pick of the country lies of course on the eastern side, which is well commanded by the universal Rugby, and farther north below Leicester is also some pretty galloping ground. When the meet is at Brownsoever, Coton House, Bitteswell, or Newnham Paddox, the 'fields' are of true Leicester dimensions, the Quornites and the Pytchley men mustering in great force. The

[1] *Records of the Chase*, ch. vii.

most central point is Nuneaton, near the kennels, and handy for all the four days a week on which these hounds take the field. From Market Bosworth, all—and from Leicester, Lutterworth and Coventry, nearly all—the country can be ranged. The last-named is famous among cavalry quarters, and the gallant young gunner (of late years Horse Artillery have taken the old cavalry barracks) whom the authorities may have directed to pass his winter there will have little cause to grumble, if he be fond of fox hunting. Altogether the Atherstone is essentially a sporting country. There is much grass, and such ploughed land as there is, even in the Birmingham district, about the worst of all, is never very deep or sticky. There is plenty of jumping. In the greater part of this country the fences are very small, but very blind; some of it, however, is big enough for anybody; but none is of that desperate quality one meets with in some other quarters, in parts of the Belvoir Vale for instance, or round Market Harboro'. There are plenty of coverts of all sorts and sizes, from the snug little gorse at Coton to the big woods of Coombe; and an excellent supply of foxes.

Due south of this pleasant land lie the two Warwickshire packs. The southernmost, known as the WARWICKSHIRE, has a famous history, in which the names of the great John Warde, and, in county story, the yet greater Mr. Corbet, stand out with peculiar lustre. The latter reigned for twenty seasons, from 1791 to 1812. He was not a hard rider, but he had a rare good huntsman in Will Barrow, and was perhaps the most popular master of hounds that ever hunted the country. In his time the principal kennels were at Stratford-on-Avon, but he had others at Meriden, between Coventry and Coleshill, handier for the woodlands. Lord Middleton followed Mr. Corbet and managed matters for ten seasons, and then came an era of short masterships till 1839 when Mr. Barnard, father of the present Lord Willoughby de Broke, came into office and stayed there for seventeen years. Leamington is the great hunting centre, and famous not only for hunting, as it is the liveliest and most sociable of all the towns wherein the disciples

of Nimrod do congregate. In the year 1822 the growing importance of Leamington had already begun to vex the souls of the good old county families who looked to Warwick as their capital. A year or two later Mrs. Landor wrote to her famous son at Florence that the charms of this new watering place were 'driving the gentry away from Warwick.' Between 1830 and 1840 Leamington used to boast itself a rival to Melton, and if other things than riding to hounds may come into the account, it was perhaps more than a rival. The steeplechases helped it much. In the great days of that amusement, when Captain Becher on Vivian held the pride of place afterwards held by Jem Mason on Lottery, before the star of Liverpool had risen, Leamington divided with St. Albans the honours of the flag. Nor is it only for the Warwickshire hounds that Leamington is handy. The Quorn, the Pytchley, and the Atherstone, the Duke of Grafton's, the Bicester, and the Heythrop may all be reached therefrom. The poorest part of the country is oddly enough just round about Leamington; the best on the Shuckburgh side on the far east, where a deal of riding is wanted to see what hounds are doing. Banbury and Fenny Compton are also convenient quarters; the latter more so for choice meets, the former, within the Oxfordshire border, as a place of residence, being by an hour or more nearer to London, and also containing more human interest. Stratford on the western side has also its advantages, besides that pre-eminent one of association with a certain William Shakespeare who knew the points of a good horse, as he knew everything else, better than most men. It is also near the kennels, which were settled at Kineton in the first year of Mr. Barnard's mastership, on land given to the hunt by Mr. George Lucy of Charlecote Park—another association with the name of Shakespeare. So keen was the interest taken in the work all along the country-side that the materials were drawn to the spot by the waggons, five hundred and fifty-three in all, of one hundred and eighty farmers.[1] The grass lands of Warwickshire cover about one-

[1] *Records of the Chase*, ch. vii.

third of the area; they are often deep, and the ploughs are not of the lightest. There is a good deal of timber, and the hedges are thick and strong; brooks are not very plentiful nor very large, though the land is watered by two rivers, the Avon and the Stour. Lord Willoughby de Bróke, the present master, hunts five days a week, though four only are in the bond. Both coverts and foxes are well cared for, and indeed there are few countries where the old hunting spirit has been better maintained than Warwickshire, and not many quarters where a man may quietly enjoy more good sport in pleasant company than Banbury.

Though a separate pack of hounds has intermittently hunted the northern portion of the country since the beginning of the century, that now known as the NORTH WARWICKSHIRE was not definitely settled, according to 'Brooksby,' till 1853, when Mr. Selby-Lowndes took the mastership. He only stayed in the country for two seasons, but Mr. Baker, who followed, held it till ill-health made him retire in 1862. He showed fine sport, and so did Mr. Oswald Milne after him for seven seasons, and then his pack, a particularly good one, passed to Mr. Lamb, the present master. Birmingham on the north-west, Leamington on the south, and Rugby on the east mark the boundaries of this Hunt, which is much smaller than the older branch on the south; rougher too, with more woodland and less grass, and some say, rather fewer foxes. Still near Birmingham there is some nice galloping ground, and from Hillmorton Gorse or Bunker's Hill in the Rugby district one of the finest grass lines anywhere in England. Besides the towns mentioned, Coventry also comes into play for these hounds.

Besides the Warwickshire packs Banbury also commands two others of historic repute, the BICESTER and the HEYTHROP. The first-named can show as fine a record as any pack in the kingdom, from the beginning of the century when Sir Thomas Mostyn had them, with the elephantine Stephen Goodall for huntsman, and when, according to 'The Druid,' upwards of a hundred hunters were stabled in the little town from which the

hunt takes its name, and 'not a chimney corner was to be let.'[1] As Stephen weighed twenty stone he was not of much service when hounds ran fast, which, as a matter of fact, they do not seem very often to have done in those days. Sir Thomas had curious theories of breeding, and an almost fanatic aversion to tongue, which resulted in his hounds at last running almost mute. Tom Wingfield was a better servant to Sir Thomas than either Goodall or the 'great Mr. Shawe,' and, among other accomplishments, he was famous for being the only man able to keep in order Griff Lloyd, the hunting parson, and a great character in that country and time. Mr. Drake, the Squire of Shardeloes, succeeded to Sir Thomas, and the sport grew faster. Drake has always been a name of mark in this country, and when the present Squire hunted the country, and his brothers Edward (a parson, too, but of a different stamp to Griff Lloyd, and as good in the cricket field as the saddle) and George were in their prime, it took an uncommon good man and horse to beat the family. Besides Banbury, the country can be hunted from Bicester, Buckingham, and Brackley. Bicester is the most central, being only three miles from the kennels at Stratton Audley. Leighton and Bletchley are also convenient spots, especially if you hunt from London, and to one so hunting there is no good country more accessible than this. Its stiffest part is in the northern angle running up to Daventry, sandwiched in between the Heythrop and the Warwickshire on the west and the Duke of Grafton's and a little corner of the Pytchley on the east. This is nearly all grass and fenced in true Northamptonshire style. In the centre lies the Bicester Vale, grassy too, but less formidable to cross, and separated from 'the fairest of all hunting quarters,' the beautiful vale of Aylesbury, by the Claydon Woods on the east, while on the south lie the deep Oxford woodlands, which are mostly shared with Lord Macclesfield. Hereabouts the country is rough, deep, and wild, and bad to cross ; but eastwards towards Brill a fairer prospect opens, and in the days before Oxford became a

[1] *Scott and Sebright*, ch. v.

dame's school, when Whitecross Green or Islip Town End was the meet, the undergraduates used to muster strong. All this part of the country, known locally as the Quarters, is commanded from Oxford, but that once great centre of learning and other things less convenient, perhaps, but to young minds not less agreeable, is a little far off for the best of the Bicester.

While in this country, we can hardly leave unnoticed the WHADDON CHASE pack, better known as Mr. Selby-Lowndes's. Save for a break of five seasons, when he was with the North Warwickshire and the Atherstone, the 'Squire' of Whaddon has hunted this country for over forty years. What the country is can be said in a very few words—it is the Vale of Aylesbury, immortalised in song by Whyte-Melville, and in speech of various degrees of eloquence by all who have ever ridden over its glorious pastures *in dry weather.* In a deep winter its charms are more disputable, though indeed no one can deny their *powers of attraction.* It is full of brooks, but all, save the Addington Brook only, clean fair jumps; and the doubles of the Vale are as famous as the ox fences of Market Harboro', and, in some eyes, as impracticable. No doubt, to ride straight over this country does require a very good pair; but, given the necessary qualifications, it is heavenly—the 'Londoner's Leicestershire,' as 'Brooksby,' invoking 'apt alliteration's artful aid,' has styled it; 'one great dairy farm—rich pasture from end to end,' but also, 'one week a springboard, the next it is a treacle pot.' At its best, however, he truly describes it as 'a lovely succession of sweet-scenting meadows, from whose elastic face a horse bounds easily and gladly on to sound firm banks, to light with equal safety on turf renewed beyond, while hounds spread out at their fences and carry a broad head from field to field.' The fences are, as we have said, big, and the doubles especially take a deal of doing. But if big, they are gentlemanly; they are alike from end to end, and you may as a rule have them anywhere you please all down the line. Consequently there is none of the cramming and pushing for the *one* place that so often mars the fun in the Shires; and though there

en a crowd in the Vale, there is generally plenty of room to disport itself, particularly if hounds run fast. 'Brooksby' ribes the sort of nag for this country in more detail than he generally devotes to such matters, and though the style of animal that will carry you in comfort over a strongly fenced grass country must be pretty much the same all the world over, his description is worth quoting:

Something to think about next day.'

The Vale calls for all the best essentials in a hunter. He must gallop, he must jump, and he must stay. He need not be an absolute flyer, but he can't be too good; and it is noticeable that a man tutored in the Vale is not only likely to ride well over the best of the Shires, but generally brings thither a stamp of cattle that can do him credit. Stoutness is a main feature in a Vale horse. Hocks, quarters, and back are the main points, depth of chest and ribs indispensable. The length of one type of Leicestershire horse is

out of place. But there are two sorts for Leicestershire, and the thick one is the better. This is the Aylesbury horse.[1]

Leighton and Bletchley are the most handy entrances to this little Garden of Eden for the Londoner; Aylesbury and Winslow are quite as good or better for the country, but not so convenient for the railway. Christmas Gorse and High Haven are memorial names, and the line between them to be beaten nowhere in this mortal vale of ours; from Aston Abbots, Creslow Great Ground, or the Addington Coverts, it will be strange if you get not something to think about the next day; from the latter place it may very possibly be the temperature of the Addington Brook. Mr. Lowndes hunts twice a week, on Tuesdays and Saturdays, with an occasional by-day in the woodlands on the north-eastern side. For the last few seasons he ceased to advertise his meets, owing to the unremunerative crowds the London trains used to let loose on him; but he has latterly gone back to the newspapers. His pack, however, is maintained by subscription, and if you hunt with it, you are expected to contribute to its maintenance; should you forget to do so, you are pretty sure to be reminded of your forgetfulness. The Vale is common ground with the Rothschild staghounds, and in part with the Bicester.

The history of the HEYTHROP centres round two cardinal landmarks, the figure of Jem Hills, and the fame of the Great Tar Wood run in Lord Redesdale's mastership. Up to the year 1835 the country had been hunted by the Dukes of Beaufort alternately with their home and Badminton district. In that year the sixth duke found his health was not equal to the divided duty, and, after some difficulties, a committee of management was formed, consisting of Mr. Langston of Sarsdon, Lord Redesdale, and Mr. Mostyn. The hounds were all from the Badminton kennels, and Jem Hills[2] came from Lord Ducie to hunt them. Jem was a great character, and 'The Druid' has gathered a record of his sayings and doings which puts him

[1] *The Hunting Countries of England*, vol. i. p. 362.

[2] Jem Hills had been many years Whipper-in to the Badminton Pack, and consequently knew the Heythrop country well.

as an historic personage quite on a par with the Dick Knights, Stephen Goodalls, Tom Wingfields, and Tom Rances of an earlier day.[1] His style of hunting was peculiar, and it may be said of it as was said of Charles Payne's with the Pytchley, that with anyone else it had been impossible. But with him it was marvellously effective. He was a great rider, and a very fair cricketer, playing for eight seasons in the Sussex eleven in the golden days of old Lillywhite. However, we must leave Jem's biography to 'The Druid,' and get back to the country. Lord Redesdale, who had been supreme for many seasons, had in 1855 to turn to sterner things. In 1851 he had been elected Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords, and after trying to combine the saddle and the senate for four seasons, he found the work too hard, and made his choice for the latter. Mr. Hall succeeded, and showed good sport for some years; then followed a committee again; in 1865 Mr. A. W. Hall came into office and remained there till 1873, when Mr. Albert Brassey took the hounds, and keeps them to this day. In 1865 Tom Hills, a nephew of the great Jem, donned the green plush livery of the hunt, but he had not his uncle's gifts; and after four seasons he gave way to Stephen Goodall, who carried the horn till Mr. Brassey promoted his first whip, John Hasleton. The Heythrop country, which is about twenty miles in extent from east to west, and fifteen from north to south, presents many varieties. The Cotswold uplands, on the west and north-west, give a light galloping country, with a very variable scent, which is best in wet weather, fenced mostly with stone walls, formidable to look at, but easy enough to surmount for a nag who knows the trick of them. They are not solid, and there is never a ditch on either side, though you may occasionally, if a stranger in the land and too adventurous, find yourself descending into an old quarry. According to 'Brooksby,' the mode of encompassing these obstacles adopted by an old hunter is not comfortable. He 'will get so near to a wall that he rises almost perpendicularly, and—*mutatis*

[1] See *Scott and Sebright*, ch. v.

mutandis as to head and tail—descends almost vertically on the other side. To accommodate yourself to this form of calisthenics, your body is at one moment lying along his neck, and at the next it must be thrown back on to the crupper, your spinal cord being called upon to perform the hinge-action required.' This form of exercise is undoubtedly laborious, especially if practised fifty-four times in a single day, as an 'old



'Where Jack the whip in ambush lay.'

Oxonian' has assured our authority once happened to him at college. But we do not think it is necessary; at least we never found it so in the days when we used to disport ourselves in that country, and though our tale never certainly reached such prodigious dimensions as that of the 'old Oxonian's' (though possibly it may have risen to them by the time we can adopt the same style), we have heard the rattle of the stones

pretty often in our time. On the Gloucestershire side is the most grass land; a nice country this, the Slaughter Vale, over which a fox will probably take you from Bruern Abbey or Gawcombe, being about the cream of it all. Round Heythrop, where the master lives, Chapel House and Pomfret Castle, there is also some pretty riding. Bradwell Grove is the great meet for the stone walls, and here the hounds come regularly on the first Wednesday of each month to draw Jolley's Gorse. There were few hunting undergraduates in the old days who had not hanging on their walls the famous print recording the humours of a 'Gallop with Jem Hills from Bradwell Grove.' Tar Wood is down in the southern corner, a common property with the Old Berkshire. It is a deep heavy wood, and the country round about is not very engaging. Man, according to the poet, 'gets no second day,' and we do not know that Tar Wood has ever renewed its ancient fame. The great run, immortalised by Egerton Warburton in one of the best of his hunting ballads, took place on December 24, 1845.

> He waited not, he was not found,
> No warning note from eager hound,
> But echo of the distant horn,
> From outskirts of the cover borne,
> Where Jack the whip in ambush lay,
> Proclaim'd that he was gone away.

And go away he did. The peculiar feature of this run, according to the hero of the day, Mr. Whippy, 'was the stoutness and intrepidity of the fox. With the exception of just touching one corner of Bay's Wood at Cokethorpe, he never once sought shelter in a cover of any description. The distance from point to point is from fifteen to sixteen miles, and I am sure the distance run over must have been at least twenty miles. Time, one hour and forty-two minutes.' Well may the poet sing:

> When younger men of lighter weight
> Some tale of future sport relate,
> Let Whippy show the brush he won,
> And tell them of the Tar Wood run.

In the Oxford days of the present writer, we used to look with peculiar veneration at Joe Tollit, who even then could show many a younger man the way to go, for his share in the glories of this great day.

> The speed of horse, the pluck of man,
> They needed both, who led the van;
> This Holmes can tell, who through the day
> Was ever foremost in the fray;
> And Holloway with best intent,
> Still shivering timber as he went;
> And Williams clinging to the pack
> As if the League were at his back;
> And Tollit, ready still to sell
> The horse that carried him so well.

But we wander, and must hark back. The Heythrop have plenty of woodland hunting; Whichwood Forest and Blenheim Park on the south-east, and the woods of Stockley, Kiddington, and Glympton. Hounds are not allowed either in Whichwood or Blenheim till late in the autumn, so the cub hunting has to be done in the smaller coverts. Four days a week is the Heythrop fare, and a frequent by-day, for foxes are plentiful everywhere. The Monday meets range from Chipping Norton, where the kennels are, up to the Warwickshire border, and include about the best of the country. On Wednesday hounds are alternately on the Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire side. Friday is the day for the Cotswolds, and Saturday for the Oxford woodlands. Chipping Norton (about three hours and a quarter from Paddington) is the most central quarter; but both from Oxford and Banbury the Heythrop can always be reached, though from the former place you have to go some distance to get into their best country. Fast and strong horses and quick jumpers are an essential part of your equipment for hunting with the Heythrop hounds.

Another pack familiar to all Oxford men is the SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE, or as they loved best to call it, Lord Macclesfield's. His lordship hunted these hounds from 1857 to

1884, when Mr. Charles Morrell took the mastership. Encircling Oxford in its welcome embrace, this country runs a few miles farther north-west to Islip, while on the south it joins Mr. Garth's borders at Marlow. From Henley to Moulsford it marches westward with the South Berkshire, from Moulsford northwards to Islip with the Old Berkshire, while on the east a pretty straight line from Wendover to Marlow divides it from the Old Berkeley. A small country, it can carry only two days a week, but it is a most unusual thing if on one at least of those two days there is not some fun going. The best of the ground is round about Thame, and that is certainly good enough, for it is in fact a part of the Aylesbury Vale. South of this little town, which shares with Oxford the command of the country, lies the inn of the 'Three Pigeons,' the best of all their fixtures, with its light grass, its flying fences, and—Haseley Brook, name of delight or fear to many an Oxonian, according to the hydrophobic qualities of himself and his horse. In the immediate neighbourhood of Oxford the country grows worse for riding. Here are the woodlands, those 'Quarters' already spoken of. 'Wet, grim woods are these,' says a recent writer, 'dark within and cold without; but they make hounds, and they give a certain amount of sport, though their depths are unfathomable and their rides bid defiance to a stranger.' Yet there is many a green spot in this grim district; one of the best gallops ever enjoyed by the present writer during his sojourn at Oxford was with an afternoon fox from Stow Wood.

Directly south of the Pytchley, between the Bicester and Mr. Lowndes's countries lies that hunted by the DUKE OF GRAFTON's hounds. Early in the present century this pack had quite a character of its own, thus graphically described by 'The Druid:'

They were rather round than deep in their bodies, had good legs and feet, were very stout, but wild as hawks. No fox could live before them if he hung, and they did not change; but over the open, when the morning flush was on them, they could not hold it, and could never pinch him. They ran by ear more than

by nose, and when they got to a ride half the pack would leave the cry, hop round to the next ride, cock up their ears till they heard the others bringing it on, and then throw themselves in at his brush. In the latter days of Joe Smith, Tom Rose hunted them, and for many years afterwards had the whole control over them. He bred them much larger but never altered their character. He was a fine joyous old fellow as ever cheered a hound, and no one knew better what he was about. Being once asked why he bred his hounds so wild, 'Why?' says he, 'I'll tell you why. Nine days out of ten I am in a wood. Every fox I find I mean to kill, and these hounds are the sort that will have him. An open country and a woodland park are different things. What you call a good pack will never catch a bad fox, and as I want to hunt *him* instead of his hunting *me*, I think my hounds best calculated for my country.' . . . After the old Duke's death, the late Lord Southampton took them, and Tom Rose continued to hunt them. They were kept much in the same form, and with the same result; in short, he killed his foxes in the woodlands, and they beat him in the open.[1]

There is plenty of woodland still in this country, which is not now so large as it was in Lord Southampton's day and before then, but large enough to give three days a week. But besides woodland there is grass, and there is plenty of jumping. Along the northern boundary, marching with the Pytchley, lies the best of the ground, which only a Pytchley nag and a bold rider will cross in safety. The north-western part is the best and grassiest; here you may gallop westward over the Bicester borders, or northward over the Pytchley towards Shuckburgh. On the eastern side, round Towcester and Blisworth, there is more plough, and the fences are mostly smaller, though in the Towcester district there are some formidable bullfinches, regular 'stitchers'! In the centre of the country run two pleasant vales, though rather interfered with now by the railway. The woodlands lie to the south and east, and are generally hunted on the Wednesday, Friday being devoted to the central vales, and Monday to the Northamptonshire quarter. Whittlebury and Salsey Forests give, according to 'Brooksby,' 'the

[1] *The Post and the Paddock*, ch. xiv.

perfection of woodland hunting, amid open rides and hollow glades; and it generally happens that hounds eventually work their way into the open,' either through Wicken Spinnies, or across the Ouse into Mr. Lowndes's country. The kennels are at Wakefield Lawn, near Stony Stratford, and the latter town, Weedon, Wolverton, Towcester, Blixworth, and Buckingham are all convenient for head-quarters. Weedon is the best of all, for you get from there not only the Duke's, but a good part of the Pytchley, and the cream of the Bicester and the Warwickshire. Indeed, it shares with Coventry the pride of place as winter quarters for the soldier who, in default of sterner game, delights to employ his superfluous energies on 'the image of war without its guilt, and only five-and-twenty per cent. of its danger.'

East and north-east of the Duke of Grafton's country lies the domain of the OAKLEY, marching with the Pytchley from Northampton to Higham Ferrers, thence to Huntingdon with the Milton; turning south and west the line runs along the Cambridgeshire and Hertfordshire borders to Leighton, whence northward it joins the boundaries of the Whaddon Chase and the Duke of Grafton's.

Fifty years ago the hounds belonged to the Duke of Bedford. Next they belonged to the country, who sold them to Mr. Arkwright. The latter added to them large drafts from the Belvoir and Brocklesby, and, by dint of a quarter of a century of skilful breeding, built up a grand pack, which, on his proffering his resignation four years ago, the present Duke of Bedford purchased from him, and generously presented to the hunt.

Such is the history of this hunt as lately set forth; but 'The Druid' carries the record back to the first decade of the century, when the Duke of that day took them in hand, with George Wells for his huntsman. Mr. Robert Arkwright had hunted the country for six-and-twenty seasons four days a week till, some six years ago, finding the work too much for him, he divided it with Mr. T. Macan, he himself hunting the woodlands in the northern half twice a week, and his colleague

keeping to the open for the other two days. The country is eminently a sporting one, full of foxes and coverts, and of squires 'hunting from home,' as we have said before, the best of all supports to a pack of hounds. But it must in truth be said that as a country to ride over it has many superiors. It is flat, which is in its favour certainly; but also it is thickly wooded, and very thickly ploughed. On the western side from Newport Pagnell to Northampton there is a fair sprinkling of meadow land, and on the Kimbolton side you may often get a gallop into the best of the Fitzwilliam country. But plough is the prevailing feature, so that a strong short-legged horse is the animal to bestride; very fast he need not be, but he must jump, both big and cleverly, for the fences as a rule are hairy and trappy. Bedford and Bletchley are the best quarters, while Starnbrook commands the woodlands, which, it may here be said, are liberally supplied with rides.

A rare pack is the MILTON, or, as it is more commonly spoken of, the Fitzwilliam. For over a hundred years it has been the property of the family of that name, and the Milton blood ranks with the Belvoir and the Brocklesby as the best in the kingdom. And a fine large sporting country it has to hunt over, stretching from Huntingdon and St. Ives on the south, almost to Crowland on the north. On the west it marches with the Pytchley and Cottesmore—good neighbours—while south and east lie the Oakley, the Cambridgeshire and the West Norfolk. Like the Oakley, the Fitzwilliam country is a severe one for horses, wild and deep, the coverts often very far apart, much wood, and a superfluity of plough. There is also a particular kind of fence in the south and south-western districts; blackthorn, of abnormal height and density to be surmounted best, say those who know, by that discreet process known as going round. Yet, though as a riding ground this country cannot rank high, so good are the hounds, so stout the foxes, so genuine the condition and general economy of things, that the Fitzwilliam bears a name second to none in the favour of sportsmen. From Peterborough and Huntingdon the country can best

be reached, both under two hours' journey from London; and the former only three miles distant from the kennels at Milton Park. To many of the meets the hounds have to be carried by rail, and generally it may be said that a day's hunting with this pack involves the covering of a good deal of ground. The best of the country belongs to the Wednesday meets, Lilford, Thrapston Bridge, Bythorne Tollbar, and so forth. A good fox from Fitchmarsh Warren, Lord Lilford's park, Barnwell Wold, Stanwick Pastures, or Catworth Gorse, will nearly always take a good line southward along the Pytchley border, and possibly over it. Eastward of Elton again, in the Peterborough district, there is some fine grass land, and the ploughs about these parts are less tenacious than elsewhere. Farther east of Peterborough lie the Great Fens, and if foxes put their heads that way, as they often do, especially from Holme Wood, you may as well turn yours homeward; for there is little to be done there, unless your nag be web-footed.

To go one by one through all the good packs of England and their countries is beyond our scope. 'Cecil' and 'Brooksby' have done that for us, and to them we must refer our readers who still are undecided, or thirst for yet larger knowledge. In this chapter we have specially confined ourselves to the best of those which lie within convenient reach of London; trying to indicate the quarters where a man, ambitious of some larger sport than is to be met with among the more distinctly suburban packs, and yet compelled to be in London a certain number of days in the week, is likely to gratify his ambition most reasonably and easily. Many things have necessarily been left unsaid; many countries left unvisited. Cheshire and Shropshire, for instance, counties as rich in hunting memories and hunting realities as any in England. The 'Green Collars' of Cheshire are as historic as the 'White Collars' of the Pytchley or the 'Blue and Buff' of Badminton; and their historic heroes, the famous old Nestor, Sir Harry Mainwaring, Tom Rance, with his 'single eye,' worth many another's two, Joe Maiden, and many another good sportsman

and fellow have been enshrined for all time in the strains of Egerton Warburton. Shropshire still cherishes the memories of Tom Moody (whose mythic fame, however, is by all accounts very much in excess of his actual merits) and the great 'Trojan,' Sir Bellingham Graham (the only master of hounds Shropshire has known not native to the country), and wild Jack Mytton. Yorkshire has not yet lost the memory of its two idols, Tom Hodgson and Will Danby, and the breed of horse, hound, and man, does its best to keep that memory green. The Brocklesby, the Burton, and the Blankney, still keep up the fame that Lincolnshire won in the old days of Assheton Smith and 'the Squire.' A special chapter were all too short fitly to commemorate the glories past and present of the Badminton country. The charms of the Blackmoor Vale in his later years drew Whyte-Melville away from the Shires of his earlier love: indeed, he has, as it were, thrown down a challenge to the whole sporting world, by avowing that, were he 'sure of a fine morning and a *safe mount*,' he would 'ask for no keener pleasure than an hour's gallop with Lord Wolverton's bloodhounds over the Blackmore Vale.' A gallop from the Blowing Stone over the Wantage Vale when Treadwell held the horn of the Old Berkshire will never die out of the memory of him who has been fortunate even once in his life to experience it—especially if he should have happened during its course to get in the way of Mr. 'Tom' Duffield. 'The Druid' has declared that the spring hunting in the New Forest is 'charming beyond description;' though his love of the picturesque, at least as much as of riding to hounds, seems to have played its part in his rapture. By the light of the 'Stars of the West' a man may still see to enjoy his favourite sport, when the fun of falling has began to pall, and big fences wax bigger with a waning sight.[1] And so we might go on for ever and ever, hunting by the 'moonlight of memory,' as the Duke of Rutland's hounds will hunt so long as there is any light in the sky for

[1] See *A New Book of Sports* (Bentley, 1885) for a capital description of a day's fox hunting on Dartmoor.

them to see by. But we must make an end, not flattering ourselves that we have exhausted even that side of the subject we have approached, but content if, like a finger-post, we have been of some use in pointing to some of the many roads by which the sport of fox hunting may be enjoyed.

Pastime for princes !—prime sport of our nation !
  Strength in their sinew and bloom on their cheek ;
Health to the old, to the young recreation ;
  All for enjoyment the hunting field seek.

Eager and emulous only, not spiteful :
  Grudging no friend, though ourselves he may beat ;
Just enough danger to make sport delightful !
  Toil just sufficient to make slumber sweet.

CHAPTER X.

HUNTING FROM LONDON.

THE true pleasures of hunting are known only by those who hunt from home. Not everyone will agree with this statement. Probably a great many—now-a-days perhaps the majority—will strongly disagree with it. Given plenty of good sound grass to gallop over, good sound fences to jump over, a good sound horse for partner in these 'violent delights,' and a sufficient company of human beings to get the better of, what more can reasonable mortal man require? Foxes and hounds—well, no doubt they are a part of the fun, though sometimes rather a troublesome part; still, if foxes will always be found at home, and will always run straight, and if hounds will go fast enough to keep out of the horses' way, they are a part that may be endured. But where a man *lives*, what can that matter? He only lives to hunt (that is, to ride), so the question should be, where does he *hunt*, not where does he live? If he happens to live at Melton, or Market Harboro', or Grantham, or Rugby, or anywhere contiguous to those famous centres of civilisation, well and good—he must find it precious slow when hounds do not meet, though of such useless days there are, to be sure, few in those blissful neighbourhoods. But for the mere living, what fellow, who is not a fool, would live out of London? Very well; that is one way of looking at things, with which we certainly do not intend to quarrel. It is purely a matter of personal taste, and anyone who tries to set up an arbitrary standard for that is a fool indeed. But, by a parity of reasoning, we shall stick to our own colours; nay, and more,

we shall be much surprised not to find most sportsmen (as different beings from mere riding men, different even from mere hunting men) ranged at our side beneath them. *The true pleasures of hunting*, we say it again, *are known only by those who hunt from home.*

There are many reasons why this should be so, on which we feel that we could expatiate finely, but will not. One of them, and perhaps the cardinal one, has been well put by Charles Kingsley (as genuine in his love of sport as in everything else that becomes a man) in the most charming of his shorter pieces, 'My Winter Garden.' He is riding through the fir woods round about Eversley, when he encounters (luckily he does not head !) a hunted fox, and Mr. Garth's hounds in full cry after him.

And now appear, dim at first and distant, but brightening and nearing fast, many a right good fellow, and many a right good horse. I know three out of four of them, their private histories and the private histories of their horses, and could tell you many a good story of them, but shall not, being an English gentleman, and not an American *littérateur*. They may not all be very clever, or very learned, or very anything except gallant men ; but they are all good enough company for me, or anyone ; and each has his own *spécialité*, for which I like him. That huntsman I have known for fifteen years, and sat many an hour beside his father's death-bed. I am godfather to that whip's child. I have seen the servants of the hunt, as I have the hounds, grow up round me for two generations, and I feel for them as old friends, and like to look into their brave, honest, weather-beaten faces. That red-coat there, I knew him when he was a schoolboy ; and now he is a captain in the Guards, and won his Victoria Cross at Inkerman ; that bright green coat is the best farmer, as well as the hardest rider, for many a mile round ; one who plays, as he works, with all his might, and might have been a *beau sabreur*, a colonel of dragoons. So might that black-coat, who now brews good beer, and stands up for the poor at the Board of Guardians, and rides, like the green-coat, as well as he works. That other black-coat is a county banker, but he knows more of the fox than the fox knows of himself ; and where the hounds are, there will he be this day. That red-coat has hunted kangaroo in Australia ; that one, as clever and good as he

is brave and simple, has stood by Napier's side in many an Indian fight; that one won his Victoria at Delhi, and was cut up at Lucknow with more than twenty wounds; that one has—but what matter to you what each man is? Enough that each can tell one a good story, welcome one cheerfully, and give one out here, in the wild forest, the wholesome feeling of being at home among friends.

In that last sentence lies, perhaps, the root of the matter, *the wholesome feeling of being at home among friends*: the sense of companionship, the feeling that you are not selfishly enjoying a solitary pleasure, but are, for the time at least, united by a common bond with all sorts and conditions of your fellow-men, among whom you live, with all of whom you are more or less acquainted, and in whose pursuits and pleasures, habits and manners, you are more or less concerned or interested. Trojan and Tyrian, Whig and Tory, here is a common ground on which all can meet and disport themselves. Surely this is no light pleasure in these quarrelsome days. And there are other pleasures, too, less sentimental, if you like, and perhaps to be more generally appreciated. There is the pleasure, for instance, of knowing the country well, knowing it in all its varying moods of

Fresh spring and summer and winter hoar;

in tasting what Whyte-Melville calls the *romance* of hunting—

The remote scenes we should perhaps never visit for their own sake, the broken sunlight glinting through copse and gleaming on fern, the woodland sights, the woodland sounds, the balmy odours of Nature, and all the treats she provides for her votaries, tasted and enjoyed, with every faculty roused, every sense sharpened, in the excitement of our pursuit.

And this, everyone will agree, is a great profit as well as pleasure. 'When my young hounds are taken out to air,' says Beckford, 'my huntsman takes them into that country in which they are designed to hunt. It is attended with this advantage: they acquire a knowledge of the country, and when left behind

at any time, cannot fail to find their way home more easily.' A man has this advantage over a dog, that he can ask the way when he has lost it : though in certain counties he is by no means sure of getting a very lucid answer, or indeed, any answer at all, if the point to which he craves direction be anywhere out of the immediate local sphere of the party interrogated. The writer of this chapter was once, many years ago,



Sons of MacAdam.

on his way to meet Mr. Garth's hounds at 'The Checquers,' a public-house on Eversley Green. Being then a stranger in the land, and having gone about as far as the map had told him he should go, without seeing any sign of hunting man or beast, or of that place of entertainment for them to which he was bound, he asked his way of a passing countryman. A stare, a shake of the head, and some sounds in an unknown tongue, were all the answers he could get. So, committing himself into the

hands of the great goddess Diana, he pursued his way, and lo, within less than a mile, 'The Checquers,' and all things convenient! And yet a public-house, one might have thought, would have been within the sphere of that native's geographical knowledge. But indeed the autochthones of those parts are not of a nimble intelligence. Then, besides these considerations, a close familiarity with the country hunted over must obviously be an inestimable advantage to all concerned. From the heroes of the first flight down to the most persistent son of MacAdam such a knowledge is a thing greatly to be desired. To know the safest and easiest, and consequently the quickest, way from field to field; to know where man has smoothed and where he has increased the intricacies of nature, is not to be despised by the boldest of riders. For though falls will come and must not be shirked, it is clear that he will cross a country quickest who does so with fewest falls. And though there are men happily gifted with an eye for a country such as no familiarity will insure to some, yet this sweet and most necessary intimacy is not to be gained by the mere bird of passage.

Let us call Whyte-Melville again to the *convenience* of hunting from home, as we have called him for the *romance*.

We require no large stud, can choose our meets, and, above all, are indifferent to weather. A horse comes out so many times in a season; if we don't hunt to-day we shall next week. Compare this equable frame of mind with the irritation and impatience of a man who has ten hunters standing at the sign of 'The Hand in Pocket,' while he inhabits the front parlour without his books, deprived of his usual society and occupation, the barometer at set fair, and the atmosphere affording every indication of a six-weeks' frost!

It is true that in many of our famous hunting towns there has grown up a little hunting society, which for several reasons, perhaps, inhabits the same quarters, and some members of which have possibly built themselves 'lordly pleasure houses,' and thus in a manner become affiliated to the soil. At Melton and at Market Harboro' this is particularly the case. At the

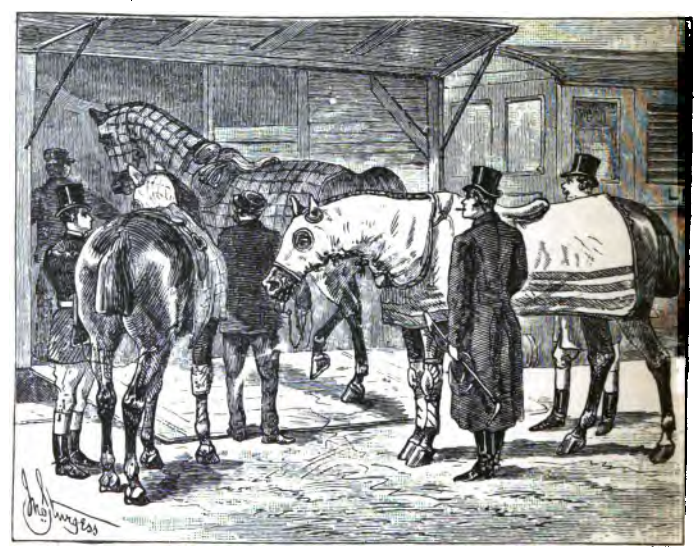
former town this has been so through the century from the time of Lord Sefton's famous mastership; and 'Nimrod,' it will be remembered, at the end of his great 'Quarterly' article, expatiates (or makes 'Snob' expatiate) in glowing terms on the grand style in which things were done. One is given to understand, moreover, that the society in that favoured spot is at this day a particularly sprightly and entertaining one. Certainly it must have been so a few years ago, to judge from the racy strains in which Whyte-Melville has chanted the praises of 'the Monks that live under the hill.'[1] And, no doubt, the golden youth of those happy hunting grounds still live as hard, and ride as hard, in as gay, if not quite in as grand, style as their fathers who bid 'Snob' to their board in the evening after they had cut down him and the 'little bay horse' over the grass in the day.

But still, this is not quite the same thing as hunting from home. Of course, these hunting centres are very gay and jovial places, and the company, both male and female, of the very best sort, both in the field and at home. Of course, too, to frequent the same place season after season, though it be only for hunting, and during the hunting season, is a very different thing from wandering in search of sport, or making London your head-quarters. But to live in a town for the sole purpose of hunting; to hunt every day, and to take flight to London the moment the hunting is over—perhaps at every temporary cessation—is clearly a very different thing from hunting from your own house, your abiding place. It is, no doubt, a very good thing in its way, and to gay and vigorous spirits, blended with plenty of health, leisure, and money, is a most pleasant and easy way of passing time. But it is not the same thing as the other form of hunting, whose praises we uphold. Followed in that fashion, the pursuit of the fox, or whatever the animal to be hunted may be, becomes a part of the country gentleman's condition, like his flower garden, his dairy, his fat beasts, and so on. Hunting in this way, Nimrod is humanised; his manners

[1] See his *Songs and Verses*.

are softened, and are not permitted to become brutal—using the words, of course, in a Pickwickian sense.

But not to everyone does Diana grant her favours in this liberal fashion. Putting out of the question those who are governed by mere whims, there are many whom dire necessity forbids to take their hunting pleasures from any place but London. Men of business, to whom hunting is a relaxation; who follow it for health's sake; or from a keen native love of



'Down with you by train on a hunting morning.

the sport, that not all the smoke and soot, the din and hurry of great Babylon can quench; or for the sake of something to do a little more stimulating than a ride up and down Rotten Row, or a rubber of whist at their club; or from whatever cause you please. Men who are pinned down to this great centre of gravity, and can leave it, except at the recognised season of holiday, but for a few hours at a time.

There are two ways in which hunting can be enjoyed from London: either by keeping your horses in town and taking them down with you by train on hunting mornings: or by keeping them at some hunting centre, and meeting them there or at the covert-side. Of these two ways, one may say perhaps that the first is best for yourself, the second for your horse. Both are feasible enough, but neither, we warn the doubting sportsman, is child's play. In both you must be prepared to take your pleasure somewhat seriously, not to say laboriously. In his autobiography Anthony Trollope gives a vivid picture of the hard work this form of pleasure entails; and what Trollope found hard no one else will find easy, for he, indeed, like Walter Raleigh, could 'labour terribly' at work or play. He had just returned, in December 1872, from his voyage to Australia (where he had experienced some hunting of a novel kind), and though settled in London was determined not to lose wholly his favourite exercise.

I got home in December 1872, and in spite of any resolution made to the contrary, my mind was full of hunting as I came back. No real resolutions had in truth been made, for out of a stud of four horses I kept three, two of which were absolutely idle through the two summers and winter of my absence. Immediately on my arrival I bought another, and settled myself down to hunting from London three days a week. At first I went back to Essex, my old county, but finding that to be inconvenient, I took my horses to Leighton Buzzard, and became one of that numerous herd of sportsmen who rode with 'the Baron' and Mr. Selby-Lowndes. In those days Baron Meyer was alive, and the riding with his hounds was very good. I did not care so much for Mr. Lowndes. During the winters of 1873, 1874, and 1875 I had my horses back in Essex, and went on with my hunting, always trying to resolve that I would give it up. But still I bought fresh horses, and, as I did not give it up, I hunted more than ever. Three times a week the cab has been at my door in London very punctually, and not unfrequently before seven in the morning. In order to secure this attendance, the man has always been invited to have his breakfast in the hall. I have gone to the Great Eastern Railway—ah! so often with the fear that frost would make all my exertions useless, and so often too with that result! And then, from one station or

another station, have travelled on wheels at least a dozen mi
After the day's sport, the same toil has been necessary to bring
home to dinner at eight. This has been work for a young m
and a rich man, but I have done it as an old man and compa
tively a poor man.

In giving his preference to 'the Baron' over Mr. Lownd
Trollope, it is to be presumed, meant only to signify that to o
hunting after this fashion the certainty of a gallop of some s
was the cardinal point to be aimed at. He was too good
sportsman to wilfully prefer riding after the uncarted deer to t
real hunting of the fox. But the fox is an uncertain beast. Y
may not find him at home; and when you do you may not pr
vail on him to leave it, or at any rate to leave it in such a wa
as will conduce most to your pleasure. A blank day, or a d
spent in pottering about from covert to covert with a cold scen
or in splashing up and down knee-deep in muddy woodland
are clearly things to be avoided if possible by one who ha
travelled far for his fun and has not many hours to spare for i
By agreeing to satisfy yourself with such imitation of hunting, a
the pursuit of the paddock-fed deer provides, you do avoid suc
things. You are sure of your game at any rate, and sure of a gallo
of some sort, even if it be mainly along the hard high road—which
however, is a contingency much rarer with the Rothschild tha
with the Royal pack. Again, the Staghounds meet at a later
hour, the Queen's and Lord de Rothschild's at 11.30, the Mid
Kent at 12: and of course the fun is over much sooner. The
hours, therefore, both of one's going and coming are more
convenient. A train, for example, leaves Euston at 9, which
lands you at Winslow at 10.32. Tring you can reach at 10.19,
starting a quarter of an hour later; the same hour serves for
Aylesbury, where you will arrive at 10.50, while Leighton can
be reached at 10.24 by the 9.30 train. Every Tuesday and
Friday, the days on which the Queen's hounds hunt, the Great
Western Company run a special train to the station nearest to
the place of meeting, which is never very far off. Maidstone,
Tunbridge, and Malling, are the towns most convenient to the

[M]id Kent, whose kennels are at Wateringbury, near the first-[n]amed place. They hunt on Wednesdays and Saturdays, meet-[in]g at noon. The most persistent, then, of sluggards can enjoy [th]e pleasure of the chase as provided by these packs without [d]oing violence to his feelings. The others, such as are within [ea]sy reach of London, the Berkhamstead, Hon. H. Petre's, [S]urrey, and Warnham, do not advertise their fixtures, and do [n]ot possibly care very much for flying visits from strangers and [p]ilgrims—a sentiment which seems to be growing rather popular [i]n most counties. For the Surrey, Red Hill and Croydon are the [h]andiest stations, to both of which there is a plentiful supply of [t]rains from Victoria, Charing Cross, and London Bridge. The Warnham pack, hunting three days a fortnight over the same country as the Crawley and Horsham Foxhounds, can be reached from Horsham, Dorking, and Cranleigh, which in their turn may be reached without any preternatural activity in the matter of early rising. Chelmsford, Ingatestone, and Ongar, are most convenient for the Hon. H. Petre's, which hunt on Tuesdays and alternate Saturdays, and a gallop over the Essex Roothings after these hounds is much thought of by those who have experienced its delights, which unfortunately we never have. The Berkhamstead hunt but once a week, on Wednesday, and can be reached best from Great Berkhamstead, St. Albans, and Tring. Of all these packs, Her Majesty's and Lord de Rothschild's alone are not dependent on subscribers, a fact which their visitors will do well to bear carefully in mind.

Of Foxhounds the Londoner has a liberal choice. Within easy reach of head-quarters are the Essex and the Essex Union, the Surrey and the Surrey Union, the West Kent, the Burstow, the Old Berkeley, and the Hertfordshire. Mr. Garth's, the Crawley and Horsham, the Puckeridge, the East Essex, the Wickham, and Mr. Goodman's lie a little farther afield, but still handy enough to those who do not insist on the 'primrose path' of sport. Indeed, if you only get up early enough (though in that *only*, to be sure, lies the rub), and are not forced to study economy in the matter of railway tickets, there

is no reason why you should not enjoy your gallop (at least take your chance of a gallop) with the Old Berkshire, the South Berkshire, the Bicester, the Heythrop, the Duke of Grafton's, and Mr. Selby-Lowndes's, nay, no reason why you should not penetrate into the very Shires themselves. By leaving King's Cross at 7.45 you can reach Grantham at 10.35, and a train from the same station starting half an hour earlier will land you at Melton at 10.32. Leaving Euston at 7.30 you reach Rugby at 9.34; leaving St. Pancras at 8.10, you reach Market Harboro' at 10.44. In short, if you do not mind, as we have said, taking your pleasure somewhat laboriously, you may get plenty of hunting, and plenty of good hunting, without ever passing a winter's night away from your London home. But, certainly, if not sorrow, it is labour. It is not only the early rising; though that alone, on a dark winter's morning when the water is of dubious warmth, and the fire probably will do nothing but smoke, in sullen protest against its unseasonable lighting, does indeed entail something of a struggle on this poor frail human flesh. To dress by candlelight is never an enlivening process, and when the dress is such as men go a-hunting in, it is often little short of misery. To button those knee-buttons, and tie those natty little bows below them, by the uncertain light of a candle, and with blue fingers senseless with cold—ah! my friend, *nate mecum Consule Manlio*—must one not be *very* fond of the game, indeed, to bear these matutinal ills without repining more than once? But these are, after all, mere sensual sorrows. The man who would grudge to give his morning sleep for a gallop over the grass is unworthy the name of a sportsman and a Briton! But these desperate hours signify long marches into the bowels of the land; they signify long journeys by train, and they in their turn signify much disbursement of moneys, and much wear and tear of flesh, both human and equine. Nothing sooner tires a man, body and brain, than long and frequent railway journeys. Indeed, one might say that no man, unless he be of cast-iron nerves, can stand them long when once he is past the first vigour of

manhood, especially if he be one who lives by brain-work. It is burning the candle at both ends, and we all know how dangerous a game that is. A youngster, some gallant guardsman, perhaps, quartered in London, or some sprightly young stockbroker, may dash down once or twice a week to Melton or Grantham, have his gallop, and dash back again with impunity. But older men will be wise to take their delights less violently. And, indeed, in reason they will probably do so. For a man who can afford the drain on his purse inevitable from such a form of hunting, will hardly be so much a bondsman to Necessity as to be compelled to live regularly in London.

Let us suppose, then, that our Londoner has agreed with himself to pursue the fox soberly: he has, as we have shown, plenty of choice. If he choose to hunt with Mr. Garth, he will find as good a pack of hounds as any in England, a pleasant set of comrades, plenty of foxes, and genuine sport, if his ideas of fox hunting be not bounded by grass fields and flying fences. These hounds hunt four days a week, meeting at eleven, and can be reached best from Reading, Wokingham, and Bracknell. The two Surrey packs are good, but their country is bad, and the same must be said for the East Kent and Wickham. The West Kent have a terrible lot of woodland, but get sometimes into a nice bit of country round Penshurst. The Essex country, which is much given over to plough, and generally is not an engaging tract of land to ride over, except in the Roothings, can be commanded best from Harlow, Chelmsford, and Audley End. The Crawley and Horsham show good sport in Sussex, hunting four days a week, and meeting at eleven mostly, though sometimes a little later. Horsham and Steyning are the most convenient stations for their fixtures. The Old Berkeley are now united under Mr. Hardinge-Cox, who has taken the two countries, hunted to the end of '84–85 by Mr. A. H. Longman and Mr. A. Mackenzie; the latter has taken his own hounds to the Woodland, Pytchley, vice Lord Lonsdale, who has taken his hounds to Blankney. They are to hunt four days a week. To meet them, Amersham, Slough, and Aylesbury,

Watford, Rickmansworth, and Hemel Hempstead are convenient points of departure. The Hertfordshire can be reached four days a week, on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, from Luton, St. Albans, and Hitchin; the Puckeridge, on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, from Bishop Stortford and Hungerford. With the Burstow one may hunt twice a week, on Wednesday and Saturday, getting to them best from Reigate, East Grinstead, Horley, and Edenbridge. Of all the packs to which we are at present limiting ourselves, this is perhaps the most favoured in the matter of country. Indeed, the members of that hunt have a saying, that if a horse can go in their country, he can go anywhere. We have thus very slightly indicated where a Londoner, bent on a moderate participation in the pleasures of fox hunting, may turn his head with the best chance of getting what he wants. For further particulars we must refer him to 'Brooksby's' 'Hunting Counties of England,' Stanford's Hunting Maps, an excellent article on 'Hunting from London' in 'Baily's Magazine' for February 1884 (to the unnamed writer of which we hereby tender our best acknowledgments), and to the experiences of his own friends.

The question remains, in what style will he elect to take his hunting? Will he keep his horses in London and carry them backwards and forwards with him by rail, or will he settle them in quarters at the town most convenient to the fixtures of the pack with which he intends to hunt? Much can be said for either plan, much against it. Let us take the former first.

The advantages of this course are clear. His horses will be under his own eye, and he will be able to vary his country at his pleasure. On the other hand, he will have to make an earlier start; unless, of course, he sends his hunter down with a groom, and himself follows with a hack by a later train, or even sends horse and man down the day before; both of which plans will obviously swell the expenses not a little. If he go down with his horse he must necessarily, unless the place of meeting be very close to the station, start in good time, to allow of that

gentle pace at which it is expedient for the hunter to travel on his own legs in the anticipation of a long day's work. This, however, is a matter which concerns the man only, and is consequently of much less moment. What does concern the horse is the railway journey. On some horses a journey by rail has no more effect than on some human beings. On others it has a most injurious effect, both on their nerves and their temper. It is almost inevitable, too, from the confined space in which the horse is necessarily penned during the journey, that a certain stiffness will be visible when released at its end. If, however, he is a sedate and even-tempered beast, this will pass away soon enough when he breathes the fresh air and stretches his limbs; and if he is not that, he had better be got rid of quickly, for he will be of little use in this game. It must be remembered, too, that an early start signifies for the horse very much more than for the rider. The process of dressing and feeding means much more for the former than the latter. The rider can be trusted to look after himself in these things; the horse is dependent on his groom. Who is to insure the latter rising early enough on hunting mornings to have these indispensable preliminaries properly performed at the proper time, not huddled hastily over at the last possible moment? Of course, it may be said that if an owner of hunters cannot trust his groom, he had better give up the business of hunting altogether. And this, no doubt, is so. But this mode of hunting is an exceptional thing, rather out of the common routine of the stable; the possibilities of shirking are much increased, and groom's flesh is weak. You may be lucky enough to get one of those pearls who take a pride in their work, men of inexorable conscience and a high sense of duty, who need no master's eye upon them. But you may not; and at least, this objection must be taken in the balance for and against.

Then, there is the return journey. Never, if it can possibly be avoided, should you ride your horse straight from the field to the nearest station, and have him put just as he is into a box to catch the first train home. He should first be roughly dressed

down, his legs and feet dry-rubbed and bandaged, and his inner horse mildly refreshed with a mouthful of gruel. Where there is a station there is sure to be some stable accommodation sufficient for your purpose; but it is not so sure that you will find an ostler equally sufficient. To make a tired and dirty hunter comfortable for his journey home requires no great intelligence or labour; but you will be wise to superintend matters yourself, and the judicious suggestion of a pot of beer has sometimes a stimulating effect. The country ostlers are a pretty hard-worked class, and perhaps, considering all things, can scarcely be expected to bestow much additional labour on mere pilgrims whom they may never see again. Particularly will you be wise not to trust the gruel to the tender mercies of the inn servants. See that the flour is put in boiling water and cooled with cold water, not stirred up with cold water and then qualified to the proper temperature with hot water 'to taste.' A quart of good beer, or a wineglass of whisky, after a hard day, may be added with advantage. Of course, if you can insure returning to your starting point—and if you have self-denial enough to leave off your fun in time, there should be no difficulty in your arranging this, save in very exceptional cases—all these obstacles will vanish in the presence of your own servant, whom you will do wisely to take down with you, without whom, indeed, you will hardly do well on these journeys. However learned you may be in theory in the care and management of horses, in practice you must inevitably be more or less at fault. You have never been taught to groom a horse; the groom has been. You know what things should be done, the groom knows how to do them.

Again, there is the problem of exercise. How are hunters stabled in London to be kept in proper condition? How are they to be exercised in the London streets? There is Rotten Row to be sure, where grooms are allowed to disport themselves on their master's nags before 7 A.M. from April to October, and before 8 A.M. from October to April.

Thus, it will be seen, there are many things to be said against keeping your hunters in London; indeed, so many

that the despairing sportsman may well cry to us in the words of Rasselas to Imlac, 'Enough, you have convinced me that no human being can ever keep hunters in London.' That we do not say. But it is a difficult business; one with many hindrances and limitations. And it is at least well that he who proposes to undertake it should do so with his eyes open. A season of practice will show him these difficulties far more clearly than we can, and probably introduce him to many other lesser ones which we have not considered. But though experience is certainly the best of all schoolmasters, the fees, as some sage has wisely said, are apt to be heavy.

No particular difficulty seems at first sight to lie in the way of the other plan. To select your head-quarters, place your hunters in a good stable, and have yourself conveyed down to them by train on hunting days, seems a simple plan enough. And so it is, provided the stable be under the care of a groom whom you have proved worthy of your confidence. But that is the rub.

If you place your horses at livery, where they will be among many others requiring equal care and attention, it is clear you must trust largely to the honesty and good faith of the stable keeper. Probably you will pay about thirty shillings a week [1] for each horse, exclusive of 'extras,' which are apt to have limits of astounding elasticity. The prices of forage vary, of course, but at any season if the best kinds are used it is obvious that the margin of profit out of thirty shillings will not be large, and the temptation to supply something not quite so good as the best, will be. Of course a man who has to cater for a large number of horses will be able to get his forage cheaper than he who has to buy it in smaller quantities. Wholesale, as we all know, is cheaper than retail. But 'margins' there must be; if they will not come by nature, they must be forced by art. Then there is the grooming. The staff of a livery-stable keeper is a hard-worked body of men. Two hunters are quite as much as one groom can do justice

[1] Twenty-six shillings a week was charged at the Hunt Hotel, Leighton Buzzard, during the season '84-85.—EDITOR.

to. It is most probable that in a large establishment, of the sort we are considering, this proportion will be considerably exceeded; or, if kept, will be kept by the employment of an inferior class of servant, casual helpers, men of odd jobs, who prefer beer to elbow-grease, and regard an inn rather as a place to take their ease than to work in. If you place a groom of your own in charge, he will live, it is almost certain, in a perpetual feud, at any rate in a state of more or less armed neutrality, with the keeper of the stable. It must not, of course, be forgotten that we are now playing the part of the *advocatus diaboli*. We are putting every possible objection in the strongest possible light. But we are very far from saying that to all livery stables, or even to the majority, these objections apply either wholly or in part. No doubt there are many to be found up and down England all that the most exacting could desire; stables where your horses will be as well fed, as well groomed, as well exercised, and generally as well cared for, as they would be in their own stable at home. But such perfect places are not likely to be common; perfection is common nowhere among human institutions, to say nothing of equine. You will at least be wise to stand prepared for troubles: and this perpetual watching and waiting for troubles, what a trouble is it in itself!

To have your own private establishment is, of course, the best plan. If you can trust your groom to carry on matters as well thirty or fifty miles off as though he were only round the corner and liable to visits from the master at any moment, there is really nothing to be said against this plan that cannot with equal justice be said against the keeping of a hunting stable at all. It will of course be cheaper, too, than carrying your horses about on the rails with you; for to the ordinary cost of a hunting establishment you will have only to add your own travelling expenses. Provided stable and groom are all they should be, your horses will last much longer treated thus. The strongest constitution and most even temper ever enjoyed by a member of the equine race will not long stand the wear and tear of those frequent rattlings over the rails, and all their inevitable discomforts and mischances.

There is a third way in which hunting may, after a fashion, be enjoyed by a man compelled to a life in London; he may 'job.' There are men, of course, in all the great hunting centres, in all towns of any importance situate in a hunting country, whose business it is to provide the casual sportsman with a beast on which to take his pleasure with the hounds. It would be unfair to say that many a good day's hunting is not enjoyed in this way. The writer's own experience of hired hunters is confined to the livery stables of Oxford, and many a good run has he enjoyed—*et militavit non sine gloriâ*—with a partner derived from those sources. But the undergraduate is a thing apart; he forms a human class by himself, and affords no instance to inductive philosophy. The beasts on which the 'men' of the present writer's time used to disport themselves so gaily and frequently with the Heythrop, the Bicester, the Old Berkshire, or Lord Macclesfield's hounds, were often wondrous to look upon, and unlike most recognised specimens of horseflesh. To be sure, they could all of them jump, and some of them gallop; but it is doubtful whether any but an undergraduate would have trusted himself to their conveyance. The wind, however, is always tempered to the lamb; and elsewhere, no doubt, the horse may be hired and ridden with no, or few, misgivings. They may be hired for the season, the month, or even the day, and as the owner generally runs all risks of accidents, and relieves the hirer of all trouble, it is clear that this is at least an irresponsible way of hunting. Perhaps for a sportsman of limited means, who can allow himself but a day now and again, it is the one that presents least hindrance of any. If he be moderately young, of moderately light weight, and of moderate confidence, he might certainly do worse than trust himself to some stable keepers of good repute. The charges vary, of course, with the reputation of the stable, the country, and the hounds. For a couple of guineas, however, a decent nag may generally be secured for a day's gallop in most counties. In the Oxford days, of which we have spoken, the charge for the term was four guineas a week. For

this sum you became practically possessed of a hunter of your own; the stable keeper running all reasonable risks, supplying the nag's place if disabled (unless by some glaring fault of your own), keeping him, and finding all necessary service. What the charges may be now we do not know; but we have heard the stables at Oxford are now filled mainly with bicycles, which of course are much less expensive to keep.

It may be thought that we do not think much of 'hunting from London,' nor are keen to recommend it to our friends. This is not quite so. It is certainly a laborous form of amusement, if pursued with ardour, and one which, we repeat, presupposes youth, health, and a strong constitution—at least, without these good gifts we certainly should advise the Londoner if possible to content himself with some other form of exercise. It is costly also; but then hunting is in no form a cheap amusement, except if enjoyed after the fashions adopted by Mr. Sponge and Mr. Facey Romford. Still, if a man sets most store on fresh air and a wholesome exercise he will no doubt find what he wants in the hunting fields round about London, with pleasant company, and sport of a kind; and he will find these things without any undue labour or exertion, whether he stable his horses in the country or carry them backwards and forwards on the rail. But if his ambition soars higher, he must go farther afield. If he wish to gallop and jump, has an aversion to plough; if, in short, it is *riding to hounds* that he understands by the term hunting, he will not be satisfied by the suburban delights of his more modest and moderate neighbours. Then comes the real hard work—*hic labor*, *hoc opus est*. It can be done; but it is no rose-water fun. 'Brooksby,' of whose excellent little guide-books we have already spoken, argues that it is just as easy to hunt in a good country as in a bad. 'A horse,' he says, 'eats no more in a *good country* than in a bad one; hotel and stabling charges vary on quite other principles (we know not what) than those of locality; in *no* country are you likely to ride a worse horse if you can afford a better; the best saddlery is everywhere

economy; and you ought to have (why on earth don't you?) good leathers, decent boots, coat and hat, *wherever* you hunt.' All this is, no doubt, very true; but it does not really touch on what seems to us the gist of the argument. A man who could afford to keep at one of the great hunting centres a stud sufficient to enable him really to enjoy their advantages, would hardly, we submit, find himself bound by necessity to reside for the greater part of the week in London. Were he so bound, it would surely be an idle waste both of money, time, and 'tissue,' to incur the expense and the labour of keeping his horses at such favoured spots—for with all due respect to 'Brooksby,' it *is* more expensive to hunt from Melton than from Brentwood say, or Windsor—and suffering the long journeys to and fro, for the chance of a gallop once or twice a week. A man whose work keeps him mainly in London, and yet has the means to afford a few hunters in the country, is probably no longer a young man; and we repeat, the inevitable railway journeys must sooner or later tell on the human frame which has no longer the capital of youth to draw on, and in all probability sooner rather than later. There are exceptions, of course, to every rule. There are men who, for some particular cause, may find themselves obliged for a season, or part of a season, to keep touch of London. They, of course, will take their pleasure as best pleases them, and as they can best afford. But for the average of men who 'hunt from town' we should certainly recommend a moderate ambition. Indeed, if he elect to keep his horses in London he will find himself obliged to be so content, unless he be prepared for his stables to need renewing as fast as Russian 'arrangements.' And we should also recommend him, if he keep his horses in the country, always when possible to go down to his quarters over-night. The additional expense of a bedroom will not be excessive; he can always, save in very exceptional circumstances (and in such it would perhaps be best to put the hunting by for a time), get his day's work over in time for an evening train; he will find his own comfort greatly increased; and he will *last* much longer.

CHAPTER XI.

THE OTTER AND HIS WAYS.

By man and all living creatures, from the worm in the ground to the eagle in the air, the advent of spring is hailed with a welcome and joy accorded in a like degree to no other period of the year.

Nature is then waking up from her winter sleep, and, laying aside her snow-white robes, is invoking the sun to expedite her toilet, that soon, like a May queen, she may step out in a mantle of emerald hue, bespangled with gems of purple and gold—the primrose, the cowslip, and wild hyacinth—till her beauty becomes a delight to the eye no art can rival. Early and late, too, is her coming greeted by a choir of heaven-born minstrels, who pour forth their pæans of joy in copse, woodland and field with sweetest melody. But, gladsome and sympathetic as all the world appears to be at this hopeful period, it may sound strange to say that probably the sole created being who supplies an exception to the general joy is to be found in man. Yet this is truly the case; for the language of the often quoted huntsman, when his hounds threw up on a bank of violets and failed to carry the scent a yard farther, still finds an echo in the breast of many such men under like circumstances.

The experience of every hunting man will remind him that oft on a genial April day, when the lark has been carolling overhead, and the wood anemone, the daisy, and the primrose were weaving at his feet a mosaic carpet, far more beautiful in design than ever graced a Pontiff's hall, he has heard growls of

discontent loudly expressed around him, the flowers have been eyed with a cold welcome, and the lark's glorious song greeted with anything but pleasure.

It was just at this season of the year, not very long ago, that a group of well-mounted horsemen were posted at a point commanding a broad green avenue that stretched away far as the eye could see into the depths of Whittlebury Forest. They were listening with evident impatience to a pack of hounds which, throwing their tongues intermittently, were unable to force their fox beyond the 'quarter' in which they had found him an hour before. In fact, there was no scent; and some of the older hands, with good reason suspecting that a vixen was afoot, were anxious to whip off the hounds and draw for a fresh fox. Favoured by Nature the little mother dodged about, leaving scarcely a whiff of scent behind her; the hounds dropped their noses in vain; and the field, now utterly disconcerted, came to a general verdict that 'those spring flowers' were the chief cause of all the misery.

'It's all up with hunting, at least for this season,' exclaims a young squire, somewhat impatiently; 'but what on earth is a fellow to do for the next six months of his life? I hate town, and I'm sick to death at sea; and as for the "contemplative art"—river angling—I have neither skill nor patience for that craft, of all others the most solitary and uncertain. So, without occupation, and never a hound's note to cheer me, I shall be bored to death before the first of next November.'

'Nay, my boy; I don't see why we should lose you on that account,' answered an old friend, who happened to be a Devonshire man much given to otter hunting. 'Come down to us, and if Collier and Cherriton don't keep you alive, and happy too, with a feast of sport throughout the summer, I shall be surprised indeed. Otters are to be found in every Devonshire stream; and with no animal of chase is the instinct and work of hounds so well displayed as in the pursuit of the otter. Why, we have men with us who find hunting so conducive to their health that, with staghounds, foxhounds, harriers and

otter hounds, they contrive to enjoy it all the year round; and you could well do the same.'

'Thank you so much; that's quite a new light to me, and is exactly what I should like to do; but give me a word of advice as to the best quarters for otter hunting, and I'll lose no time in paying a visit to your favoured land.'

'That I'll do with much pleasure,' responded the old otter hunter, delighted to help a youngster who, from his inborn love of hounds, he felt sure would enter well at his own favourite sport. 'Tiverton for otter hunting should be your first halting place; and thence you could easily reach the early and best meets of two good packs—those of Mr. Collier and Mr. Cherriton—who would not only give you a hearty welcome, but, if I mistake not, would very soon ask you to "look below" and lend a watchful eye to the business of the chase. But I would not recommend you to fix on any settled quarters for more than a week or so at a time; you should lead a kind of nomad life, passing on from one district to another according to the meets of the various packs hunting the Western counties. Thus, weather permitting, you might safely reckon on getting three days a week, from May 1 to the end of August; then, to complete the cycle, you should migrate to Porlock and top up the year by enjoying a gallop with the staghounds over the wild Exmoor. But hark! the hounds are running hard; that must be a dog fox, and we shall lose perhaps the run of the season we stand gossiping here any longer.' So saying, the old otter hunter dashed off into a narrow ride, making a signal to his young friend that he'd let him know more about it at an ear.y date.

He was as good as his word. The younger sportsman was entered to other hunting and followed many packs of famous otter hounds. At length he became so devoted to the sport that, having ample means to do so, he determined to start a pack of his own, and hunt on the south coast of Devon a number of maiden streams abounding in trout and of course visited by otters, but as yet unstained by a single hound.

With this object in view he appealed once more to his old friend, who, from a journal he had carefully kept, noting not only his own sport but that of several well-known packs, now cordially gave him the result of his long experience embodied in the following paper:

That you are going to start a pack and hunt the wild otter with your own hounds is a bit of news that interests me greatly, and you are quite welcome to the benefit, as you are pleased to term it, of any counsel I can give you on so engrossing a subject. But pray bear in mind that this paper will simply be a kind of didactic essay written to instruct rather than amuse you; and moreover, that you are by no means bound to adopt your mentor's views when, as his judgment may often be in error, to differ from it would be the wiser course.

No man can hunt a wild animal with success if he is not fairly acquainted with that animal's habits and mode of life; he must at least know where to look for him, how to find him, and how to cope with him, when found, in the many artifices he will adopt to elude pursuit. Now, the ways of an otter I believe to be the least known and the most inscrutable of all our wild animals; so much so that its very existence is widely doubted in districts where otter hounds are never seen; and yet every river in the land pays tribute in turn to this night-wandering marauder. Many too, who ought to know better, think the otter to be well nigh exterminated, and that its fate will soon be that of the beaver and yellow-breasted marten, now no longer seen amongst us. But there is no ground whatever for this belief; otters, as I will presently show by testimony of unquestionable authority, are still as plentiful on our waters in the present day as they were fifty or sixty years ago.

When I first took to keeping a pack of my own I hunted a number of streams on which the note of an otter hound had never been heard. They were a scratch lot, consisting of big old-fashioned, blue-mottled harriers and a single foxhound, called Midnight, by John Russell's famous Mercury out of his

Rally, the only hound amongst them that would to
scent. But she was a jewel, and with her pleasant tong
won several of the others to join her on the trail. Ye
the wild animal was actually found and killed befo
would the farmers believe that it was the scent of an o
hounds were so enjoying. 'There be scores of rats here
but us ha' never seed no sich varmint as an otter
bottoms,' was the constant remark expressed on the
of dear old Midnight's tongue; a hound that never to
in her life. One day she carried a trail through a f
cabbage garden and into a drain under his very house,
a fine dog-otter, soon killed, opened his eyes and at
satisfied his doubts.

I mention these circumstances to show how little is k
to men in general of the habits and even the existence o
wild animal, which not only lives and thrives among u
constantly makes his bed on the dry ledges of our house d
fellow-lodgers with ourselves and sharing the shelter the
building affords to both.

Human nature, we know, is little inclined to believe
it cannot see or realise; and doubtless the otter and his h
are mysteries to most men, inasmuch as he is strictly a noct
animal, never quitting his stronghold, except by expulsion
after sunset, and then only to seek his prey and disappear a
with the first blush of morn. Then, at night, if intruded on
man, the dark colour of his hide conceals him from view, wh
at the same time so oil-like and gentle are his movements
the water that it would require a fine ear indeed to note l
whereabouts. Not once that I can remember do we see t
otter referred to in the works of our great fabulists, from Æs
and Phædrus down to La Fontaine and Gay; and yet, fro
the lion to the mouse, all the beasts known to them have th
characteristics described with the utmost fidelity. This sure
is strong, if indirect, evidence that they knew nothing of t
otter and his habits. But I will go farther; our keene
hunters, men who have pursued the animal with hound a

and studied his ways from youth to old age, are prone to
s that much pertaining to the beast is beyond their ken
utterly inscrutable.

ill, such men by patient and watchful observation have
ed enough to enable them not only to find and hunt the
al successfully, but to enjoy themselves and show their
ds a sport the wildness and delight of which no pen of
can describe.

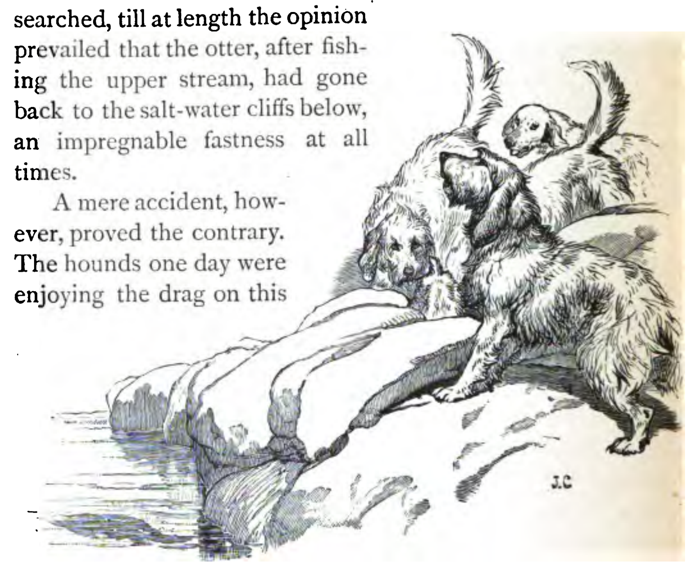
he otter has no local attachment, like the badger, the fox,
e hare; but, as an experienced otter hunter once told me,
believed that, except in the case of a female and her young
s, an otter never occupied the same bed two days following,'
ning that he is always on the tramp, seeking fresh pools
new streams from night to night. However true this may
it is nevertheless a fact that on quitting one lodging for
ther, like old travellers, they have always a house of call
their eye—a safe well-known retreat—on which they are
t for rest and security at the far end of their night's
rk.

An otter, when bolted from his sleeping quarters, will make
once for the nearest stronghold, and so on from one to
other, till he has shown his observant pursuers all the drains
d holts he is wont to frequent on that river. Consequently,
en a fresh trail is struck on a stream well known to the
unter, he can generally tell where his hounds should come to
mark and where, when found, the otter will go for his next
etreat. This knowledge is of the utmost advantage, as it saves
uch time and labour both in finding and pursuing the animal;
whereas, on the other hand, if the river drawn be a new and
unknown one, the uncertainty of a find and a kill is greatly
increased. There may be a hot steaming drag, indicating the
recent presence of the wild beast beyond a doubt, but the
mouth of his haunt may be a foot or two under water, and if
so, hounds and terriers will pass unwittingly over it, and the
otter will sleep on undiscovered in his dry and cavernous holt.
Scores of otters escape detection in this way.

U 2

One special instance occurs to my recollection: My hounds had met on several occasions at Came's Mill, a short distance above the tidal point of the Harberton river, and so invariably did they hit on a fine fresh drag that, long before they reached the mill, neither whip nor rate would restrain them from breaking away in full cry up the beautiful meadows of the vale above. But day after day there was no find; every hole and corner that would hold a rat was drawn, every open drain searched, till at length the opinion prevailed that the otter, after fishing the upper stream, had gone back to the salt-water cliffs below, an impregnable fastness at all times.

A mere accident, however, proved the contrary. The hounds one day were enjoying the drag on this



The escape of the otter.

water with the usual fruitless result, when a sharp thunderstorm breaking overhead drove us for shelter into an old barn crammed with wooden lumber that had long been stored within its dry cob walls. Pulling our crusts out we had scarcely half devoured them, when a restless terrier, called Fox, doubled his tongue wildly, far down under the blocks of timber on which we were seated.

'That's a cat for certain,' said my old friend, the Rev. Harry Fortescue, 'that terrier is always at riot.'

But in another instant Rattler threw his tongue like a tenor bell announcing a find, and all knew at once the long-looked-for otter was at length found. To the river we then rushed, not fifty yards from the barn, and great was our amazement to view not one but a brace of fine otters glide rapidly from under a broad stone slab that bridged a dyke running into the stream below. But the terriers Prince and Fox, usually on the back of a bolting otter, did not appear; they had been stopped by the dyke water that covered to the depth of a foot the mouth of the drain leading up to the old barn. Here then was the mystery solved; countless times had the hounds carried the drag up and down that dyke, but the submerged mouth of the drain baffled all their inquiries.

The result is soon told; the otters, male and female of course, on reaching the main stream parted at once. The dog turned downwards and made a desperate effort to gain the cliffs, but was pulled down while crossing a shallow only a short distance from his stronghold. The other, my lady, with a couple of hounds in close pursuit succeeded in gaining a long deep mill pond in the meadows above, where, on following up, we found Tyrant and Wakefield hard at her and making the valley ring with their music, as they worked her to and fro from one hover to another. At length she got under a bridge which was flooded up to its very keystone, the pond being a bumper at the time; and here taking rest and recovering her wind she might ultimately have beaten us, for the swimming and marking being incessant it was beginning to tell upon the hounds and terriers, not one of which could get under the archway and so bolt her.

Happily, however, the jolly miller who had joined the chase came to the rescue; he ran home for a crowbar, lifted a flood-hatch, and in half an hour so lowered the water that the terriers went in and thenceforth never gave her a moment's rest. The otter now landed, and taking to the dense scrub on the comb

of the hedges, just as a polecat is wont to do, she showed us some of the prettiest sport I ever saw. The terriers of course were alone able to follow her; but the hounds on each side of the fence were watching the fray with intense excitement, throwing their tongues frantically, as if to encourage their little mates, and expecting at every instant to grab their prey. At length down they came, terriers and otter all locked together, the mass rolling over and over into the midst of the hounds; so ended this lively chase.

We always knew afterwards where to find on that river, the moment a drag was struck on the lower waters.

The otter is believed by many to be amphibious, but suffice it to say that neither it nor any other known animal is so constituted. With as much reason might the pearl diver be considered capable of sustaining life equally well in both elements—air and water—as the otter. The diver descends into the depths of the latter to earn his livelihood, and the otter does it for the same purpose; yet one minute's duration in that element beyond the power of the lungs would be fatal to both. It is also the refuge of the wild animal; but only then does he seek it when he is forcibly driven from his dry bed, and hopes by the interposition of the watery barrier between him and his enemy to save his life.

Some forty years ago, while hunting with Mr. Bulteel's hounds, I managed to catch a young otter alive: he was not half-grown, and soon became so tame that he would come to a call, jump upon my lap, and eat food out of my hands. Not far from the horse box in which he lived there was a small pond of clear water; and to it, for he followed me like a dog, I was wont to take him when I gave him his food. Into the pond, however, nothing would tempt him to go, if, on galloping round the bank and winding the water, he discovered by his nose there was no fish in it. He would then come up to me, and watching the bowl of fish I held in my hand, would look into my face, as much as to say, 'Why should I wet my jacket for nothing? my breakfast is in that bowl.' While feeding he

often sat up like a monkey, holding the fish in his fore paws and invariably eating it from head to tail. In a wild state, however, the otter eats an eel only from the anal aperture downwards to the tail; whereas, like a true epicure, he prefers the shoulders and upper end of the lordly salmon.

From the extreme acuteness of my tame otter's nose I discovered why it was that, after a stream had been drawn and its hovers tainted by hounds, it was useless drawing that same water in less than a month or five weeks afterwards; for unless a flood had washed away all traces of the intruders, a blank on it was a dead certainty. Hence, a wide range of rivers largely increases the chance of finding, as the success attending the nomad system practised by some of our most famous otter hunters amply demonstrates.

That system may be briefly described as follows: Some fifty years ago Mr. Lomax, a noted hunter, set the fashion of travelling with his otter hounds from one county to another. Hanging out at wayside inns and drawing fresh streams from day to day, he showed marvellous sport, as he crossed them in his course between Lancashire and the western counties. The late Mr. Waldron Hill did the same, but on a somewhat grander scale; for, travelling with a van, and not content with hunting over five or six counties in Scotland, he would take ship and visit the Emerald Isle, the natives of which went almost wild with delight at the sport he was wont to show on their purling streams. Then, at the present time, we have the Hon. Geoffrey Hill adopting the same plan, and killing on an average at least eighteen brace of otters in a season. Nor can I conceive a greater treat than to go a-gipsying with him throughout the summer, now sharing the wildest of all English sports in the best of company; or, if the game be not afoot, searching for it amid the most charming scenery of mountain and vale, woodland and water. But more anon of his rivers, hounds and sport.

In the west also, of late. the two famous packs of Mr. Cherriton and Mr. Collier have sought fresh streams, and

travelled into counties far distant from their own kennels; Wiltshire, Dorset, and Hants have been visited in turn, and many a fine day's sport has been witnessed for the first time in those counties. Consequently, a far greater number of otters have been annually killed by those packs, the score of each amounting to no less than twelve to fourteen brace a season.

The institution of railways throughout the land has probably done more to promote the sport of otter hunting than any other cause; but far distant be the day when this advantage shall lead to the disappearance of the otter from these islands. Its extinction, like that of the wolf, the boar, and the beaver, would be a national calamity; but such a result, I rejoice to think, is most improbable. The fox could be exterminated, but the otter, by man's power, never.

The following letter from Mr. Collier, of Culmstock, conveying as it does the opinion of an observant and thoroughly practical man, is most interesting in reference to the animal he has hunted so long and so successfully. He says:

You ask me to name the best head-quarters for hunting with my otter hounds, and I do not think a stranger could do better than fix upon Taunton. That town being situated on the main line most if not all my meets, extending from the Bristol to the English Channel, can be reached from it on the evening previous to the meeting day; that is, either by the main or branch lines diverging therefrom. The rivers usually hunted by my hounds are, as you well know, the Exe, Barle, Tone, Culm, Otter, Yarty, Axe, Ile, Char, and those near Dunster and Watchet on the Severn sea.

Since 1879 I have killed over 144 otters; thus averaging 12 brace per season. In 1880 I killed 15 brace; and that was the best season I ever had. This past year (1884) I have brought to hand 20 full-grown otters; but, strange to say, have neither killed a cub nor spurred one on all my rivers; nor have I killed a bitch-otter in milk. A similar occurrence, to the best of my recollection, I never before experienced, although I have now hunted these rivers for forty-nine seasons. I trust it does not augur ill for the future stock.

I do not think otters are decreasing in numbers, neither do I consider them more plentiful than they were forty years ago. In those days we reckoned 10 otters a good season; but the reason we average more now is due to the railway, a help we did not get in former years, the hounds having been often compelled to do long, weary road-work before they reached the river side. For instance, I have left Hillmoor at 2 o'clock in the morning, jogged on to Exe Bridge, 16 miles, left my pony there, drawn up the Barle and killed my otter on the way. Then a crust of bread and cheese at Withypool and at it again, over Winsford Hill to the Exe; found and killed another otter, picked up my pony at Exe Bridge, and back again with tired hounds the same night to Hillmoor; thus covering in the day at least sixty miles. Hard work, you will say, but sweetened by sport.

I can remember on one such occasion, when Mr. Tom Carew was Master of the Tiverton Hounds and old John Beale the huntsman, that I met their party near Tarr-Steps on the Barle; they had killed a brace of foxes, I a brace of otters, and as we approached on either side of the river we saluted each other with a couple of joyous who-whoops, blew our horns, and turned homewards. Of course my hounds could not do another day's work for a week or more. But now, with the advantage of the railway, I can hunt three or four days a week, so am able to make a larger score.

The time for otter hunting extends over a period of five months only; that is, from the middle of April to the middle of September; but as frost stops foxhounds, so do floods stop otter hounds, and it is no uncommon event in a wet season to find rivers quite unhuntable for weeks together; so the short measure of time allotted to the sport is thus seriously curtailed. Nevertheless such hindrances in no wise affect the working powers of the otter hound, for it matters little how lusty he may become provided care is taken to keep his feet right by regular exercise. And this at all times is an important point, for unless the balls of the feet are protected by the horny substance which only road exercise will give, the water soon soddens and renders them painfully tender; and then, if the hound is not crippled, he becomes at least slack in his work, and does not

do it with half the energy that otherwise might be expected from him.

But to return to the otter and his ways. We have searched the best authors on Natural History in vain with a view to obtain some light on the dark subject of the otter's family affairs; how long the period of gestation, when the young are brought forth, and how many they are in number. The first point is ignored altogether, the early spring is guessed at for the second, and the number of the young is variously given as three, four and five. This last is doubtless correct, the larger or smaller number depending on the age of the parent dam. But as to the second point I am inclined to believe that the period of parturition is not exactly limited to early spring, like that of the fox, but extends also occasionally to the summer months, inasmuch as cubs of various sizes are met with at the same time of the year. Mr. Collier, with his half-century's experience, writes thus:

I think it is impossible to say when otters breed, as I have killed cubs of all sizes in the same month. Some thirty-five years ago, about the latter end of May, we found a bitch-otter near Ilminster, and while hunting her, the poor little mother threw her cubs, one of which no bigger than a mouse I kept for years in a bottle of spirit. I regret to say that last year, 1883, on our own river, the Culm, I had the great misfortune accidentally to kill four cubs, about four or five pounds each; it was then the middle of September. Only once in my life have I ever seen five in one litter; this was on the Yarty, and as bad luck would have it they were lying in a dry hollow bank near some shallow water, so the hounds and terriers killed them all instantly. I am inclined to think three to be the average number.

The Hon. Geoffrey R. C. Hill, who has hunted the otter from his boyhood to the present day, not only corroborates Mr. Collier's views, but goes so far as to say that otters, like dogs, breed at all seasons of the year. He writes thus:

I do not think any man living can tell for certain the exact period of the year when otters breed. My own belief is that they

breed at all times of the year; for, during the same otter hunting season I have myself killed them nearly full grown, then others about fit to take care of themselves, then cubs of a still smaller size; again, some just born, while, sad to relate, I have slain even the pregnant mother with the cubs yet unborn in her. I am thus led to conclude that their season for breeding extends all round the year.

The average number of a litter is, I believe, about three or four; but I fancy they do not rear more than three. Once, and once only, have I seen six young ones, but that was quite an exceptional case; those I took out of a drain myself and tried to rear them, but eventually they all died.

Still, notwithstanding the opinion of those two experienced hunters, I lean to the belief that reproduction takes place only in the spring and early summer months; that the cubs of four or five pounds each, killed by Mr. Collier in the middle of September, were born early in that year, and that those of eight or ten pounds' weight, 'fit to take care of themselves,' were dropped in the previous spring, and were, when killed, in their second year. I infer this from the very slow growth of the young otter I kept for so many months. He was about two pounds only when I caught him in May, and although well fed daily and in perfect health weighed no more than four or five pounds in the late autumn, that is, in October, when he was accidentally killed. Had he continued to live and thrive through the winter, I believe he would have been an eight or ten pounder in the following spring and summer.

The chase of the otter, owing to floods and cold water, is necessarily suspended for seven months in the year; and however desirable it might be in the interest of that sport to observe a close time during the infancy of the cubs, the hunting season then would be so abridged by it that few men would be willing to keep hounds expressly for that purpose only for so short a time. Bitch-otters yielding milk, or indicating the very recent dependence of the young upon them, are not unfrequently killed even in the summer months, and then of course the whole litter is destroyed; while many infant cubs, far more

than the eye sees, are chopped by the terriers at ground before they are able to quit their nurseries. So, the killing of baby cubs must needs go on, though a grief and pain to all concerned in their untimely destruction.

With all packs of otter hounds the weekly continuance of the sport, as well as the number annually killed, depends much on the state of the rivers. When they are flooded, the hounds would be far better on their benches than tainting the banks and haunts of the wild animal at a time when they have no chance of killing him; but when low, the hounds have then every advantage. Under the latter circumstances Mr. Geoffrey Hill killed sixty-two otters in one season, the best he ever had.

He began hunting the otter with his own pack in 1869,[1] but kept no record of his sport till 1870, from which date to the year 1884, that is, in fifteen seasons, he has killed the large number of 544 otters, thus averaging thirty-six a year and four over. Yet, notwithstanding this heavy score, he says, 'Otters are not decreasing in any way on my rivers; they are better preserved than they used to be, for people are beginning to find out that they kill and keep down the coarse fish and eels (which live upon the spawn and fry of the better sort). Besides, otter hunting is more appreciated than in former days, and the wild animal is now kept to show sport. Not that an occasional otter does not fall a victim to the farm labourers and their dogs, when, as he is wont to do, he travels up a small brook and is caught before he can reach the safe drain for which he is making. It is strange but true, that when a big river gets low and there is no really strong holt upon it, he will quit that river and go up the smallest stream, to gain if he can a more secure retreat.'

Also, he is apt to go a-frogging even on the rills of a water meadow; but when indulging in that pastime and luxury (for no Frenchman loves a frog better than he does), he is sure to have a stronghold within easy reach. The bitch-otter, when followed by her young, is especially given to frog hunting, and

[1] His elder brother, now Lord Hill, kept them for many years previously. —EDITOR.

thus probably instructs them how partially to support themselves before they are able to stem the currents in which their slippery and more active prey can alone be found.

At the same time small brooks, often high up in mountainous districts, are almost invariably chosen by the dam as the quarters best suited for laying up her young. For there, at the very source of perhaps our biggest rivers, Nature has provided her with an ample supply of the daintiest food—the fry of trout and salmon; and there, the currents being gentle compared with the force of those below, the young can be better trusted to learn their first lessons in the work of life, namely, self-maintenance and self-preservation.

For the following most interesting communication on the natural history of the otter I am indebted to my friend, the late Mr. Trelawny of Coldrenick, and I have his authority for stating that Mr. Shaw, who vouches for his labourer's veracity, is a gentleman worthy of all credit. The letter written by Mr. Shaw from Trelowarren, the seat of Sir Richard R. Vyvyan, Bart., was addressed to Mr. Trelawny; it runs thus:

Knowing you to be a great otter hunter in that dull time of the year which poets praise so much, I trust the following account which has just been related to me may not prove uninteresting to you; and I believe I can thoroughly vouch for its authenticity, having questioned the narrator very minutely about it. He (one of our labourers here), on his way to his work on Wednesday last, soon after five o'clock in the morning, saw a quantity of animals coming along the road towards him, and stood very quietly by the hedge till they came broadside of him. He then perceived they were otters, four old ones,[1] and he thinks very little less, if at all, than twenty young ones. He had nothing in his hand at the time, but, as quickly as he could, he got a stick out of the hedge and struck one of the young ones and ultimately killed it. The moment the young one began to squeak, all four old ones came back and stood grizzling, as he terms it, against him, till all the young ones had escaped through the hedge, and then went quietly off themselves, he being afraid to attack them. I have just weighed the one

[1] The four old ones were doubtless four females; for the dog-otter is rarely, if ever, found in company with the dam and her young ones.

which he killed, and its weight is 5½ lbs., which will give you some idea of its size; in fact, in appearance it is nearly as large as a common-size cat. Having hunted otters much myself in former years, I was aware of their being great travellers, but I did not know before that they journeyed in such patriarchal fashion, four families of course being here congregated together. I feel assured you will not consider the time spent in perusing this epistle thrown away, as I think it a very interesting piece of natural history about an animal whose habits are not very definitely known. Mr. Shaw in a second letter adds—I have since thought on the probable reason for the migration of so many otters at once, and can only come to this conclusion that they were bred on one of our fresh-water rivers which are mere brooks; and as the young ones increased in strength and appetite, the supply of fish was not sufficient for them, and they were therefore making their way to the Helford river (the apparent point) which is an arm of the sea.

A stranger, wishing to hunt with the Hon. Geoffrey Hill's hounds on the Wye, the Irfon, the Ithon, the Llynfi, Towy, and the Eddw, could not do better than make Builth his head-quarters. For the Usk, he should go to Brecon; for the Teifi and its tributaries, to Newcastle Emlyn; for the Vale of Clwyd, St. Asaph; for Pembrokeshire, Haverfordwest; and lastly, for North Shropshire, Market Drayton. It may be added that Mr. Hill considers the Wye and its tributaries, the Usk, the Teifi, the Towy, and the Clwyd as his favourite and best rivers.

Artificial drains both on rivers and large fish ponds have proved to be a great success, when constructed with due reference to the wild and shy habits of the otter's life. They arrest him in his travelling propensities, it may be only for a night or so; but, when once such drains have been used, they are sure to become known to 'all the wandering train;' and consequently may be reckoned upon as a safe find when hounds hit upon a fresh drag in their neighbourhood. But if made, their whereabouts should be kept secret, or be well looked after; otherwise the trapper might turn them to dangerous account.

A drain intended for the lodgment of otters, if constructed

on a river, should be made with rough stones, and have its entrance, about eight inches square, at least a foot below the ordinary height of the water; then it should slant upwards till it reach ground high and dry above the highest level of a winter's flood. At that point a cross-flue, intersecting the other, and in shape like the capital letter T, should be formed in the dry soil; but it should be of larger dimensions than the entrance passage—say a foot in width—so that an otter, or a couple of otters, might find room in it to curl up and go to sleep. This chamber, covered with stone slabs and a thick layer of earth, should then be turfed over, so as thoroughly to exclude light and air from above.

When a drag in its vicinity leads to the belief that a lodger is within, a few hearty blows with an otter pole on the turf overhead will probably drive him at once to quit the tenement; but failing that, a crowbar let down and rattled on the cover stones would be sure to have the desired effect; and if so, a chain of pearl-like bubbles would at once rise to tell the tale. On no account should the ground be opened and a terrier allowed to enter the drain; an otter so bolted, if not killed, would never more trust himself in it; nay, the taint of the terrier would be so strong and lasting that I doubt much (for they tell each other) if any otters would ever lodge there again. A wonderful network of nerves permeates the otter's nose, and gives that organ a power possessed by few other animals—a boon Nature has bestowed upon him, not only to enable him to hunt up his prey, but to protect his life.

If an artificial drain on a fish pond be contemplated, no man could do better than follow the plan adopted by Mr. John Bulteel of Pamflete, whose experience of otter life, derived partly therefrom, is so interesting that it may well encourage others to go and do likewise. The pond itself is an artificial one, formed by intercepting a brook that aforetime was wont to chatter through a dark dingle, until it joined the river Erme about a mile from the sea. The banks on either side are fringed by a dense growth of evergreens, but especially by

rhododendrons, which flourish here in the wildest luxuriance; while the Scotch fir and the Austrian pine overhanging the lake cast a deep and sombre shade over it and the whole valley. To render this quiet and secluded spot a still more tempting retreat for the otter, the pond is well stocked with trout and eels; while it is only separated by a narrow sand bank from the Erme, a tidal river famous for its truff, salmon, mullet, flounders, and other dainty fish fresh from the sea.

Here then, if anywhere, are quarters suited in every way to the shy and wild habits of otter life; and here it is that Mr. Bulteel has constructed the drain which, as might be expected, did not long remain untenanted, and has ever since proved a favourite lodging house to the come-and-go visitors frequenting that pond. The drain differs in some respects from the one described above, inasmuch as it has three distinct entrances, one below and two above the surface of the water; while three or four cross-flues, running under a dark rhododendron bed, are capacious enough to accommodate a whole family party seeking a dry and peaceful retreat. Swans, pheasants, moorhens and kingfishers are their nearest neighbours, and the only sounds that could possibly disturb their slumbers would be those of the wild sea waves breaking on the rocks so near their home.

Mr. Bulteel, who is not only a good sportsman but an enthusiastic naturalist, has been favoured in no ordinary degree with peeps into the private life of his otter guests; and so intensely interesting were some of the scenes he witnessed that although they have already appeared in print, I will again venture to quote them in his own graphic words:

Yesterday (9th March) in the deluge we had, I thought it likely the otter might be moving about, so I sat down in the corner by the edge of the pond hidden by bushes, and waited. In about ten minutes I saw the otter emerge from the opposite bank—about fifty yards from the rail on the sand—and begin to fish. For full twenty minutes she kept on diving and rising to the surface, her attitudes most graceful, when suddenly she came up with a bright

white fish. She then without diving swam off with her head just above water, and with wonderful rapidity, to the bank opposite, dived, and then I heard the most extraordinary sort of whistling, I suppose the young quarreling for their prey. In three minutes she came out and again repeated the same fishing, again caught a fish, again went to the young ones. She then came out a third time, but as I was pretty well soaked I moved on, and from that moment all was quiet.

The swans have got accustomed to them, for although the otter came up several times within ten yards of them, the old drake



Otters at play.

only set up his hackles and did not seem to mind her much. Now of course I know where the young ones are laid up, and I shall see, I daresay, very many interesting episodes of otter life. I think you ought to come over some day and enjoy the sight.

About a week after that tempestuous day, I was again favoured with a grand sight, and I only wish you had been present to witness it with me. I was sitting at the farther end of the pond from where the young were laid up, when suddenly I saw two large otters, as I thought, fighting. The tussle first began at the very place where a week before I had seen the bitch-otter feed her young. The

otters when under water at length loosed their hold, and one rose to the surface two or three seconds before the other, but as soon as the head of the latter appeared they went at each other again *con amore*. I am inclined to think, from what I have since observed (more of which as I go on), that it might have been a game of play and romps; but certainly they went at it hammer and tongs until the bitch had driven the intruder half across the pond. He then (the animal I suppose to be the stranger) landed, set the moorhens and even the cock pheasants all on the *qui vive*, and finally I lost sight of him in the dark.

The next evening a neighbour of mine paid me a visit, and as he expressed a strong inclination to share this sight with me, I wrapped him up in a great-coat, put him on a camp stool, and with a good pair of opera glasses we bided our time. Suddenly, just opposite to me and within twenty yards of where I sat, out came the bitch-otter, fished for ten minutes, caught a white trout, and swam with it to her young. I looked intently but in vain at the farther end of the pond, whence she had emerged on previous occasions; the careful mother had, however, owing, it struck me, to the fight of the night before, shifted her young to other quarters. I can scarcely describe my friend's delight at witnessing this novel and genuine bit of wild sport.

A few days after this visit I let out the pond, and during that time saw nothing of the otters; I observed, however, that they still used my drain. On Wednesday last, April 5, the waters having risen to a respectable height, I went out for a watch, and at 7.20 glided forth from the drain the finest dog-otter I ever saw. He was alone and evidently on the look-out for company, not fishing, but cruising about restlessly all over the place. Once he actually lifted himself on his hind legs until his middle was fairly out of the water, the wildest-looking beast I ever saw; it then became dark and I saw him no more.

Again on Good Friday evening when all was quiet around, I took up my position near the pond, and at 7.20 I viewed a brace of old otters emerge from the middle outlet of my drain, and fish industriously for half an hour. During this performance they constantly returned to the drain. I have marked the place with a cross.

On Saturday I hunted at Sheepstor Tor, came home late, so gave my friends, or rather myself, an evening's rest. The next night, however, being Easter Sunday, I saw at ten minutes before seven a sight I would not have missed for gold; a brace of otters,

evidently male and female, having in broad daylight the same sort of turn-up I had witnessed a fortnight ago, when they were located on the other side. They tumbled over each other, lost sight of each other, and then had what we call in Devon 'a real scat' at one another. Suddenly one landed and looked out for the other, then up he came again, and both flew into the pond locked together. Now I must say all this appeared to me to be a friendly business. I watched them till a quarter to eight, and latterly they worked independently, returning to the drain every now and then, but I saw no fish in their mouths.

I shall be able to see in a few days whether they are not, as I strongly suspect, a brace of otters that have no communication with the party opposite; but, if one happens to be the old bitch-otter I first saw with her family, all I can say is we shall yet witness some pretty sights when she brings out her young and teaches them to fish for themselves.

On that river Erme with the first freshet in June the white-fish or truff came up in large shoals, to rest for some time in deep pools at the highest point touched by the tidal wave. One of these pools is designated *par excellence* the otter pool, for as surely as the truff appear, so surely do the strong hovers hold an otter, nay, sometimes a brace or more, in attendance on the prey so bountifully supplied to them. The arrival of the truff, a fish identical with the sewin, was in former days made the happy signal for the first meet at Sequer's Bridge, which meant the otter pool; and great was the sport usually shown on such occasions by Mr. Bulteel's or Mr. Trelawny's hounds; especially when Waterloo, Wanderer, and Whirligig were the stars of the pack. Then, as the ladies formed no small portion of the hunting field, the day was not unfrequently wound up with an impromptu feast and a dance afterwards on the old oak boards of the Flete hall. Nor should it be forgotten that on one remarkable occasion a lady devoted to the chase left a goodly portion of her white petticoat on the snags of an old willow, but nevertheless, undaunted by the loss, stepped out in her 'cutty sark' with great effect in the *ballet* that followed the play; and, as a song written at the time relates:

That very e'en a hunter keen
Told her his tale alone;
And when he gave his heart to her,
Belinda lost her own.

What happens on the Erme so regularly is doubtless the case on other rivers, up which shoals of fish travel in their migration from the sea; their enemy, the otter, follows in their wake as surely as dolphins follow the flying fish, or kites the countless host of grey squirrels seeking a summer home. Thus, fishermen, whose sport is too often vexatiously marred by the night-work of the otter, are constantly able to give useful information to masters of hounds as to the time when a find on particular streams might be almost reckoned as a certainty. At least, this was always the case on the Erme. 'The truff be come, sir; and there's one if not two o' they otters along wi' em,' was the annual report of the old keeper, John Ford, to Mr. Bulteel, who at once advertised an early meet with a result almost invariably successful.

I can well remember that, many years ago, a famous otter hunter, known in Glamorganshire as Evan Llanwensant, rarely went in search of an otter except about the time of a new moon; for the wild animals, he would say, preferred the dark nights for quitting the stronghold of the cliffs, and venturing up the streams adjacent to the coasts. But with due deference to Evan's theory, it is far more probable that the spring tide rousted them out and compelled them to seek drier quarters. At all events, with only a couple of tan-coloured hounds, Famous and Careless, he managed to kill more otters and foumarts than all the packs in the country put together, the spear, however, being freely used when a chance occurred, his motto being '*Dum spiro spero.*'

In the North of Devon, so devoted are the people to the sport of otter hunting, that not only the fishermen but the farmers will go miles out of their way to tell a master of hounds that they have sealed an otter up such and such a stream. Mr. Cherriton, indeed, for many years had, if he has not still,

a special correspondent at Crediton—a sweep, named John Bragg—who being a first-rate hand with a fly rod, had also the eye of a lynx for an otter's seal; and when it was his good fortune to view it freshly imprinted on a spit of sand, like a clever French piqueur he would accurately note the five pats of the foot, being one more than those of a fox or a dog, its exact size, and the direction of its course, whether up or down stream, and then bound off for the kennels, no matter how far, to convey the news so welcome to Mr. Cherriton and all the country-side.

When a fresh trail is hit on a rocky river, where a spit of sand is only occasionally met with and a mud band never seen, the spraints dropped on the boulders that crop up in mid-water indicate with tolerable certainty the course taken by the otter in his night's work. If the spraints—the odour of which is literally more like scented snuff than foul excrement—are on the lower or down-stream side of the boulder, the otter was working upwards; but if deposited on the upper side, nine times out of ten it may safely be inferred that his course was a downward one. The keen hunters of the north, especially in Cumberland, depend much on these marks; and while the hounds are busy in carrying on a drag, and no one can tell whether it is heel or not—for heel too often affords the most enjoyable scent—then every man's eye is directed to the boulders, and he who discovers the spraints shouts aloud to the field 'Oop-water' or 'Doon-water,' as the case may be.

Also, on rapid and stony rivers, if the hounds frequently land and carry the scent over the meadows and across the curves of the stream, it is a sure sign that the otter has been travelling upwards, and has taken the chord of the arc to avoid the current and shorten the distance to his next retreat. On a sluggish and meandering stream, too, he will occasionally do the same, especially if daylight be dawning, for the witches of Kirk Alloway never shunned the break of day more carefully than an old otter.

A remarkable instance of three full-grown otters avoiding

the bends of a stream and crossing a broad meadow by daylight was witnessed at Brimpts on Dartmoor by the tenant occupying that farm. He was called Coker; and being a fisherman, was asked if we were likely to find an otter on the following day. 'Quite sure, sir,' he replied, 'on the East Dart; for it was only yesterday I saw three big otters, two black ones and a white one, crossing that meadow below us and going up for Post Bridge.'

'A white otter, Ned?' I said, with a smile of incredulity I could not disguise.

'Yes, sir, a white one; the colour of that white hat on the squire's head.'

Mr. Edward A. Sanders, the owner of the property, was standing near at the time; and as he and I moved off together, I could not help telling him what I thought of his tenant's veracity.

However, the man's tale was true to the letter; we found and found, but owing to the hollow submerged rocks, did not catch a single view of either a black or a white otter. At length, on the second day, Midnight came to a mark on a clitter of rocks adjoining the river; in went the terrier Prince, and to our utter amazement, out glided something that at first looked like a salmon belly upwards; but it soon proved to be a beautiful cream-coloured otter, which in the dark waters of the Dart appeared as white as an Arctic fox.

He was soon killed, his very colour being against him—a fine dog-otter.

Of all the beasts of venerie, there is not one for whose scent unentered hounds seem to care so little as for that of the otter. When the Rev. John Russell of Tordown first started a pack, during his first two seasons he had not a hound amongst them that would touch a trail. 'I walked,' he says in his memoir, 'three thousand miles without finding an otter; and although I must have passed over scores, I might as well have searched for a moose deer.' No doubt of it; but when once he had secured a hound that thoroughly knew his work, he had no further trouble.

The scratch lot, under the tutelage of Racer, soon learned their lesson; and Russell in a couple of seasons 'scored five-and-thirty otters right off the reel.'

The scent, in truth, does not appear a natural one to hounds or terriers; and hence the difficulty in getting them to take to it. In the North of England it is a common practice to enter puppies on foumart first, and after killing a few of those skunk-like vermin, they take readily to the scent of an otter. Yet, to the human nose, no two animals can differ more in their natural odour; the skin of the one yielding an effluvium almost imperceptible and by no means disagreeable; whereas that of the other is so fœtid, so noisome, that I have seen hounds sneeze violently and turn away in disgust when killing it. But neither the rough hounds used in the north, nor the wire-haired Welsh hound evince such unreadiness to enter as their congener the foxhound, of which race it is no figure of speech to say that not one in ten ever fancies the scent. But, find one that really takes to it kindly, and that hound is priceless. His high-mettled courage carries him gallantly to the front on the longest and coldest day; and while the rough hound, good as he may be, stands shivering on the bank, over-weighted by water and chilled to the marrow, the endurance of the foxhound becomes conspicuous. He goes on marking—the most valuable quality an otter hound can possess—and when he speaks, it is a guinea to a shilling the otter is there. Not so with the rough hound; for, when at all beaten, he is very apt to throw his tongue too freely, dwelling on old scent, and so attracting the pack to hovers in which the otter is no longer to be found.

Still, as a trail hound, give me a big blue-mottled harrier, or a wire-haired hound for that purpose; he is not so prone to hit and flash ahead as the other, but is more poky in searching for his game, and consequently does not draw over it half so often as the dashing foxhound. So, to my mind, a thoroughly efficient pack of otter hounds should consist of a mixed lot, but chiefly of foxhounds, with two or three rough or big harriers

rhododendrons, which flourish here in the wildest luxuriance; while the Scotch fir and the Austrian pine overhanging the lake cast a deep and sombre shade over it and the whole valley. To render this quiet and secluded spot a still more tempting retreat for the otter, the pond is well stocked with trout and eels; while it is only separated by a narrow sand bank from the Erme, a tidal river famous for its truff, salmon, mullet, flounders, and other dainty fish fresh from the sea.

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apt to flash off with the floating scent and to carry it for a long distance down stream; while the otter, scared by the men guarding the shallows, has only taken a turn or two round the pool and come back to his strong hover again. Foxhounds, especially if not old hounds at the work, are not to be stopped by whip or horn at such a time; down they go in full swing, splashing and dashing ahead in the wildest enjoyment of the surface-scent. It is a beautiful sight but does nothing towards killing the otter, for he soon recovers his wind and the terriers must again tackle him, but now with a far tougher task before them than in the first instance. He knows he is beset by a strong host without, and therefore will too often punish the lesser foe cruelly before he can be forced to quit his stronghold again. But when in a rapid river the scent is thus washed down by the current and the hounds are revelling upon it, the huntsman cannot be too steady in his action, for by standing still, instead of joining in their excitement, he will teach them a lesson of steadiness ever needful in an otter hound. Again, when an otter is loth to quit a big pool and shifts only from one strong hover to another, the water and hovers become so impregnated with scent that the most trustworthy hounds are then unable to distinguish the new from the old scent; they mark here when the otter is there, securely catching his wind to prolong the fight. The only plan then is to call off the pack till the stained water has passed down, and presently on returning, of course against stream, the hounds will fresh find him with little or no difficulty. But observe that, when all is quiet, and especially if the banks are fringed with coppice-wood, the otter, finding no rest in the hovers and now half-beaten, is very apt to land and, if he can, slip away across country for some distant and safer refuge. This, however, is only a forlorn hope, and the enemy often overtakes him before he can 'fetch' the point he aims at.

An old otter going for a strong holt, especially if fortified by water, is a very difficult animal to head back, and if not killed in the attempt, will make his point against all odds. A very

remarkable instance of this fact occurred to Mr. Geoffrey Hill when hunting in the county of Waterford. He was standing with his hounds and a large party of friends near a rock famous for holding an otter, but equally famous for baffling the best native terriers. However he was just going to put one of his tartars in when a 'holloa' from his kennel huntsman made all the field look round, 'and we saw,' he says, 'an old dog-otter coming right at us. We rushed out and did all we could to turn him towards the river, not twenty yards off, hoping to have some sport, but all in vain; he came straight into the whole pack and was of course instantly killed. This incident was witnessed by many members of my hunt and by several gentlemen who had joined me from Waterford.'

An otter was once seen to go into a clitter of rocks on Dartmoor literally between the legs of a gentleman, the Rev. Fitz Taylor, purposely stationed there to keep him out; and the terriers, good as they were, fairly failed to bolt him afterwards.

Again, on the south coast of Devon, near Slapton, there is a small brook called Blackpool, which from the sea to its source scarcely exceeds four miles. It is well known to the local fishermen to be swarming with trout, and nightly did an otter visit it, but never failed to return to his stronghold in the cliffs before daylight. To cut off his retreat and head him back, several times the following plan was adopted: Leaving the kennels soon after midnight and jogging on with the hounds to a small bridge that crossed the brook within a hundred yards of the sea, the spot was reached about 2 A.M., and there the first blush of morn awaited. But all in vain; time after time the same hot trail roused up the villagers and excited warm hope, but there was no visible otter and consequently no kill. The wily beast fairly beat his enemies, managing in the dark either to slip down with the current unseen, or to land behind their backs and gain the cliffs before the hounds could catch him.

But every rule has its exception; and Mr. Collier will never forget the triumph he once achieved in heading back an otter on the Torridge River. He certainly adopted an exceptional

plan for his manœuvre, and moreover, it was at night-time, which rendered his success the more remarkable :

We found (he says) about 5 P.M. in a long weir-pool, some two miles above the inn at Woodford Bridge, where we were quartered for the night. Rattled him well for an hour; then called off, there being little chance of killing so late in the day. But, feeling sure he would go down stream to some heavy water below, I decided to try a dodge with him and keep him up, if possible. So, collecting five or six lanterns, I lighted and hung them at dusk under the arches of the bridge. Then stationed two men, one on each side of the river, to thrash the water with long poles just above the bridge, and, to crown all, Mr. Frank Cockburn and I lighted a big bonfire which, while we cracked whips and blew horns, we kept going till daylight. At 4 A.M. we began to draw for him up stream, and on crossing the very first hedge above the bonfire, away went the hounds in full cry. Then old Benedict's roar soon told us the otter was found, and the fun was on in earnest. He then landed, and crossing many acres of fern, gained a large cover, up which he went and down again through another cover; but before he could reach the river by thirty yards, they rolled him over within a short distance of our night's quarters—an old dog-otter.

The trail, when an old otter has a point to make, will not unfrequently extend to a distance of eight or ten miles, and that too across country, if his point happens to be on another river. Mr. Collier's experience of this erratic habit is very pleasantly told in the following letter :—

I have had some extraordinary sport this season (1884), such as I never saw, or can ever expect to see again. The trail hunting has been something wonderful. My first meet was on the Culme, near Collompton; there took a trail, and at the end of ten miles up stream, found; had three hours and a quarter, and killed. Last June, in response to an invitation from the Hon. G. Lascelles, I took ten couple of hounds into Hampshire to draw the streams in the New Forest, making Brockenhurst my head-quarters. Monday, 16th, we met at Beaulieu at 7 A.M. After drawing up stream about half a mile, we struck on a trail, which the hounds carried on at a rattling pace for miles through this wild country. The otter now began to twist and turn a good deal; but every inch was hunted

out, and after nine miles we found, had one hour and twenty minutes, and killed. Wednesday, 18th, at Lodre Bridge, soon got on a trail; making good my lower point, turned and rattled up stream merrily; seven miles and a half brought us to the varmint's quarters; had some good sport, and killed a brace. Next day (Thursday) met at the kennels, Lyndhurst; close by was a pond of several acres, which it was thought advisable to draw before going down stream. On arriving there, the hounds at once had some very hot scent, and casting round, hit him off through a thick cover above. Catching sight of his seal, it put new life into my veins. 'Yoicks forward, my lads' (but not a word to the field), away we went out of cover, across thirty acres of mowing grass to another cover above, through which the pack dashed as if running a fox, and on to another pond ahead. Leaving this in the rear and crossing a road, they broke into a large inclosure of heather and sedge. The hunting now was simply beautiful; over the hedge they go, at the farthermost end, and out on the common, through a small piece of water, and away over the hills (many of the field, I believe, fancying I could not be hunting an otter, the country being full of deer and foxes, but my faith never wavered). Sinking the next valley, we came to the river where we killed our brace of otters the previous day, only it was a mile or two farther up stream; here was a welcome halt for a minute or two. I made my cast above, but found he had not gone up. 'Hark back;' and two hundred yards below hounds got on to him again, making the woods ring with their music. Passing the holt of the previous day, they carried it down stream for about four miles; and here he again left the river, the hounds hitting the line across a portion of the forest, and dropping into the Burley stream, up which they hunted him beautifully; now searching for him as if they meant to find. But it was hark forward again on to Burley, where several hundred head of cattle and several cottages brought the hounds to a check. However, I was soon on the spot, and lost no time in casting above the cottages as the day was growing older. 'Yoicks! at him again!' and three hundred yards farther up Harlequin (the rough hound, which no doubt you recollect), galloping up by the stream, winded him in the hedge, made a dash, and out my friend came into the water, and was soon killed. Thus ended one of the best days from first to last I ever saw, the distance covered being about sixteen miles. Saturday, 21st, met at Lymington Bridge, turned down stream, struck a trail at once, which we hunted about two miles, when the otter left this river also and went three or four miles across the

marshes down to the Solent. When we got there, we found the hounds swimming the salt water, and I was asked what could be done. The only thing I could suggest was 'to get a steamer and cast for him on the opposite shore.' I think you will agree with me, after what I have now related, that you and I must feel how little we know what this wild animal is really capable of doing; I say it is like music, we shall never arrive at the bottom of it. Another remarkable thing has happened to me this season. On August 26 I met at Dulverton, drew up the Barle, found near Bradley Ham; had a capital turn and killed. Slept at Withypool, and met at Winsford the following morning at six. Drew down to the junction of the Quarm and Exe; here I took a trail, and before reaching the old abbey at Barlinch, the hounds had a rattling scent on both sides of the river. I arrived at the conclusion that it must be a brace of otters, but no otter was gazed at least for an hour. While we were working him with some very pretty hunting on the weir pool, I heard a view-holloa below in the mill stream, and rushed down with only three couple of hounds at my heels. The rest of the pack remained working in the weir, and at that very moment forced their otter to land through the cover above, being close at him and of course the field with them. This I knew nothing of at the time; however, I stuck to my otter with the three couple and killed her handsomely, the other lot going up the vale like mad, sometimes in the river, and then again on land, till at length they rolled their otter over also about half a mile above. This is the first time I have ever known a pack of otter hounds dividing, each killing their otter.

But now for the terriers, a most important and indispensable adjunct to a pack of otter hounds; for on every occasion where strong holts or underground drains are met with, on them it will depend whether a trail is to end in a find or not. The process of ejectment, generally a bloody one in close quarters, it is their duty to serve. The terrier, therefore, should be hard, wiry, and by no means too big in size; otherwise he will not only be unable to work a narrow drain, but by scraping back the earth to get at the otter, he will dam the water behind him, and so, if not rescued, be drowned.

Like the foxhound, not one terrier in twenty will take kindly to an otter, although the veriest cur will join a worry or

Wantage		Fri.	Duffield			ingdon
BERKS, SOUTH .... *Reading, Wokingham, Basingstoke*	70	Mon. Tues. Thur. Fri., alt. Wed. and Sat.	Mr. John Hargreaves	Richard Roake ..	William Sammons John Louch J. Vass	World's End, Reading, Berks
BERWICKSHIRE .... *Duns* (1½ miles), *Coldstream* (10 miles)	..	Tues. Fri.	Hon. R. B. Hamilton Earl of Haddington	Thomas Cranston	Owen Davies .... W. Bulman	Langton, near Duns
BICESTER AND WARDEN HILL *Bicester, Banbury, Brackley, Buckingham*	55	Mon. Tues. Thur. Sat.	Lord Chesham....	Richard Stovin ..	Henry Bonner .... C. Cox	Stratton Audley, near Bicester, Oxon
BILSDALE, THE .... *Helmsley, Thirsk, Stokesley*	8	Tues. Fri.	Mr. Nicholas Spink	The Master	Bob Dawson......	Trencher-fed
BLACKMOOR VALE .... *Sherborne, Stalbridge, Wincanton*	68	Mon. Tues. Thur. Sat.	Mr. Merthyr Guest	Edward Haynes ..	Edward Teece .... Charles Fox	Charlton Horethorne, Sherborne, Dorset
BLANKNEY .... *Lincoln, Sleaford, Grantham, Newark*	60	Mon. Wed. Thur. Sat.	Earl of Lonsdale..	The Master	J. Goddard, *k.h.*... B. Capel C. Peckham	Blankney, Sleaford, Lincolnshire
BLENCATHRA .... *Keswick*	12	3 days a week	Mr. John Crozier..	John Porter	....	The Riddings, Threlkeld, Keswick, Cumberland
BORDER .... *Bellingham, Otterburn, Jedburgh*	13	3 days a week	Messrs. Robson and Dodd	Mr. Jacob Robson	Mr. Thos. Robson Mr. T. Elliott	Byrness, near Otterburn, Northumberland
BRAES OF DERWENT........ *Shotley-Bridge, Newcastle-on-Tyne*	23	Wed Sat.	Col. Cowen	Siddle .... Dixon, jun.	John Henderson ..	Blaydon Burn, Blaydon-on-Tyne, co. Durham
BRAGG'S, MR. .... *Moretonhampstead, Chagford, Bovey Tracey, Manaton*	..	Mon. Thur.	Mr. G. A. Bragg..	The Master	Mr. F. Stevenson..	Forder, Moretonhampstead, Devon
BRAMHAM MOOR............ *Boston Spa, Harrogate, Wetherby*	50	Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat.	Mr. George Lane-Fox	Thomas Smith....	Charles Hawkes .. Tom Bishop	Bramham Park, Tadcaster, Yorkshire
BROCKLESBY .... *Limber, Brigg, Louth, Grimsby, Caistor, Market Rasen*	52½	Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat.	Earl of Yarborough	Mr. J. Richardson Will Dale	Daniel Jordan .... Fred Mandeville	Brocklesby Park, near Ulceby, Lincolnshire
BURSTOW .... *Reigate, East Grinstead, Horley, Edenbridge*	25	Wed. Sat.	Mr. H. Gerard Hoare	The Master	Mr. T. Sanders.... John Killick	Smallfield Common, Burstow, near Horley, Surrey
BURTON .... *Lincoln*	52	Mon. Tues. Thur. Sat.	Mr. R. E. Wemyss	The Master	Tom Morgan, *k.h.* J. Kidder	Reepham, near Lincoln

from the Trothy, I ran two miles down stream and got under a bridge only two hundred yards from that river. I was scarcely in when I saw him coming, breaking the water in his hurry, and bouncing bang up against my legs. Up he went, again, and we then killed him—weight twenty-nine pounds.'

When an otter is found in a narrow underground drain, the best mode of bolting him is to open it at some distance from its mouth; the terrier then, with his head towards the river, comes in behind the enemy, and will probably bolt him without bloodshed; he will thus escape the punishment he is otherwise sure to suffer. But, if there be running water in the drain and the dog is unable to get at him, the process of drowning him out, though sometimes a tedious one, is yet generally successful. By cutting a trench across the drain a few feet from its mouth the water is asily dammed by a heavy turf or two; it then soon rises, and, as it fills in the drain above, the otter is compelled to bolt. The hounds of course must be kept at a distance, or a chop would occur and mar the sport. The modern manufactured dog, commonly called a fox terrier, is so thin-skinned, and so given to fighting his own species when jammed together in a hover, that I would far prefer using the old-fashioned, wire-haired terrier, with no bull-dog blood in his veins, to all the prize terriers of the present day; but he must be a game one to the backbone.

But, let me add a few more words ere this paper be closed. The hour of meeting in the morning cannot well be too early if you have young hounds to enter and only a couple or two of old ones to act as pioneers; for then the fresh reeking scent, unimpaired by the sun, hangs invitingly upon every weed and willow touched by the otter in his night's work, and is then, of course, far more attractive in its hot condition than after it has been chilled by time. But, on the other hand, if your hounds are veterans, experienced in their work, the period of meeting may well be deferred to a later and more convenient hour

STAGHOUNDS—ENGLAND.

Name of Hunt, with towns convenient for visitors	Couples of Hounds	Hunting Days	Master	Huntsman	Whips	Kennels
Her Majesty's............ *Windsor, Slough, Maidenhead, Wokingham, Bracknell*	40	Tues. Fri.	Marquis of Waterford	Frank Goodall....	John Comins .... William Bartlett C. Strickland	Royal Kennels, Ascot
Berkhampstead .... *Great Berkhampstead, St. Albans, Tring*	16	1 day a week	Mr. Richard Rawle	The Master	Mr. Herbert Brown John Rawle	Great Berkhampstead Common, Herts
Devon and Somerset .... *Minehead, Dunster, Porlock, Lynton, Winsford, Dulverton*	37	Mon. Wed. Fri.	Visct. Ebrington, M.P.	Arthur Heal......	Anthony Huxtable	Exford, Minehead, Somerset
Enfield Chase............	20	Tues. Sat.	Col. A. P. Somerset	Edward James....	Charles Turner .. H. Bishnow	Enfield Court, Middlesex
Essex..................... *Chelmsford, Ingatestone, Ongar*	20	Tues. and occ. Sat.	Mr. Sheffield .... H. M. Neave	The Master	George Southwell	Mill Green, Ingatestone
Mid Kent .... *Maidstone, Tunbridge, Malling*	23	Wed. Sat.	Mr. Herbert Leney	The Master	E. Skates, *k.h.*....	Wateringbury, near Maidstone, Kent
Norfolk	25	Mon. Thur.	Mr. Robert A. Barkley	The Master	Harry Hawes	Palgrave, Diss
New Forest .... *Lyndhurst, Ringwood, Lymington, Brockenhurst*	18	Mon. Tues.	Mr. F. Lovell	The Master	Will Perkins......	Hinchelsea, Brockenhurst, Hants
Rothschild's, Lord ...... *Aylesbury, Leighton Buzzard*	30	Mon. Thur.	Lord Rothschild ..	Frederick Cox....	Mark Howcutt .. W. Gaskin	Ascott, near Leighton, Beds
Surrey .... *Redhill, Croydon*	25½	Tues. Sat.	Mr. Tom Nickalls	J. Hickman	Charles Maiden .. C. Jupp	Nutfield, near Redhill, Surrey
Warnham .... *Horsham, Dorking, Cranleigh*	18½	3 days a fortnight	Mr. Arthur Labouchere	Barney Spence....	Ned Woodcock ..	Mayes, Warnham, near Hors h am

STAGHOUNDS—IRELAND.

Name of Hunt, with towns convenient for visitors	Couples of Hounds	Hunting Days	Master	Huntsman	Whips	Kennels
Down Co. *Belfast, Lisburn, Downpatrick, Ballynahinch*	35	Tues. Thur. Sat.	Capt. R. Ker, M.P.	The Master	D. Cainham, *k.h.*	Montalto, Ballynahinch, co. Down
Humphrey's, Mr. A. E.	20	Mon. Wed. Sat.	Mr. A. E. Humphreys	The Master	J. MacMahon P. Callaghan	Lissagoan House, Ballyhaise, co. Cavan

FOXHOUNDS—ENGLAND.

Name of Hunt, with towns convenient for visitors	Couples of Hounds	Hunting Days	Master	Huntsman	Whips	Kennels
Albrighton *Wolverhampton, Shifnal*	50	Mon. Tues. Thur. Sat.	Sir T. F. Boughey, Bart.	John Scott	William Jones Edward Cotesworth	Whiston Cross, near Shifnal, Salop
Atherstone *Bosworth, Hinckley, Atherstone, Tamworth, Nuneaton*	54	Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat.	Mr. W. E. Oakeley	George Castleman	Edward Farmer Fred Clayden	Witherley, near Atherstone
Badsworth *Ackworth, Pontefract, Doncaster*	58	Mon. Tues. Thur. Sat.	Mr. C. B. E. Wright	The Master	J. Hills, *k.h.* James Counsell	Badsworth, near Pontefract, Yorkshire
Beaufort's, Duke of *Malmesbury, Tetbury, Chippenham, Chipping Sodbury*	75	Mon. Tues. Wed. Fri. Sat.	Duke of Beaufort	Mrqs. of Worcester	Walter Barnard W. West	Badminton, near Chippenham, Wilts
Bedale *Bedale, Thirsk, Ripon, Northallerton*	50	Mon. Wed. Fri.	Mr. G. W. Elliott, M.P.	Fred. Holland	Beames Gosden Parker	Low Street, Bedale, Yorkshire
Belvoir *Grantham, Melton Mowbray, Sleaford*	62	Mon. Tues. Wed. Fri. Sat.	Duke of Rutland	Frank Gillard	Arthur Wilson Harry Chowles Tom Chambers	Belvoir Castle, Grantham, Lincolnshire
Berkeley *Dursley, Thornbury, Bristol, Gloucester, Cheltenham*	62½	Mon. Tues. Thur. Sat.	Lord Fitzhardinge	Harry Grant	Thomas Clarke H. Baker	Berkeley Castle, Gloucestershire
Berkeley, Old *Watford, Tring, Rickmansworth, Hemel Hemp-*	42	Mon. Thur. Sat.	Mr. Harding Cox	The Master	William Wilson, *k.h.* Tom Goddard	Chorleywood Common, Rickmansworth

[illegible], [illegible], *Moreton, Broadway, Cheltenham*		Sat.	Rushout		Jack [illegible]	shire
COTTESMORE .... *Oakham, Melton Mowbray*	58	Mon. Tues. Thur. Sat.	Mr. W. Baird	William Neil	Henry Shipway .. Charles Dove James Neil, jun.	Barleythorpe, Oakham, Rutland
CRANBORNE .... *Salisbury, Blandford*	32	Mon. Thur.	Viscount Somerton	The Master	R. Thompson .... F. Goodridge	Woodga.es House, Cranborne, Salisbury
CRAVEN.................... *Hungerford, Newbury*	60	4 days a week	Sir R. F. Sutton, Bart.	Robert Worrall ..	John Beet .... Fred. Watson Tom Cove	Walcot, near Hungerford, Berks
CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM.... *Horsham, Steyning, Worthing*	50	Mon. Tues. Thur. Sat.	Col. A. M. Calvert	George Loader....	Richard Kingsland William Field	West Grinstead, Horsham, Sussex
CROOME.................... *Malvern, Worcester, Tewkesbury, Pershore*	50	Tues Thur. Sat.	Mr. E. Walter Greene	The Master ...... George Frost, *k.h.*	Jack Dale .... Harry Price C. Sterman	Kinnersley, Severn Stoke, Worcestershire
CUMBERLAND .... *Carlisle, Penrith, Cockermouth*	30	5 days a fortnight	Sir W. Lawson, Bt., M.P., & Mr. Henry C. Howard	Mr. H. C. Howard J. Cockayne, *k.h.*	T. Wilson .... R. Wilson	Roe Hill, Dalston, Cumberland
CUNARD'S, SIR BACHE ...... *Leicester, Market Harborough, Kibworth*	45	Mon. Thur. Sat.	Sir Bache Cunard	William Grant	Thos. Newman .. John Masters F. Hicks	Medbourne, Market Harborough
DARTMOOR .... *Ivybridge. Plymouth*	28	Tues. Sat.	Admiral G. Parker	Richard Yeo......	W. Mudge ...... Thomas Saund.rs	Ivybridge, South Devon
DEVON, SOUTH .... *Torquay, Newton Abbot, Totnes, Teignmouth, Ashburton*	28	Tues. Sat.	Mr. H. S. Gaye ..	John Whitemore..	W. D.rges	Ipplepen, Newton Abbot
DORSET, SOUTH .... *Blandford, Dorchester*	28	Mon. Thur.	Mr. W. F. Radclyffe	Levi Shepherd	J. Hewgill	Bere Heath, Wareham, Dorset
DURHAM, NORTH .... *Durham, Newcastle, Sunderland*	30	5 days a fortnight	A Committee	Richard Freeman	Thomas Henstone G. Coxon F. Dare	Newton Hall, Durham
DURHAM, SOUTH .... *Darlington, Stockton-on-Tees, Durham*	35	Mon. Wed. Fri.	Sir Wm. Eden, Bt.	William Claxon ..	John Bevans...... James Hughes	Rushyford, near Ferryhill, co. Durham
ESKDALE .... *Whitby*	14	Tues. Fri.	A Committee	David Smallwood	J. Hill	Abbey Plain, Whitby
ESSEX, THE .... *Harlow, Chelmsford, Ongar, Brentwood*	58	Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat.	Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson, Bt., M.P.	James Bailey	Charles Wesley .. John Turner W. Crawley	Harlow, Essex
ESSEX, EAST.. .... *Braintree, Halstead, Kelvedon*	46	Tues. Thur. Sat.	Mr. E. Jesser-Coope	William Wheatley	Tom Ashley ...... Sam Brown	Rivenhall, Witham, Essex

FOXHOUNDS—ENGLAND, *continued.*

NAME OF HUNT, with towns convenient for visitors	COUPLES OF HOUNDS	HUNTING DAYS	MASTER	HUNTSMAN	WHIPS	KENNELS
ESSEX UNION .... *Brentwood, Chelmsford, Maldon*	50	Mon. Tues. Thur. Sat.	Mr. P. A. W. Carnegie	The Master	George Rae, *k.h.*... J. Cooper Philip Tocock	Great Burstead, Billericay, Essex
ESSEX AND SUFFOLK........ *Ipswich, Colchester, Hadleigh*	30	Tues. Fri. occ. Mon.	Mr. Phil. G. Barthropp	James Budd	G. Morgan ...... G. Buckle	Stratford St. Mary, Colchester
EXMOOR........ *Porlock, Lynton, Exford*	21	Mon. Thur.	Mr. Nicholas Snow	The Master	George Barwick ..	Oare, near Lynton, Devon
FERRERS', EARL........ *Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Loughborough*	25	Mon. Fri.	Earl Ferrers......	The Master	John Abel, *k.h.* ..	Staunton Harold, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicester
FITZWILLIAM'S, EARL ...... *Rotherham, Sheffield, Doncaster, Barnsley*	46½	Mon. Wed. Fri.	Earl Fitzwilliam ..	Frank Bartlett....	Charles White .... G. Goddard	Wentworth, Woodhouse, Rotherham, Yorkshire
FITZWILLIAM, THE .... *Norman Cross, Oundle, Thrapston, Huntingdon, Stamford*	48	Mon. Wed. Fri.	Hon. T. Wentworth Fitzwilliam	George Carter	Fred. Payne...... W. Barnard	Milton, near Peterborough
FLINT AND DENBIGH........ *Abergele, Rhyl, Denbigh, St. Asaph*	30	Tues. Fri.	Mr. Owen J. Williams	The Master	H. Povey, *k.h.*.... Edward Hoskins	Cefn, St. Asaph, N. Wales
GALWAY'S, LORD........ *Retford, Worksop, Bawtry, Doncaster*	55	Mon. Tues. Thur. Fri.	Viscount Galway, M.P.	The Master	S. Morgan, *k.h.* .. C. Cockayne G. Outram	Grove, near Retford, Nottinghamshire
GARSWOOD	21½	2 days a week	Hon. W. Gerard ..	Hon. R. Gerard ..	S. Lowe.......... T. Kane	Garswood, Lancashire
GARTH'S, MR........ *Reading, Wokingham*	60	Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat.	Mr. T. C. Garth ..	Charles Brackley..	Henry Molyneux Edward Taylor	Holmes Hill, Twyford, Berks
GLAMORGANSHIRE........ *Cardiff, Cowbridge, Brigend*	30	Mon. Fri.	Mr. John Samuel Gibbon	William Cross	Harry Lush ...... A. Workman	Llandough, near Cowbridge
GLENDALE .... *Wooler, Berwick, Coldstream, Kelso, Belford*	28	Mon. Fri.	Hon. F. W. Lambton, M.P.	Mr. George Grey..	John Nicholson, *k.h.* John Raby	The Ninths, Millfield, Wooler, Northumberland
GOATHLAND........ *Whitby, Pickering*	6	Tues. Fri.	Mr. W. Smith	T. Ventriss	....	Goathland, Yorkshire

Chichester, Midhurst, Arundel		Fri. Sat.			Charles Firr	chester
GOSLING'S, MR. R. .... *Bishop's Stortford*	45	2 days a week	Mr. Rbt. Gosling..	W. Wells	G. Shepperd...... G. Beale	Manuden, nr. Bishop's Stortford
GRAFTON, THE .... *Buckingham, Stony Stratford, Brackley, Towcester*	53	Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat.	Hon. G. D. Pennant	Frank Beers......	Thomas Smith.... Edward Cole	Wakefield Lawn, Stony Stratford, Bucks
H. H. (Hampshire) .... *Alton, Basingstoke, Winchester*	55	Mon. Tues. Thur. Sat.	Mr. A. H. Wood..	Richard Turner ..	Albert Guy ...... Fred. Pitaway	Ropley, near Alresford, Hants
HALDON'S, LORD .... *Exeter, Chudleigh, Dawlish, Teignmouth*	30	Mon. Thur.[1]	Lord Haldon	The Master	D. North, *k.h.*..... T. Metherell	Haldon House, Exeter
HAMBLEDON .... *Bishop's Waltham, Portsmouth, Winchester, Southampton*	50	Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat.	Mr. Walter Long..	The Master	W. Newman, *k.h.* John Newman	Droxford, Bishop's Waltham, Hants
HEREFORDSHIRE, NORTH .. *Hereford, Leominster*	30	Mon. Thur.[2]	Mr. H. L. Lutwyche	The Master	A. Rogers, *k.h.* .. Dick Frost Harry Bliss	White Cross, Hereford
HEREFORDSHIRE, SOUTH.... *Hereford, Ross*	29	Tues. Fri.	Capt T. F. Lewis, & Mr. H. Helme	Capt. T. F. Lewis	T. Green, *k.h.* .... W. Kennett	Bryngwyn, near Hereford
HERTFORDSHIRE........... *Luton, St. Albans, Hitchin*	54	Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat.	Capt. Peacock	C. Harris	Kane Croft ...... Robert Worrall	Kenesbourne Green, Luton, Beds
HEYTHROP .... *Chipping Norton, Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Stow-on-the-Wold*	52	Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat.	Mr. Albert Brassey	John Hazelton....	W. Adcock ...... W. C. Maiden William Shepard	Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire
HOLDERNESS .... *Beverley, Driffield, Hull*	51	Mon. Tues. Thur. Fri.	Mr. Arthur Wilson	George Ash	David Dalby .... T. Evans E. Edwards	Etton, near Beverley, Yorkshire
HURSLEY .... *Winchester, Southampton, Romsey*	33	Mon. Fri.	Col. Nicoll	Alfred Summers ..	Edward Lakin....	Pitt, near Winchester, Hants
HURWORTH .... *Stockton-on-Tees, Northallerton, Croft, Darlington*	30	Tues. Sat. alt. Thur.	Mr. W. H. A. Wharton	The Master	Harry Pacey, *k.h.* Harry Arnott	Darlington, Durham
ISLE OF WIGHT .... *Newport, Ryde, Ventnor, Shanklin, Sandown*	25	Tues. Fri.	Lieut.-Gen. Sir Henry Daley, K.C.B.	Mr. J. Harvey.... Martin Care, *k.h.*	Walter Dale......	Marvel, Newport, Isle of Wight
JARVIS'S, MR. .... *Lincoln, Newark*	24	Tues. Sat.	Mr. G. E. Jarvis ..	The Master	Harry Brown, *k.h.* G. Marshall	Doddington Hall, Lincoln

[1] And occasionally Saturday.

[2] And occasional by-Saturday.

FOXHOUNDS ENGLAND, *continued.*

Name of Hunt, with towns convenient for visitors	Couples of Hounds	Hunting Days	Master	Huntsman	Whips	Kennels
Essex Union ..... *Brentwood, Chelmsford, Maldon*	50	Mon. Tues. Thur. Sat.	Mr. P. A. W. Carnegie	The Master	George Rae, *k.h.*... J. Cooper Philip Tocock	Great Burstead, Billericay, Essex
Essex and Suffolk .... *Ipswich, Colchester, Hadleigh*	30	Tues. Fri. occ. Mon.	Mr. Phil. G. Barthropp	James Budd	G. Morgan ...... G. Buckle	Stratford St. Mary, Colchester
Exmoor ..... *Porlock, Lynton, Exford*	21	Mon. Thur.	Mr. Nicholas Snow	The Master	George Barwick ..	Oare, near Lynton, Devon
Ferrers', Earl ..... *Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Loughborough*	25	Mon. Fri.	Earl Ferrers	The Master	John Abel, *k.h.* ..	Staunton Harold, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicester
Fitzwilliam's, Earl ...... *Rotherham, Sheffield, Doncaster, Barnsley*	46½	Mon. Wed. Fri.	Earl Fitzwilliam ..	Frank Bartlett....	Charles White .... G. Goddard	Wentworth, Woodhouse, Rotherham, Yorkshire
Fitzwilliam, The .... *Norman Cross, Oundle, Thrapston, Huntingdon, Stamford*	48	Mon. Wed. Fri.	Hon. T. Wentworth Fitzwilliam	George Carter	Fred. Payne...... W. Barnard	Milton, near Peterborough
Flint and Denbigh........ *Abergele, Rhyl, Denbigh, St. Asaph*	30	Tues. Fri.	Mr. Owen J. Williams	The Master	H. Povey, *k.h.*.... Edward Hoskins	Cefn, St. Asaph, N. Wales
Galway's, Lord .... *Retford, Worksop, Bawtry, Doncaster*	55	Mon. Tues. Thur. Fri.	Viscount Galway, M.P.	The Master	S. Morgan, *k.h.* .. C. Cockayne G. Outram	Grove, near Retford, Nottinghamshire
Garswood	21½	2 days a week	Hon. W. Gerard ..	Hon. R. Gerard ..	S. Lowe.......... T. Kane	Garswood, Lancashire
Garth's, Mr. .... *Reading, Wokingham*	60	Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat.	Mr. T. C. Garth ..	Charles Brackley..	Henry Molyneux Edward Taylor	Haines Hill, Twyford, Berks
Glamorganshire .... *Cardiff, Cowbridge, Brigend*	30	Mon. Fri.	Mr. John Samuel Gibbon	William Cross	Harry Lush ...... A. Workman	Llandough, near Cowbridge
[illegible]	28	Mon. Fri.	Hon. F. W. Lamb-	Mr. George Grey..	John Nicholson,	The Ninths, Milfield, Wooler, Northum-

[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

[illegible]

FOXHOUNDS—ENGLAND, *continued.*

Name of Hunt, with towns convenient for visitors	Couples of Hounds	Hunting Days	Master	Huntsman	Whips	Kennels
Johnstone's, Capt. F. .... *Scarborough, Pickering, Malton*	25	Tues. Sat.	Hon Capt. F. Johnstone	Richard Russell ..	Richard Shearwood	Snainton, Hesterton, Yorkshire
Kent, East .... *Dover, Folkestone, Canterbury, Ashford*	45	Mon. Wed. Fri.	Mr. E. R. Sworder	The Master	Robert Prior, *k.h.* H. Treadwell T. Cresswell	Elham, near Canterbury
Kent, West .... *Farningham, Tunbridge Wells, Sevenoaks*	60	Mon. Tues. Thur. Sat.	Hon. Ralph Nevill	George Bollen	Tom Hutchinson..	Warren House, Otford, Sevenoaks
Kent (Woodland) West .. *Tunbridge Wells, Wadhurst, Buxted, Mayfield*	26	Wed. Sat.	Lord George Nevill	J. Petts	Fred. Hills ...... J. Hamblin	Eridge, near Tunbridge Wells
Lamerton .... *Tavistock, Launceston, Okehampton*	25	Mon. Thur.	Mr. Geo. Lobb ..	The Master	E. Elworthy......	Lawhitton, Launceston
Leconfield's, Lord........ *Petworth, Midhurst, Chichester*	50	Tues. Thur. Sat.	Lord Leconfield ..	Charles Shepherd	Will Codgebrook.. F. White	Petworth Park, Sussex
Ledbury .... *Newent, Malvern*	49½	Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat.	Mr. A. Knowles ..	Will Jones........	Tom Davis	Ledbury, Herefordshire
Llangibby and Chepstow *Newport, Usk, Chepstow*	25	Tues. Fri.	Mr. John Lawrence	Evan Williams....	Frank Asprey	Llangibby, near Newport
Ludlow .... *Ludlow, Tenbury, Knighton*	31	5 days a fortnight	Mr. C. W. Wicksted	Clarence Johnson	W. Webster	Onibury, near Craven Arms, Shropshire
Marshall's, Mr. W. N. C. *Barnstaple, South Molton, Ilfracombe*	21	Tues. Fri.	Mr. W. N. C. Marshall	The Master	Joe Pratt	Dennington, Swymbridge, North Devon
Meynell, The .... *Derby, Uttoxeter, Burton-on-Trent*	50	Mon. Tues. Thur. Sat.	Mr. Reginald Chandos-Pole	Charles Leedham	James Tasker .... Walter Scorey	Sudbury, Derby
Middleton's, Lord........ *Malton, Scarborough, York*	51	Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat.	Lord Middleton ..	William Burton ..	W. Crutcher...... J. Loyde A. Dawson	Birdsall, near Malton, Yorkshire
Monmouthshire .... *Abergavenny, Monmouth*	37½	5 days a fortnight	Mr. F. C. Hanbury-Williams	Samuel Roberts ..	J. Atkinson	Nantoer, Abergavenny

Morpeth			Cookson		J. Cade C. Webb	Northumberland
N. F. H. (New Forest) .... *Lyndhurst, Lymington, Ringwood, Christchurch, Southampton*	33	Tues. Fri.	Major J. M. Browne	The Master	G. Kennett, *k.h.* .. C. Kennett	Fuzzy Lawn, Lyndhurst, Hants
N. F. H. (New Forest) .... Mills's, Mr.	32	Wed. Fri.	Mr. John Mills ..	George Sear	Maurice Sweatman F. Hutchings	Bisterne, Ringwood, Hants
Neuaddfawr.............. *Lampeter, Aberayron, Llanybyther, Llandyssil*	15	Mon. Thur.	Mr. T. H. R. Hughes	The Master	William George, *k.h.*	Neuaddfawr, Llanwnen, Llanybyther, R.S.O., Carmarthenshire
Newmarket and Thurlow *Newmarket, L nton, Haverhill, Thurlow*	30½	Mon. Thur.	Mr. James Gardner	The Master	A. Friend .... H. Howe	Saxon Hall, Newmarket
Norfolk, West............ *Swaffham, Lynn, Fakenham*	46	3 days a week	Mr. A. C. Fountaine	Robert Claydon ..	F. Firr .... R. Belding Edward Budgen	Narford, Swaffham, Norfolk
Notts, South .... *Nottingham, Derby, Newark, Mansfield, Bingham*	45	Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat.	Earl of Harrington	The Master	German Shepherd, *k.h.* John Brown Alcock	Gedling, Nottingham
Oakley.................... *Bedford, Kimbolton, Newport Pagnel, Sharnbrook*	55	Mon. Tues. Thur. Sat.	Mr. T. Butt Miller	Tom Whitemore ..	Will Sheppard .... Harry Kinch Brown	Milton Ernest, Bedford
Oxfordshire, South ...... *Thame, Wallingford, Oxford*	30	Mon. Fri.	Mr. C. Morrell ..	The Master	Charles Shepherd, *k.h.* Elias Darch	Stadhampton, Wallingford
Pembrokeshire............ *Haverfordwest, Milford Haven*	26	Mon. Thur.	Mr. Edward Vaughan	The Master ...... T. Lewis, *k h*	W. Morris........	Fern Hill, Haverfordwest
Pembrokeshire, South.... *Pembroke, Tenby, Haverfordwest*	27	Tues. Fri.	Lieut.-Col. Henry Leach	Patrick F. Dalton	William Davis	Lawrenny, near Pembroke
Penllergare.............. *Llanelly, Llandilo, Carmarthen, Swansea*	24	Tues. Fri.	Mr. William J. Buckley	Edward Jones	G. Wainwright ..	Rhos
Percy's, Earl .... *Alnwick, Belford, Wooler*	50	Mon. Wed. Fri.	Earl Percy	Richard Lyon	John Davis ...... Henry Kenneth	Greenrig, Lesbury, Northumberland
Phipps's, Mr.............. *Shepton Mallet, Frome, Warminster, Trowbridge, Wells*	30	Tues. Fri.	Mr. R. L. H. Phipps	The Master	Charles Turner .. F. Franklin	Leighton, by Westbury, Wilts
Portman's, Lord.......... *Blandford, Shaftesbury, Wimborne*	48	Mon. Wed. Fri.	Hon. W. H. B. Portman, M.P.	Joseph Moss......	Robert Pickard .. Charles Tompkins	Bryanston, near Blandford, Dorset

FOXHOUNDS—ENGLAND, *continued.*

NAME OF HUNT, with towns convenient for visitors	COUPLES OF HOUNDS	HUNTING DAYS	MASTER	HUNTSMAN	WHIPS	KENNELS
PORTSMOUTH'S, EARL OF.... *Exeter, Barnstaple, Eggesford*	55	Mon. Tues. Thur. Sat.	Earl of Portsmouth	Chas. Littleworth	Thomas Dowdeswell	Eggesford House, N. Devon
POWELL'S, MR. W. R. H. .. *Llanboidy, near Whitland*	27	Tues. Fri.	Mr. W. R. H. Powell, M.P.	John Rees........	Thomas Davies ..	Maesgwynne, Whitland, R. S. O., S. Wales
PRYSE'S, COL. .... *Aberystwith*	23	Tues. Thur. Sat.	Col. Pryse........	The Master	Evan Jenkins .... John Evans	Peithyll
PUCKERIDGE, THE.......... *Bishop's Stortford, Buntingford*	26	Wed. Sat.	Mr. Fred Swindell	The Master	F. Mitchell ...... G. Everatt	Buntingford, Herts
PYTCHLEY.................. *Northampton, Market Harborough, Rugby*	55	Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat.	Mr. H. H. Langham	William Goodall ..	Charles Isaacs.... John Isaacs	Brixworth, Northampton
PYTCHLEY, NORTH .... *Kettering, Thrapston, Oundle, Market Harborough, Wellingborough*	45	Mon. Thur. Sat.	Mr. H. H. Langham	Mr. A. Mackenzie	Will Haynes .... E. Sharpe	Brigstock, Thrapston, Northampton
QUORN, THE .... *Melton Mowbray, Leicester, Loughborough*	55	Mon. Tues. Fri. Sat.	Lord Manners....	Tom Firr	Alfred Earp...... S. Burtenshaw	Quorn, Loughborough, Leicestershire
RADNOR AND WEST HEREFORD *Kington, Presteign, Knighton*	24	Mon. Fri.	Lieut.-Col. R. H. Price	The Master	William Price	Castle Weir, Kington, Herefordshire
RAYER'S, MR.............. *Tiverton, Wellington, Somerset*	32	Mon. Thur.	Mr. W. C. Rayer	Richard Holmden	William Sparks ..	Holcombe Rogus, Wellington, Somerset
RUFFORD, THE .... *Newark, Mansfield, Worksop*	48	Mon. Tues. Thur. Sat.	Mr. T. H. D. Bayly	Sam Hayes	Frank Scorey .... Charles Champion	Rufford, Ollerton, Newark, Notts
SELBY'S, MR.	14	Mon. Fri.	Mr. Walter Selby	The Master	Mr. H. Davison.. W. Wood	Biddleston, Rothbury, Northumberland
SHROPSHIRE................ *Shrewsbury, Ivern, Market Drayton, Whitchurch*	43	Mon. Wed. Fri.	Mr. A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale	Alfred Thatcher ..	Edwin Brooker .. J. Jones	Lee Bridge, Preston Brockhurst, near Shrewsbury, Salop

SINNINGTON .... *Kirby, Moorside, Helmsley*	30	Tues. Sat.	Mr. R. Lesley	Jack Parker	Thomas [illegible]	Kirby Moorside, Yorkshire
SOMERSET, WEST .... *Williton, Dunster, Minehead*	27	Tues. Fri.	Mr. C. E. J. Esdaile	Henry Sebright ..	Jim Burge........ Fred. Babbage	Bowerhayes, Carhampton, Taunton, Somerset
SOUTHDOWN .... *Brighton, Lewes, Eastbourne*	60	Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat.	Hon. C. Brand ..	Charles Payne, jun.	Robert Wadsley .. Edmund Funnel	Ringmer, near Lewes, Sussex
SOUTHWOLD, THE .... *Louth, Horncastle, Spilsby*	50	Mon. Tues. Thur. Sat.	Mr. E. P. Rawnsley	The Master ...... F. Gosden, *k.h.*	George Shepherd.. Edward Rees	Belchford, Horncastle, Lincolnshire
STAFFORDSHIRE, NORTH.... *Stoke-upon-Trent, Stafford, Crewe*	56	Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat.	Marquis of Stafford	Stephen Dickins ..	William Boxall .. W. Markery	Trentham, Stoke-upon-Trent
STAFFORDSHIRE, SOUTH .... *Lichfield, Tamworth, Stafford, Birmingham*	26½	Tues. Fri.[1]	Mr. Chas. Foster..	Harry Bevans	Jack Jones ...... G. Hollingworth	Longton Lodge, Rugeley
STAINTON DALE............ *Whitby, Scarborough*	15	Tues. Fri.	Mr. Christopher Leadley	Thomas Harrison	....	Burniston, Yorkshire
SUFFOLK .... *Bury St. Edmunds, Stowmarket*	28	Tues. Sat.	Mr. J. Maulkin King	Mr. E. C. Brown..	Tom Enever, *k.h.*	Newton Cottage, Bury St. Edmunds
SURREY, OLD .... *Croydon, Redhill, Godstone, Caterham, Westerham*	44	Mon. Thur. Sat.	Mr. Edmund Byron	Samuel Hills......	Thomas Johnson.. James Enever	Garston Hall, Kenley, Surrey
SURREY UNION .... *Leatherhead, Epsom, Guildford, Dorking*	35	Mon. Wed. Sat.	Colonel Pilkington Blake	The Master	William Whiting.. Jim Young	Worcester Park, Surrey
SUSSEX, EAST.............. *Hastings, Battle, St. Leonards*	42	Mon. Thur. Sat.	Mr. C. A. Egerton	Charles Orvis	G. Jull .... J. Morgan	Catsfield, Battle, Sussex
TAUNTON VALE .... *Taunton, Ilminster, Chard, Bridgwater*	30	Tues. Fri.	Capt. Fitzroy	The Master	J. Carpenter, *k.h.* Coatesworth	Henlade, Taunton, Somerset
TEDWORTH .... *Marlborough, Andover*	41	Tues. Thur. Sat.	Mr. F. Vaughan Williams	John Fricker	John Bevan ...... John Thatcher	Tedworth, Marlborough, Wilts
TICKHAM .... *Sittingbourne, Faversham*	47½	{ T. Th. S. / M. Th. S. }	Mr. W. E. Rigden	The Master	Tom Pedley, *k.h.* John Anderson	Wren's Hill, Faversham, Kent
TIVYSIDE .... *Cardigan, Llandyssil, Newcastle Emlyn*	26	Mon. Thur.	Major Howell	The Master	Rees Owen	Noyadd-Trefawr, Boncath, R.S.O., S. Wales
TREDEGAR'S, LORD .... *Newport, Cardiff*	31½	Mon. Thur.	Lord Tredegar....	Hon. Fred. Morgan	Charles Barrett .. C. Barrett, jun.	Tredegar Park, Newport, Monmouthshire
TYNEDALE .... *Stamfordham, Hexham, Corbridge*	47	Mon. Wed. Fri.	Mr. John C. Straker	Stephen Goodall ..	S. Carlton .... A. Nalland	Stagshaw Kennels, Corbridge-on-Tyne

[1] And occasionally Saturday.

FOXHOUNDS—ENGLAND, *continued.*

Name of Hunt, with towns convenient for visitors	Couples of Hounds	Hunting Days	Master	Huntsman	Whips	Kennels
Ullswater — *Penrith, Appleby, Greyrigg, Sedburgh*	14	Tues. Thur. Sat.	Mr. J. E. Hassell	Joseph Bowman	Henry Watson	Patterdale Hall, near Penrith, Westmoreland
United Pack — *Welshpool, Bishop's Cas'le, Cun, Church Streiton, Craven Arms*	26½	Wed. Sat.	Mr. John Harris	James Alexander	Fred Jones F. George	Clun, Shropshire
V. of White Horse — *Cirencester, Fairford*	77	5 days a week	Mr. C. A. R. Hoare	Robert Price	H. Goddard Alfred Dawson	Cricklade, Wilts
Vyne, The — *Basingstoke, Andover, Newbury*	42	Tues. Thur. Sat.	Mr. W. W. B. Beach, M.P.	Tom Perry	W. Woodley J. Watts	Overton, Micheldever, Hants
Warwickshire — *Leamington, Banbury, Warwick*	53	Mon. Tues. Thur. Fri.	Lord Willoughby de Broke	The Master	John Boore, *k.h.* E. Parrot W. Turpin	Kineton, Enderby, Warwickshire
Warwickshire, North — *Leamington Kenilworth, Rugby*	50	Tues. Thur. Fri.[1]	Mr. F. Lort-Phillips	The Master	Tom Carr, *k.h.* Edward Parker F. Beck	Kenilworth
Western — *Penzance*	23	Tues. Fri.	Mr. T. B. Bolitho & Mr. T. R. Bolitho	Stephen Smith	T. Mollard	Madron, near Penzance, Cornwall
Whaddon Chase — *Leighton, Buckingham, Winslow*	30	Tues. Sat.	Mr. W. Selby-Lowndes, jun.	Edmund Bentley	George Capel R. Jay	Whaddon, near Stoney Stratford, Bucks
Wheatland — *Bridgnorth, Much Wenlock, Bewdley, Broseley*	22½	Tues. Fri.	Mr. W. T. Summers	Joe Overton	W. Rees	Wheatland, Bridgnorth, Salop
Williams's, Sir William — *Torrington, Barnstaple, Bideford*	45	Mon. Wed. Fri.	Sir William Williams, Bart.	John Chubb	Samuel Hutchings	Rothern Bridge, Torrington, N. Devon
Wilts, South and West — *Warminster, Frome, Shaftesbury*	48	Mon. Wed. Fri.	Captain Burchall Helme	William Freeman	James Sorrell John Stratton	Sutton Veney, Warminster
Worcestershire — *Worcester, Droitwich, Bromsgrove*	50	Mon. Wed. Fri.	Mr. Frederick Ames	Charles Denton	W. Griffiths J. Maloney C. West	Fernhill Heath, near Worcester
Wynnstay — [illegible]	60	Mon. Wed. [illegible]	Sir W. W. Wynn, [illegible]	Will Lockyer	Eli Skinner	Wynnstay, near Rua-

York		Thur. Sat.			William Gray Alfred Wilson	
ZETLAND'S, EARL OF........ *Croft, Darlington, Richmond, Barnard Castle*	50	Mon. Tues. Thur. Sat.	Earl of Zetland ..	V. Bridger Champion	Thomas Harrison Charles Smith	Aske Hall, Richmond, Yorkshire

FOXHOUNDS—SCOTLAND.

BERWICKSHIRE .... *Dunse, Coldstream, Berwick*	24	Tues. Fri.	Hon. R. B. Hamilton & Lord Haddington	Thomas Cranston	Owen Davis ...... W. Beelman	Langton, Dunse, N.B.
BUCCLEUCH'S, DUKE OF .... *Melrose, Kelso, Hawick*	54	Mon. Tues. Thur. Sat.	Duke of Buccleuch	William Shore	Frank Toop ...... Alfred Bevans	St. Boswell's, Roxburghshire
DUMFRIESSHIRE .... *Lockerbie, Dumfries, Annan*	40	Tues. Thur. Sat.	Mr. John McKie	Henry White	John Roberts .... Will Kinch T. Atterill	Leafield, by Lockerbie, Dumfriesshire
EGLINTON'S, EARL OF ...... *Ayr, Kilmarnock, Kilwinning*	50	Mon. Wed. Thur. Sat.	Earl of Eglinton..	Mr. R. A. Oswald George Cox, sen., *k.h.*	Thomas Garrett .. George Palmer	Eglinton Castle, Irvine, Ayrshire
FIFE, EAST .... *St. Andrew's, Cupar, Perth, Dundee*	33	Mon. Wed. Fri.	Col. J. Anstruther Thomson	The Master ...... J. Shepherd, *k.h.*	W. Wootton ...... W. Goodall	Harleswynd, Ceres, Cupar, Fife
FIFE, WEST .... *Dunfermline, Kirkcaldy, Kinross*	25	Mon. Thur.	Capt. G. C. Cheape	The Master	J. Bevan, *k.h.* .... G. Southwell	Inchdairnie, by Leslie, Fife
LANARK & RENFREWSHIRE *Johnstone, Glasgow, Paisley, Greenock*	28	Tues. Sat.	Colonel D. Carrick Buchanan, C.B.	Harry Judd	Fred Powell ...... James Judd	Houston, near Johnstone, Renfrewshire
LINLITHGOW AND STIRLINGSHIRE *Edinburgh, Linlithgow*	36	Tues. Thur. Sat.	Mr. J. G. Menzies	John Atkinson	J. Winter .... W. Iliffe	Golf Hall, Corstorphine, Edinburgh

FOXHOUNDS—IRELAND.

CARBERY	4	Mon. Thur.	Mr. Richard Beamish	The Master	Dennis Mullane ..	Clomakilty and Skibbereen, co. Cork
CARLOW AND ISLAND ...... *Carlow, Tullow, Bagnalstown, Newtownbarry*	45	3 days a week	Mr. Robt. Watson	The Master	Charles Carter.... Edward Bryan	Ballydarton, near Bagnalstown, co. Carlow
DUHALLOW .... *Mallow, Buttevant, Doneraile, Cork, Fermoy*	59	Mon. Wed. Fri.	Mr. C. W. Bagger	E. Hayes	J. Mayer .... T. Coghlan	Doneraile, near Mallow, co. Cork

[1] Four days a week after Christmas.

FOXHOUNDS—IRELAND, *continued.*

NAME OF HUNT, with towns convenient for visitors	COUPLES OF HOUNDS	HUNTING DAYS	MASTER	HUNTSMAN	WHIPS	KENNELS
GALWAY COUNTY .... *Galway, Athenry, Lockrey*	29	Tues. Fri.	Mr. T. W. Anderson	Peter Whitecross..	C. Curtis .... P. Riley	Moyode Castle, Craughmell, near Athenry
HUMBLE'S, SIR J. NUGENT.. *Youghal, Lismore, Dungarvan*	25	Tues. Fri.	Sir J. Nugent Humble	Mr. R. N. Humble	Mr. C. Nugent Humble Patrick Daly	Cloncoshraine, Dungarvan, co. Waterford
KILDARE .... *Naas, Newbridge*	53½	Tues. Thur. Sat.	Major R. St. Leger-Moore	William Goddard	W. Drayton...... Jack Dale John Malone	Jigginstown, Naas, co. Kildare
KILKENNY .... *Kilkenny*	50	Mon. Wed. Fri.	Capt. Butson	George Brown....	G. Beames ...... S. Connolly	Blunden Villa, Kilkenny
LIMERICK COUNTY .... *Croom, Kilmallock, Charleville*	50	Mon. Wed. Fri.	Mr. J. Gubbins ..	The Master	W. Rawle, *k.h.* .. H. Chandler	Bruree House, Kilmallock, co. Limerick
LOUTH .... *Drogheda*	35	2 days a week	Mr. W. de Salis Filgate	The Master	Harry Hardy, *k.h.* John Corrin	Lissrenney, Ardee, co. Louth
MEATH .... *Navan, Dublin, Kells, Trim, Dunshauglin*	70	Mon. Tues. Thur. Fri. Sat.	Mr. J. O. Trotter	J. Press	Tom Jarvis ...... Frank Holmes M. Fox	Nugentstown, Kells, co. Meath
QUEEN'S COUNTY .... *Stradbally, Abbeyleix, Mountrath, Maryborough, Rathdowney*	25	Tues. Fri.	Mr. R. Hamilton Stubber	G. Mulhall	John Mulhall	Moyne, Durrow, Queen's co.
SOUTH UNION.............. *Cork, Kinsale*	24½	Tues. Fri.	Mr. T. Walton Knolles	John Smith	William Allen	Oatlands, Kinsale, co. Cork
TIPPERARY .... *Clonmel, Cashel, Fethard*	30	5 days a fortnight	Mr. Wm. A. Riall	The Master	D. Carroll........ J. Wallis	Fethard, Clonmel, co. Tipperary
UNITED HUNT .... *Cork, Midleton, Fermoy*	30	Mon. Fri.	Mr. John Murphy	John Wallis	F. Enever........	Midleton, co. Cork
WESTMEATH .... *Mullingar, Moate*	48½	Mon. Wed. Fri.	Capt. Towers-Clark	Will Matthews....	William Neil	Culleen, Mullingar
WEXFORD.................. *Enniscorthy, Wexford, New Ross*	40	Tues. Fri.	Capt. Thomas J. Walker	Philip Morrisey ..	E. Gulwell ...... C. E. Coote	Tykillen, Wexford
11TH HUSSARS .... *Cork, Bandon, Macroom*	30	Mon. Thur.	Captain K. Borrowes	The Master	Hon. O. V Lumley A. H. Robinson	Ballincollig, co. Cork

Name of Hunt, height and breed of hounds	Couples of Hounds	Hunting Days	Master	Huntsman	Whips	Kennels
Aberystwith .... 15 in.—*Harriers*	12	Wed. Sat.	Mr. Vaughan Davies	John Pugh	Jenkin Jenkins....	Tan-y-Bwlch, Aberystwith
Adams's, Captain .... 20 in.—*Foxhound Cross*	10	{M.W.S.} {M.Th.S.}	Capt. W.H. Adams	Thomas Owen	A Whittall	Carno, Montgomeryshire
Airedale .... 19 in.	9	Tues. Sat.	Mr. W. J. Knowles	Stephen Shepherd	....	Trencher-fed
Anglesey................. 20 in.—*Harriers*	20	Mon. Thur. Sat.	Mr. Christopher Priestly	Samuel Ollosson ..	William Williams	Llangefni, Anglesey
Ashford Valley .... 20 in.—*Southern and Dwarf Foxhounds*	20	Mon. Tu.[1]	Mr. J. C. Buckland	The Master	....	New House, Shadoxhurst, Ashford, Kent
Ashton................... 22 in.—*Southern*	16	2 days a week	Ch. E. Ashworth..	John Hilton	....	Lees New Road, Ashton-under-Lyne
Aspull .... 22 in.—*Southern*	17	Mon. Wed. Sat.	Mr. Gerard	James Rigby	....	Aspull House, near Wigan, Lancashire
Aston .... 18 in.—*Harriers & Bloodhound*	17½	Wed. Sat.[2]	Sir T. C. Constable, Bart.	Tom Cuthbert	Walter Jessop	Aston Hall, North Ferriby, Brough, Yorkshire
Avon Vale .... 20 in.—*Mixed*	20	Mon. Thur.	Major J. Wedgwood Yeeles	The Master	T. A. Pratt, *k.h.*...	Bathford, near Bath
Banwell & Weston-super-Mare 21 in.—*Harriers*	14	Tues. Fri.	....	John Bisdee	J. Miller	Banwell, Weston-super-Mare, Somerset
Barkley's, Mr............ *Harriers*	16	Mon. Thur.	Mr. R. A. Barkley	The Master	Oliver Dorling	Palgrave, Diss
Berkshire Vale .... 19 in.—*Harriers*	25	Mo. or Tu. Thur. Sat.	Mr. W. H. Milne	The Master	James Hunt	Burcote, near Abingdon
Bexhill .... 23 in.—*Southern*	15	Tues. Fri.	Mr. A. S. Brook ..	J. Christian	....	Little Common, Bexhill, Hastings
Biggleswade.............. 18½ in. to 19½ in.—*Harriers*	20	Tues Thur. Sat.	Mr. George Race..	The Master	George Dyer	Road Farm, Biggleswade, Bedfordshire
Boxley................... 21 in.—*Cross-bred*	18	Tues. Fri.	Mr. H. A. Brassey, M.P.	William Sharp....	James Firr	Preston Hall Park, Aylesford, Kent
Brampton .... 19 in.—*Pure Harriers*	10	Tues. Fri.[2]	Mr. H. B. Lonsdale	William Corrie....	Thomas Bell...... John Millican	Sandhill, Brampton, Cumberland

[1] And occasionally Thursday.

And occasionally a by-day.

HARRIERS—ENGLAND, *continued.*

Name of Hunt, height and breed of hounds	Couples of Hounds	Hunting Days	Master	Huntsman	Whips	Kennels
Breconshire .... 17 to 18 in.—*Harriers*	16½	2 days a week	A Committee	Tom Williams	....	Brecon, South Wales
Brightling Park .... 19 in.—*Pure Harriers & Southern*		Tues. Fri.	Mr. D. Nicoll	Henry Mewett....	Dick Stonestreet ..	Brightling Park, Hawkhurst
Brighton.................. 20.—*Foxhound Bitches*	20	Wed. Sat.	Sir F. Colville Ford	The Master	Will. Faizey, *k.h*	Patcham, near Brighton, Sussex
Brookside .... 21 in.—*Harriers*	25	Mon. Thur.	Mr. Steyning Beard	John Funnell, *k.h.*	James Hobden....	Rottingdean, near Brighton
Carnarvon .... 19 in.—*Harriers*	18½	Mon. Thur.	Mr. Sydney Platt	David Canham ..	George Wilson....	Pen-y-Bryn, Carnarvon
Chapell-Hodge's, Mr. .... 20 in.	18	Mon. Thur.	Mr. Chapell-Hodge	The Master	Wm. Spiller, *k.h.* Mr. Buller Chapell-Hodge	Pounds, near Plymouth
Cleobury Mortimer ...... 18 in.—*Harriers*	12	Uncertain.	Mr. H. O. Backhouse	The Master	Charles Evans	Broom Green, Cleobury Mortimer, Salop
Cotley.................... 20 in.—*Harriers*	13½	Tues. Fri.	Mr. T. Palmer Eames	The Master	Mr. W. D. Eames	Cotley, near Chard, Somerset
Craven.................... 23 in.—*Foxhounds*	18½	Mon. Thur.	Capt. Henderson..	John Tobin	T. Enfield........	Holm Bridge, Gargrave, Leeds, Yorkshire
Dart Vale .... 19 in.—*Harriers*	12	Mon. Wed.	Mr. Jeffery Michelmore	Thomas Brayley ..	....	Staverton, Totnes, Devon
Davey's, Mr............... 16 in.—*Pure Harriers*	15	Mon. Thur.	Mr. J. Sydney Davey	The Master	Joe Keverne......	Bochym, Helston, Cornwall
Dove Valley.............. 18 to 19 in.—*Foxhound & Harrier Cross*	14	Mon. Fri.	Lieutenant-Colonel Fleming	The Master	William Coates, *k.h.*	Mayfield, Ashbourne, Derbyshire
Eamont .... 17 to 18 in.—*Chiefly Harriers*	19	{ M. W. S. / We. Sa. }	Mr. F. Carleton Cowper	The Master	J. Holland	Carleton Hall, Penrith
Eastbourne .... 21 in.—*Foxhound and Harrier Cross*	20½	Tues. Sat.	Mr. W. L. Wallis	Henry H. Rees ..	William Snaith ..	Green Street, Old Eastbourne, Sussex
Easton Park.............. 20 in.	24	Mon. Fri.	Duke of Hamilton	Thomas Nevard ..	Alfred Hamblin .. Samuel Mabbitt	Easton, Wickham Market, Suffolk
Edenbridge .... 22 in.—*Pure Southern*	14½	Mon. Fri.	Mr. J. Dashwood	The Master	George Bird	Ray Lodge, near Lingfield, Surrey

[illegible] 18 in.—*Harriers*	[illegible]	[illegible]				
EPPING FOREST .... 20 to 21 in.—*Dwarf Foxhounds*	10½	Uncertain.	Mr. Henry Vigne	The Master	William Hurrell .. R. A. Wood	Woodford, Essex
FOWEY .... 19 in.—*Cross-bred*	12	Wed. Sat.	Mr. J. de C. Treffry	The Master	George Chapple ..	Par Station, Cornwall
FRITTENDEN .... 23 in.—*Old Southern*	17½	Mon. Thur. Sat.	Mr. W. U. Benfield	The Master	Bob Pope	Frittenden, Staplehurst, Kent
GARSWOOD .... 23 in.—*Foxhound and Southern*	30	3 days a week	Hon. Will. Gerard	Hon. Robt. Gerard	S. Lowe........ J. Kane	Garswood, Lancashire
GIBBONS'S, MR. .... 18 in.—*Harriers*	17	2 days a week	Mr. J. S. Gibbons	The Master	J. Sherwood......	Boddington Manor, near Cheltenham
HARVEY, SIR R. BATESON .. 19 in.—*Harriers*	24½	Tues. Fri.	Sir Robert Bateson Harvey, Bart., M.P.	George Farr......	Henry Hillier	Langley Park, Slough, Bucks
HIGH PEAK .... 20 in.—*Foxhounds*	20	Tues. Sat.	Mr. R. W. M. Nesfield	Robert Fairclough	Thomas Chambers	Castle Hill, Bakewell, Derbyshire
HINDON .... 18 in.—*Pure Harriers*	10	Wed. Sat.	Mr. J. Clark	The Master	Charles Barwick..	Hindon, Minehead, Somerset
HOLCOMBE .... 22 in.—*Harriers*	20	Mon. Wed. Sat.	Walter Mucklow..	John Jackson	James Jackson....	Holcombe, Ramsbottom, near Manchester
HOLME VALLEY .... 21 in.—*H. and F. cross*	18	We. Sat. / Th. Sat.	Mr. Fred. Eastwood	The Master	Jonathan Cole, *k.h.* E Bailey	Honley, near Huddersfield, Yorkshire
JENNER'S, MR. BIRT ST. A. 18 in.—*Harriers*	18	Mo. Th. / Tu. Fri.	Mr. Birt St. A. Jenner	The Master	John Hobbs, *k.h* ..	Broadlands, Bridgend, Glamorganshire
LAMERTON .... 18 in.—*Harriers*	13	Tues. Sat.	Messrs. Bickell ..	Mr. T. K. Bickell, jun.	Mr. L. Bickell....	St. John's Stud Farm, Lamerton, near Tavistock, Devon
LEGARD'S, SIR CHARLES	18½	2 days a week	Sir C. Legard	The Master	W. Grayson, *k.h.*..	Ganton, York
LYME .... 21 in.—*Harriers*	20	Wed. Sat.	Mr. W. C. Brocklehurst	John Galway	Seth Lowe........	Lyme Park, Disley, Cheshire
MARLBOROUGH .... 18 in.—*Harriers*	10	Tues. Fri.	Mr. Wm. Adams..	The Master	Mr. Thos. Adams William Lindon	Marlborough, Kingsbridge, Devon
MARDEN VALLEY	16	Tues. Sat.	Mr. R. Howard White	George Woodgate	George Stanley ..	Yalding, Kent
MERTHYR OLD COURT......	12	Tues. Fri.	Mr. L. P. Jones ..	Hugh Pugh	....	Merthyr Tydvil, Glamorganshire
MODBURY........ 19 in.—*Harriers*	17	Tues. Fri.	Mr. N. W. P. Pitts Mr. George May	Philip Back	One of the field ..	Modbury, Ivybridge, S. Devon
NETHERTON'S, MR. .... 22 in.—*Harriers*	14	Mon. Thur.	Mr. L. R. Netherton	The Master	James Churchward William Ball	Bowden House, Dartmouth, South Devon

HARRIERS ENGLAND, *continued.*

NAME OF HUNT, height and breed of hounds	COUPLES OF HOUNDS	HUNTING DAYS	MASTER	HUNTSMAN	WHIPS	KENNELS
NEWNHAM .... 22 in.—*Foxhounds*	16	Tues. Fri.	....	....	....	The Rydens, Newnham on Severn, Gloucestershire
NORFOLK, NORTH .... 18 in.—*Harriers*	20	Mon. Thur.	Mr. E. Denham-Spurrell	The Master	Henry Sinclair, A.A. Robert Emery	Hevingham, Norwich
NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM 18 in.—*Pure Harriers*	16	Mo. Th. genrlly.	Mr. Fred H. Lamb	The Master	W. Reynolds .... Geo. Finlay	Cow Gate, Kenton, nr Newcastle
OXENHOLME .... 19 in.—*Harrier and dash of Foxhound*	18	5 days a fortnight	Mr. C. W. Wilson	Mr. C. H. Wilson	Richard Jackson, A.A.	End Moor, Kendal, Westmoreland
PEMBROKE'S, EARL OF ...... 19 in.—*Harriers*	20	Wed. Sat.	Earl of Pembroke	The Master	John [illegible], A.A. T. West	Wilton House, near Salisbury
PENDLE FOREST .... 22 in.—*Harrier and Southern*	25	Tues. Sat.	A Committee	A. G. Brock	Harry Bond ...... Tom Smith, A.A.	Waddington, near Clitheroe, Lancashire
PENISTONE .... 22 in.—*Old Southern*	15	5 days a fortnight	Mr. William Dransfield	James Mitchell ..	Harry Crawshaw	Penistone, near Sheffield, Yorkshire
PIGOTT'S, MR. CECIL-SMITH	12½	Tues. Sat.	Mr. Cecil-Smith Pigott	....	....	Ashcombe, nr Weston super Mare
PLÂS MACHYNLLETH ...... 19 in.—*Harriers*	16	Tues. Fri.	Marquis of Londonderry	John Pugh	John Holt	Plâs Machynlleth, N. Wales
PRYSE'S, MR. VAUGHAN .... 18 in.—*H. and F. cross*	15	Tues. Wed. Sat.	Mr. J. P. Vaughan Pryse	The Master	Mr. J. C. P. V. Pryse Evan Rees	Bwlchbychan, Llanybyther, R.S.O., S. Wales
PYNES .... 20 in.—*Pure Harriers*	—	Tues. Sat.	Mr. H. C. Townsend	Mark Oldridge ..	....	Stevenstone, Upton Pyne, Devon
Q. H. (QUARME) .... 18½ in.—*Harriers*	15	Mon. Thur.	Mr. William Lovibond Chorley	The Master	Jack Ridler	Quarme, near Dunster, Somerset
RAY'S, MR. F. H. .... 21 in.—*Pure Foxhound Bitches*	17	Tues. Sat.	Mr. F. H. Ray ..	The Master	Joe Singleton	Finghall, Bedale, Yorkshire
RIPLEY AND KNAP HILL .... 20 to 21 in.—*Foxhounds*	18	Mon. Fri.	Earl of Onslow ..	William Holdway	George Rees......	West Clandon, Guildford, Surrey
ROATH COURT .... 19 to 20 in.—*Dwarf Foxhounds*	18	Tues. Fri.	Mr. Charles H. Williams	The Master	James Ford	Roath Court, Cardiff, Glamorganshire

21 in.—*Harriers*		Sat.	Entwisle			
ROCKWOOD .... 22 in.—*H. and F. Cross*	14	Wed. Sat.	Mr. Walter Norton	David Cole	Tom Jackson	Rockwood, Denby Dale, near Huddersfield
ROMNEY MARSH............ 20 in.—*Foxhounds*	18	Mon. Thur.	Mr. W. Dering Walker	The Master	Thomas Hinds....	Honeychild Manor, New Romney, Kent
ROSS .... 20 in.—*Dwarf Foxhounds*	20½	Mon. Wed. Sat.	Mr. C. Wentworth Bell	The Master	Edward Brown, *k.h.* Alfred Hooper	Alton, Ross, Herefordshire
ROSSENDALE .... 21 in.—*Pure Harriers*	20	Mon. Wed. Sat.	Major G. E. Hardman	James E. Taylor..	....	Newchurch, Rossendale, nr. Manchester
SCOTCHWELL .... 16 to 19 in.—*Pure Harriers*	17½	Tues. Fri.	Admiral J. Lort Stokes	John Davies......	George Davies....	Scotchwell, near Haverfordwest
SEAVINGTON .... 20 in.—*Mostly Pure Harriers*	17½	Mon. Thur.	Mr. Churchill Langdon	The Master	F. Rock..........	Lopenhead, near Ilminster, Somerset
SEVERN VALLEY............ 21 in.—*H. and F. cross*	13½	Tues. Fri.	Mr. Charles A. Delmar	The Master	John Beddows....	The Henfaes, Welshpool, Montgomeryshire
SHOTESHAM .... 18 in.—*Pure Harriers*	—	Mon. Wed. Fri.	Mr. Robert Fellowes	The Master	Alfred Wheatley ..	Shotesham Park, Norwich
SID VALE .... 20 in.—*Pure Harriers*	13	Tues. Fri.	Mr. John D. Lang	Capt. Hine-Haycock	....	Sidford, near Sidmouth, Devon
SILVERTON .... 19 in.—*Harriers*	12	Wed. Sat.	Mr. T. Webber ..	Joe Hallett	B. Griffin .... John Carwall	Ford, Silverton, near Collumpton, Devon
SOUTH HOLLAND .... 20 in.—*Dwarf Foxhounds*	15	Mon. Thur.	Mr. C. T. Tunnard	The Master	George Walters ..	Frampton House, Boston, Lincolnshire
SOUTH MOLTON .... 18 in.—*Pure Harriers*	12½	Mon. Thur.	Mr. S. P. Kellard	The Master	T. G. Hulland....	South Molton
SOUTH POOL................ 20 in.—*Pure Harriers*	13	Tues. Fri.	Mr. A. P. Hallfax	James Collings....	....	Southpool, near Kingsbridge, South Devon
ST. COLUMB................ 19 in.—*Harriers*	12	Tues. Fri.	Mr. R. Cardell....	Mr. John Cardell..	William Tinney ..	Trebelsne, St. Columb Minor, Cornwall
STANNINGTON.............. 22 to 23 in.—*Southern Heavy H.*	12	Mon. Wed. Fri. generally	Mr. C. B. Speight	George Collier....	John Platt	Millhouses, near Sheffield
STANTON DREW............ 21 in.	16	Tues. Fri.	Mr. A. B. James..	Mr. John F. Fowler	Mr. J. G. Haynes	Chew Magna, near Bristol
TANAT-SIDE................ 18 in.—*Modern Harriers*	18	Tues. Fri.	Mr. Graham Lloyd	The Master	George Andrews.. John Grice	The Grange, West Felton, Shropshire
TAUNTON VALE .... 19 to 20 in.—*Harriers*	18	Mon. Thur.	A Committee	S. Brice	J. Broomfield	Mr. J. Scarlett's, Taunton

HARRIERS—ENGLAND, *continued.*

Name of Hunt, height and breed of hounds	Couples of Hounds	Hunting Days	Master	Huntsman	Whips	Kennels
TEESDALE — 18 in.—*Harriers*	12	Saturday	Mr. K. Hutchinson	John Whitfield	The Master; John Richardson	Egglestone, near Darlington
THANET — 20 in.—*Cross-bred*	20	T. F. / M. W. S.	Mr. Vincent Frishy	Mr. W. N. F. Parson	J. Garniss	Walters Hall, Monkton, Thanet
TODMORDEN — 21 in.—*Pure Harriers*	15	Mon. Wed. Sat.	Mr. John Greenwood	J. P. Davis	Smith Pearson	Holme, Stansfeld, Todmorden, Yorkshire
TRAFFORD — 18 in.—*Pure Harriers*	18	Tues. Fri.	Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Bart.	Charles Jones	Arthur Horton	Trafford Park, Manchester
TRELISSICK — 20 in.—*Harriers and Dwarf Foxhounds*	20	Mon. Fri.	Mr. H. Young Jamieson	The Master	Martin Kessell, *k.h.*	Trelissick, Truro, Cornwall
TYNE — $17\frac{1}{2}$ to $18\frac{1}{2}$ in.—*Cross-bred*	12	2 days a week	Col. J. C. Anderson	Arthur Graham, *k.h.*	Mr. M. H. Atkinson; One of the field	Jesmond House, near Newcastle-on-Tyne
V. C. H. — 19 in.—*Cross-bred*	15	Wed. Sat.	Major Birch	Charles Pierce	C. Pierce	Maes Elwy, St. Asaph
VALE OF LUNE — 19 in.—*Pure Harriers*	15	5 days a fortnight	Mr. T. G. Edmondson	William Rucastle	W. T. Rucastle	Low Bentham, near Lancaster
WAVENEY — 20 in.—*Cross-bred*	20	Mon. Thur.	Sir Savile B. Crossley, Bart.	The Master	Tom Bonsor, *k.h.*; Frank Drake	Somerleyton Hall, near Lowestoft, Suffolk
WELLS SUBSCRIPTION — 20 in.—*Harriers with cross of Fox*	12	Tues. Fri.	Mr. Hastings E. Hicks	Mr. G. Evans	....	Coxley, near Wells, Somerset
WEST STREET — 20 to 21 in.—*Foxhounds*	$23\frac{1}{2}$	Tues. Thur. Sat.	Earl Granville; Mr. M. B. Thompson, dep.	Mr. M. B. Thompson	Wm. Stockwell, *k.h.*; William Bury	Cold Blow, near Walmer, Kent
WEYMOUTH	$15\frac{1}{2}$	2 days a week	A Committee	Mr. Walter Morris	John Codesedge	Radipole, Weymouth, Dorset
WHITBY — 18 to 20 in.—*Harriers and Cross-bred*	12	Tues. Fri.	Mr. E. W. Chapman	William Carr	....	Poplar Row, Whitby, Yorkshire
WHITEHAVEN — 18 in.—*Pure Harriers*	13	5 days a fortnight	Mr. J. H. Mackenzie	W. Borthwick	....	Mirehouse, Hensingham, nr. Whitehaven
WILBRAHAM — 17 in.—*Harriers*	12	Mon. Fri.	Mr. Edward Hicks	Mr. Alfred Kent	....	Great Wilbraham, Cambridgeshire
WINCHESTER — $16\frac{1}{2}$ in.—*Harriers*	13	Mon. Thur	Mr. James Dear	The Master	Tom Wilding	Winchester, Hants

WIRRAL... 22 in.—*Foxhounds*	[illegible]	Wed. Sat.	Mr. J. Johnson Houghton	The Master	Robert [illegible] Charles Lawrence	[illegible] Neston, Chester
WOLVERTON'S, LORD........ 18 in.—*Harriers*	23	Various ..	Lord Wolverton ..	The Master .... .. J. Boreham, *k.h.*	F. Jeffries	Iwerne Minster, Shaftesbury, Blandford

SCOTLAND.

MIDDLETON'S, CAPTAIN .... 18 in.—*Cross-bred*	18	Mon. Fri.	Capt. J. A Middleton	The Master	J. Carnforth	Strathyrum, St. Andrews

IRELAND.

ALLENSTOWN .... 17 in.—*Pure Harriers*	20	Twice a week	Mr. John M. Purdon	The Master	John Gillegan	Cloneymore, Athboy, co. Meath
ANNAGHMORE .... 22 *in.*—*Cross-bred*	16	Tues. Fri.	Mr. C. W. O'Hara	Wm. M'Cullagh ..	Tom M'Keon .... Henry King	Annaghmore, Collooney, co. Sligo
BALLYCROSS .... 22 in.—*Cross-bred*	12	Mon. Thur.	Mr. Wm. H. Whitney	The Master	Pat Brady .... James Roach	Mount Pleasant, Killinick, co. Wexford
BROOKE'S, MR. .... 20 in.—*Foxhound Bitches*	17	Twice a week: no fixed days	Mr. George Brooke	The Master	Robert Allen, *k.h.*	Pickering, Celbridge, co. Kildare
COOPER CHADWICK'S, MR. .. 19 in.—*Harriers*	15	Tues. Fri.	Mr. R. Cooper Chadwick	The Master	Capt. C. Chadwick	Ballinard, Tipperary
CORK .... 21 in.—*Pure Harriers*	20	Tues. Fri.	A Committee	John Suter	One of the field ..	Spring Lane, Cork
DOWN, NORTH .... 20 in. to 22 in.—*Harriers*	20	Wed. Sat.	Mr. J. Blakiston Houston	Samuel Burges ..	Mr. J. D. Henry.. David Shields	Ballywilliam, Comber, co. Down
DUBLIN COUNTY............ 21 in.—*Bitches*	21	Tues. Fri.	Captain Steeds....	The Master	George Pratts, *k.h.* William Rogers	Clonsilla House, co. Dublin
FAITHLEGG .... 22 in.—*Harriers*	20	Mon. Thur.	Mr. P. Power	The Master	Phil Hanlon	Faithlegg, Waterford
FERMANAGH .... 20 in.—*Harrier and Foxhound cross*	12	Wed. Sat.	Mr. E. M. Archdale	The Master	Peter Murphy	Crieve, Ballinamallard
GLIN AND TARBERT .... 20 in.—*Chiefly Harriers*	9	Tues. Fri.	Major Kiggell	The Master	One of the field ..	Cahara, Glin, co. Limerick
GORTMORE .... *Cross-bred*	14	Tues. Fri.	Mr. John Sherlock	The Master	P. Ambrose	Kanturk, co. Cork
KILDARE .... 20 to 21 in.—*Principally Foxhounds*	15	Tues. Fri.	Mr. Thomas G. Waters	The Master	Mr W. L. Waters Mr. R. M'Kinnon Waters	Kilpatrick, Monasterevin, co. Kildare

HARRIERS—IRELAND, *continued.*

NAME OF HUNT, height and breed of hounds	COUPLES OF HOUNDS	HUNTING DAYS	MASTER	HUNTSMAN	WHIPS	KENNELS
KILLULTAGH AND OLD ROCK AND CHICHESTER 21 in.—*Foxhounds*	19½	Mon. Wed. Sat.	Mr. H. J. M'Cance	John Cook ……	John Painter ….	Lisburn, co. Antrim
KINSALE CLUB………… 16 in.—*Harriers*	10	Mon. Thur.	Mr. Richard Gillman	The Master ……	Dan Healy ……	Sandy Cove, Kinsale, co. Cork
LECALE………… 21 in.—*Foxhounds*	25	Mon. Thur.	Colonel Forde ….	Mr. T. Rudwick..	Joe Gallagher ….	Seaforde, co. Down
LONDONDERRY………… 20 in.—*Pure Harriers*	20	Mon. Thur. Sat.	Mr. Andrew A. Watt	Robert Bell ……	R. Bell ……….	Waterside Kennels, Londonderry
MALLOW ………… 20 in.—*Cross-bred*	14	Mon. Thur.[1]	Mr. Brooke R. Brasier	The Master ……	One of the field ..	Bally Ellis, Mallow, co. Cork
MONAGHAN ………… 18 in.—*Harriers*	20	Mon. Wed. Sat.	Lord Rossmore ..	Mr. Henry M'Elroy	P. Macguire…… J. Nolen	Brandrum, Monaghan
NEWBRIDGE………… 21 to 22 in.—*H. & F. Cross*	13½	Wed. Sat.	A Committee ….	Mr. C. C. Baker..	A. Hughes, *k.h.* ..	Newbridge, co. Kildare
NEWRY ………… 20 in.—*Cross-bred*	19	Mon. Fri.	Mr. Thos. D'Arcy Hoey	The Master ……	S. Thompson ….	Newry, co. Down
ROUTE ………… 16 to 17 in.—*Foxhounds*	15	Tues. Fri.	Capt. Montgomery	Patrick Hackett ..	………………	Ballymagarry Portrush, co. Antrim
SLIGO COUNTY………… 20 in.—*Harriers*	15	Mon. Thur.	Mr. Christopher L'Estrange	The Master ……	Thomas Connor ..	Oakfield, Sligo
STRABANE ………… 20 in.—*Harriers*	18	Wed. Sat.[2]	Mr. John Herdman	William Hackett..	………………	Carricklee, Strabane, co. Tyrone
TARA ………… 21 in.—*Foxhound Bitches*	22	2 days a week	Mr. G. Villiers Briscoe	The Master …… Tom Farrelly, *k.h.*	Patrick Bradley ..	Bellinter, Navan, Meath
THOMSON'S, MR.………… 18 in.	17	2 days a week	Mr. Henry Thomson, M.P.	The Master ……	Geo. Gordon, *k.h.* Joseph Patterson	Altnaveigh, Newry
TYNAN ………… 21 in.—*Foxhounds*	18	Mon. Thur.	Sir James Stronge	George M'Aree ..	………………	Fellows Hall, Tynan, co. Armagh
UPTON ………… 18 in.—*Cross-bred*	11	Mon. Thur.	Mr. Jas. H. Payne	The Maste ……	Charles Mahoney	Beechmount, Upton, co. Cork
WICKLOW COUNTY………… 20 in.—*Cross-bred*	20	Tues. Fri.	Mr. W. Comeford	George Shepherd..	Godfrey Shepherd	Glasnarget, Rathdrum, co Wicklow
16TH LANCERS………… 21 in.—*Foxhounds*	22	Tues. Fri.	Capt. Wyld ……	The Master ……	Julian Oswald …. F. Archdall, *k.h.*	Cavalry Barracks, Dundalk

BEAGLES.

ARMAGH HUNT CLUB ...... *Beagles*	15	Mon. Fri.	Mr. Jos. Atkinson, jun., J.P.	Tom Moore	....	Ardea, Loughgall, co. Armagh
BRONWYDD .... 15 in.—*Beagles*	12	Saturdays	Sir Marteine Lloyd, Bart.	The Master	George Davies, *k.h.*	Bronwydd, Llandyssil, S. Wales
CARMARTHEN .... 16 in.—*Beagles*	12	Mon. Thur.	Mr. W. F. D. Saunders	Geo. Williams	....	Glanrhwdw, Kidwelly, Carmarthenshire
CASTLECOR .... 15 in.—*Beagles*	13	Tues. Sat.	Mr. W. N. Barry	The Master	James M'Cauliffe Dan O'Donoghue	Castlecor, Kanturk, co. Cork
CAYNHAM .... 15 in.—*Beagles*	12	2 days a week	Sir W. M. Curtis, Bart.	The Master	Mr. W. H. H. Sitwell C. Packer, *k.h.*	Caynham Court, Ludlow, Salop
CHESTER .... 15½ in.	16	Tu. Fri. / We. Sat.	Mr. J. Tabley Pownell	Thomas Howarth	....	Lache Lane, Chester
CHRISTCHURCH, OXFORD .... 13 in.—*Beagles*	16	Tues. Fri.	Mr. R. W. Wms. Wynn	The Master	Mr. T. C. Toler .. Mr. W. M. Christy	Christ Church, Oxford
COCKERMOUTH .... 14 in.—*Beagles*	12	Tu. Thur. Saturday	Col. Green Thompson	Davidson Bell	....	Wellfield, Longcroft, Cockermouth
DARLINGTON .... 17 in.—*Beagle Harriers*	12	Saturday..	Mr. T. Watson ..	The Master	F. Bacon	Darlington
DUBOURG'S, MR. SEYMOUR.. 14 in.—*Pure Beagles*	12	Tues. Sat.	Mr. Seymour Dubourg	The Master	Frank Baker .... Mr. C. F. Dubourg Mr. Eustace Bovill	Cowshot Manor, Brookwood, Woking Station
HUNT'S, MR. .... 15 in.—*Beagles*	20	2 days a week	Mr. R. Hunt	The Master	George Tyler	Boreatton Hall, Shrewsbury
PEASE'S, MR. J. A. .... 15 in.—*Beagles*	14½	Saturday [3]	Mr. J. A. Pease ..	The Master	Mr. R. T. Wilson	Hutton Hall, Guisbro', Yorkshire
ROYAL ROCK .... 16 in.—*Pure Beagles*	18	Wed. Sat.	Mr. L. R. Stevenson Mr. J. W. Macfie, dep.	Charles Williams	Messrs. C. T. Dixon, W. E. Hall, J. M. Semple, J. Gould Smith	Higher Bebington, Birkenhead, Cheshire
TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE 16 in.—*Beagle Harriers*	25	Mon. Wed. Friday	Mr. E. A. Milne ..	The Master	W. H. Parker	Histon Road, Cambridge
WATTLEFIELD............	10½	Tues. Fri.	Mr. E. W. Routh-Clarke	W. Haughton	J. Watson........	Wattlefield Hall, Wymondham, Norfolk
WORCESTERSHIRE, NORTH .. 15 in.—*Beagles*	11	Wed. Sat.	Mr. E. H. Humphreys	The Master	One of the Committee	Bromsgrove, Worcestershire

[1] And occasionally a by-day. [2] And a by-day on Monday [3] And a by-day.

APPENDIX B.

NAMES OF HOUNDS.

DOGS.

Acheron
Actor
Adam
Adjutant
Æolus
Agarie
Alaric
Albany
Albion
Amelot
Amyas
Angelo
Antic
Antony
Aramis
Arbiter
Archer
Ardent
Arrogant
Artful
Astrophel
Athos
Atlas
Attila
Augur
Auster
Bachelor
Baffler
Barbarous
Bellamy
Bellman
Bluecap
Blueskin
Blunderbore
Blusterous
Boaster
Boisterous
Bonniface
Boreas
Borgia
Bouncer
Brilliant
Burgundy
Bustler
Cæsar
Caliban
Calidore
Camelot
Capital
Captain
Caradoc
Carver
Castor
Caterer
Cato
Caviller
Cephalus
Cerberus
Challenger
Champion
Charon
Chaser
Chatterer
Chieftain
Chiron
Chirper
Choleric
Chorister
Cicero
Claimant
Clamorous
Clasher
Claudian
Claudio
Claudius
Claverhouse
Clinker
Combatant
Comforter
Conqueror
Conrad
Coroner
Corydon
Counsellor
Countryman
Courtier
Crasher
Critical
Cruiser
Crusty
Currier
Cymbeline
Dædalus
Dandy
Dangerous
Dasher
Dashwood
Desperate
Dexterous
Disputant
Doncaster
Doncourt
Dragon
Dreadnought
Driver
Eager
Eagle
Earnest
Edgar
Editor
Elegant
Elia
Eminent
Emperor
Ennius
Enterprise
Envious
Escalus
Escobar
Etheling
Ethelred
Excellent
Fabius
Factious
Falkland
Falstaff
Fearnought
Ferryman
Fiddler
Firebrand
Fisherman
Flatterer
Florizel
Flourisher
Flyer
Foreman

DOGS—*continued.*

Forester
Frederick
Funnyman
Furio
Furrier
Gabriel
Galahad
Galaor
Galapas
Gallant
Galliard
Galloper
Gameboy
Gamely
Gamester
Ganem
Ganymede
Gareth
Gargery
Garrulous
Gaspar
Gatheral
General
Genius
Genseric
Gentleman
Geoffrey
Geryon
Glorious
Gobbo
Goblin
Goldy
Gondomar
Gorgibus
Gorlois
Governor
Gregory
Gremio
Grubbinol
Grumbo
Guardian
Guyon
Hadrian
Halliday
Hamlet
Hannibal
Harasser
Harbinger
Harlequin
Harold
Harpagon
Hathaway
Hatteraick
Havoc
Hazlewood
Headstrong
Hector
Heedful
Helicon
Hercules
Hereward
Hero
Heron
Hesiod
Hesperus
Hickory
Highflyer
Hobbema
Hobinol
Holiday
Honeyman
Honeywood
Horace
Hotspur
Hudibras
Huguenot
Hypocrite
Ibraham
Iliad
Imlac
Impetus
Incubus
Ingoldsby
Inkle
Irus
Isaac
Isenbras
Ishmael
Issachar
Ithocles
Janitor
Jason
Jericho
Jingle
Jollyboy
Jonathan
Jovial
Juba
Julian
Julio
Julius
Jumper
Juniper
Junius
Jupiter
Juvenal
Kaled
Kennedy
Kitely
Labdacus
Labourer
Ladon
Lælius
Lambro
Lammikin
Lance
Lancelot
Lara
Laurence
Lazarus
Leofric
Leoline
Leopold
Leveller
Liberal
Libertine
Lictor
Lightfoot
Lindor
Lion
Lionel
Listener
Littimer
Loafer
Loda
Lodowick
Lohengrin
Lorimer
Lovibond
Lounger
Lucifer
Lucio
Lucumo
Lunatic
Luria
Lusty
Maccabee
Madoc
Mahomet
Malakoff
Mameluke
Manager
Manciple
Manlius
Mannering
Manuel
Marcian
Marimin
Marinel
Marksman
Marmel
Marmion
Marplot
Martial
Marvellous
Matchem
Mazarin
Medler
Melchior
Melibee
Memnon
Menacer
Mentor
Mercury
Merlin
Merryboy
Merryman
Messmate
Methodist
Militant
Minikin
Minion
Mirabel
Miscreant
Mohican
Monarch
Monitor
Mortimer
Mulciber
Mungo
Mutinous
Myrmido

DOGS—*continued.*

Nadab
Nathan
Nautilus
Nibelung
Nicholas
Nickleby
Nimrod
Nobleman
Nobody
Norman
Norval
Oberon
Œdipus
Ogleby
Olave
Olifant
Oliver
Ollapod
Orator
Oregon
Orleans
Orlick
Orson
Osman
Osrick
Ossian
Otho
Ouragan
Overreach
Pæon
Pageant
Palamon
Palmerin
Pandarus
Paragon
Paramount
Paris
Partner
Pasquin
Patriot
Pelleas
Pellinore
Peregrine
Perfect
Pericles
Perigot
Perilous
Perion
Pertinent
Peterson
Petulant
Phaethon
Phalaris
Pharamond
Phœbus
Phormio
Phosphorus
Pilgrim
Pillager
Pilot
Pincher
Pindar
Piper
Pitiless
Plato
Plausible
Playful
Plunder
Pluto
Politic
Potentate
Potiphar
Prattler
Premier
President
Prettyman
Priam
Primate
Principal
Prodigal
Prodigy
Prompter
Prophet
Prospero
Prosperous
Prowler
Pyramus
Pythias
Quentin
Quixote
Rabelais
Racer
Racket
Rallywood
Rambler
Rampant
Random
Ranger
Ransack
Rantaway
Ranter
Raphael
Rasselas
Rattler
Ravager
Ravenous
Ravenshoe
Ravenswood
Ravisher
Reasoner
Rector
Regent
Regular
Remus
Resolute
Resonant
Restive
Reveller
Rifleman
Ringwood
Rioter
Risingham
Robin
Robinson
Roderick
Rodomont
Roland
Romeo
Romper
Romulus
Rouser
Rover
Ruffian
Ruffler
Rummager
Rupert
Rustic
Sampson
Sancho
Sapient
Saunterer
Scamperdale
Scamperer
Scanderbeg
Scaramouch
Scattercash
Scavenger
Schacabac
Scipio
Scrambler
Screamer
Scudamore
Scuffler
Seneca
Sentinel
Sesame
Sharper
Shifter
Silvio
Sindbad
Sintram
Sisyphus
Skirmisher
Slender
Smiler
Sociable
Socrates
Solomon
Solon
Songster
Sorcerer
Sosia
Spanker
Spartacus
Specimen
Speedwell
Splenetic
Spoiler
Spokesman
Sportsman
Statesman
Steady
Stephano
Stickler
Stormer
Strange
Striver
Stroller
Student
Subtle
Swaggerer
Sybaris

DOGS—*continued.*

Sylvan
Tacitus
Taillefer
Tammany
Tantalus
Tappertit
Tarquin
Tartar
Tasso
Tatler
Teaser
Telamon
Telephone
Telephus
Terence
Terror
Teucer
Thalaba
Thamyris
Theodore
Theseus
Thrasher
Thunderer
Thurio
Thyrsis
Tickler
Timon
Timothy
Tinto
Titus
Tityrus
Tomalin
Tomboy
Tony
Torment
Torquil
Torturer
Touchstone
Tozer
Tragic
Trajan
Trampler
Transport
Traveller
Trimbush
Trimmer
Tristram
Triumph
Trojan
Trouncer
Truant
Trueboy
Truelove
Trueman
Trulliber
Trusty
Tryamour
Trywell
Tubal
Turbulent
Tyrant
Uncas
Unicorn
Uriel
Urien
Uther
Vagabond
Vagrant
Vainlove
Valentine
Valiant
Valorous
Vanquisher
Vaulter
Vaunter
Venturer
Venturous
Vermin
Victor
Vigilant
Vigorous
Villager
Viper
Vortigern
Vulcan
Waldemar
Wamba
Wanderer
Warbler
Waring
Warrior
Waverley
Wayward
Wellbred
Wetheral
Whipster
Whitaker
Whiteboy
Whittington
Wildair
Wildboy
Wildman
Wilfred
Wilful
Winterton
Wisdom
Woodman
Worker
Workman
Worthy
Wrangler
Wrestler
Yarico
Yorick
Zabulon
Zachary
Zanga
Zophiel
Zosimus

BITCHES.

Abigal
Accurate
Actress
Adamant
Adelaide
Affable
Agatha
Airy
Alison
Amazon
Angela
Annabel
Artemis
Atropes
Barbara
Bashful
Beatrice
Beauty
Beldam
Bellicent
Bendemeer
Bertha
Blameless
Blanche
Bluebell
Bonnybell
Bonnylass
Bountiful
Bradamant
Busy
Buxom
Candour
Capable
Caramel
Careless
Carnage
Caroline
Catherine
Celia
Charity
Chatterbox
Chauntress
Cicely
Circe
Claribel
Clarinet
Clio
Comely
Comical
Concord
Corisande
Courtesy

BITCHES—*continued*

Crafty
Credulous
Cruelty
Curious
Cynthia
Dainty
Dairymaid
Daphne
Darling
Delia
Delicate
Destiny
Diamond
Dian
Dido
Diligent
Dimity
Doris
Duchess
Dulcimer
Dutiful
Easy
Echo
Ecstacy
Edith
Eglantine
Eleanor
Emily
Endless
Energy
Enid
Enmity
Equity
Etiquette
Fairmaid
Fairplay
Faithful
Fanciful
Fantasy
Fashion
Fatima
Favourite
Fearless
Festive
Fickle
Fidget
Fiery
Firefly
Flattery
Flighty
Flippant
Flora
Florence
Florida
Florimel
Flourish
Forcible
Frantic
Fretful
Friendly
Frisky
Frolic
Frolicsome
Funnylass
Furious
Fury
Gaiety
Gaily
Gamesome
Gaylass
Geraldine
Giddy
Gillian
Gluttony
Goneril
Gorgon
Gossamer
Governess
Graceful
Graceless
Gracious
Gratitude
Gravity
Gretchen
Grethel
Guinevere
Gwendoline
Hæmony
Handsome
Harmony
Hasty
Hazardous
Hebe
Hecate
Hecuba
Helena
Helinore
Heloise
Hemera
Hera
Hermia
Hero
Heroine
Hestia
Hilda
Honesty
Hoyden
Imogen
Impudent
Industry
Inez
Innocent
Iris
Isabel
Isidore
Isis
Isoline
Joceline
Jollity
Joyful
Joyous
Judith
Julia
Juliet
Juno
Kenna
Kestrel
Kitty
Lachesis
Lady
Ladylike
Lais
Lalage
Lamia
Languish
Lappet
Laura
Leda
Lelia
Lenity
Lesbia
Levity
Liberty
Lightning
Lightsome
Likely
Lilian
Lilith
Lisa
Lively
Livia
Lorna
Lotta
Lovely
Lucida
Lullaby
Lunacy
Lydia
Madcap
Madeline
Madelon
Madrigal
Mænad
Magdalen
Magic
Magical
Malaprop
Marcia
Margaret
Marian
Marjory
Mary
Matchless
Mattie
Mayflower
Meddlesome
Megra
Melody
Memory
Merrilies
Merriment
Merrylass
Mignon
Millamant
Miriam
Mischief
Modish
Monody
Music
Musical
Myria
Nancy

BITCHES—*continued*

Nelly
Nicety
Nimble
Niobe
Nipper
Norah
Norna
Nourmahal
Novelty
Oracle
Oread
Oriel
Overdone
Pamela
Partner
Passionate
Patience
Patty
Pattypan
Peggotty
Penitent
Perdita
Philomel
Phryne
Phyllida
Phyllis
Placid
Placida
Playful
Pleasant
Pliant
Portia
Positive
Prettylass
Priestess
Probity
Prophetess
Proserpine
Prudence
Psyche
Queenie
Quickly
Racket
Radigund
Rally
Rantipole
Rapid
Rapine
Rapture
Rarity
Rashness
Rattle
Regan
Resolute
Restless
Rhapsody
Rhodope
Riot
Rival
Roguish
Rosa
Rosabel
Rosalind
Rosamond
Rosemary
Ruby
Ruthless
Salamis
Sanguine
Sappho
Scylla
Selima
Semele
Sensitive
Silvia
Snowball
Songstress
Speedy
Spiteful
Spitfire
Sportive
Sprightly
Stately
Stella
Strenuous
Surety
Sybil
Sycorax
Symphony
Tannaquil
Tattle
Tamora
Telltale
Tempest
Tentative
Termagant
Terrible
Testy
Thankful
Thecla
Thisbe
Thoughtful
Tiffany
Topsy
Tractable
Tragedy
Trespass
Trifle
Trivia
Troublesome
Truelass
Truemaid
Trulla
Tunable
Tuneful
Una
Ursa
Ursula
Utha
Vanda
Vehement
Vengeance
Vengeful
Venomous
Venturesome
Venus
Verity
Vicious
Victory
Vigilance
Viola
Violent
Violet
Violin
Viperus
Virulent
Vivian
Vivid
Vixen
Vocal
Volatile
Voluble
Waggery
Wagtail
Wanton
Warlike
Waspish
Wasteful
Watchful
Welcome
Whimsey
Whimsical
Whirligig
Wildfire
Willing
Winifred
Winipeg
Wishful
Wonderful
Worry
Wrathful
Zamora
Zara
Zetica
Zillah

APPENDIX C.

HUNTING TERMS.

BABBLER: a noisy hound, one given to *babbling*, or flinging its tongue without cause.

BAY: the second point, counting from the skull, on the main stem of the stag's antler.

BEAM: the stem of the antler.

BILLET: the dung of the fox.

BLANCHED: a stag when turned, or headed from its line is said to have been *blanched*, but the term is rarely heard now-a-days.

BLANK: void, empty; a *blank* day, to draw a cover *blank*.

BROCKET: the male of the red deer up to three years old.

BROW: the first point of the antler, springing from the beam close to the skull.

BRUSH: the tail of the fox.

BULLFINCH: a high and hairy hedge, impossible to get over and difficult to get through, whence perhaps the name, as of a fence impervious to a bullfinch, or any other bird. It might, however, be a corruption of 'bull fence,' a fence to keep the cattle in their pastures, as it is most common in the grazing countries. It has a ditch on one side or other, sometimes on both, and altogether is a disagreeable obstacle.

BURROW: the underground home of the rabbit.

BURST: the first and, generally, the fastest part of the run, when fox, hound, horse, and man are at their freshest.

CALF: the young of the red deer whether male or female.

CARRY: to *carry a good head* is said of a pack of hounds all pressing and crowding to a hot scent.

CAST: the spreading of the hounds in search of a lost scent, either a natural movement or promoted by the huntsman; also used as a verb, to *cast*.

CHALLENGE: the hound which first speaks to the scent in cover is said to *challenge.*

CHECK: a stoppage in the run owing to the temporary loss of the scent; also used as a verb, to *check.*

CHOPPED: a fox killed before he has had time to break cover is said to have been *chopped.*

COCKTAIL: any horse not thorough-bred.

COUCH: the kennel, or lodging, of the otter.

COUNTER: hounds are *running counter* when they are hunting the scent the reverse way, i.e. away from the game.

CROCKETS: an old-fashioned phrase for the upright or top points of a stag's antler.

CROP: a hunting-whip.

CROPPER: a bad fall; the words *crumpler* and *crowner* are also used in the same significance, the latter generally with the addition of the epithet *imperial.*

CUB: the young of the fox.

DOE: the female of the fallow-deer, hare, or rabbit.

DOUBLE: a fox or hare *doubles* when it turns short back on its line.

DRAG: the scent left by the fox returning home from his midnight prowlings. Also a fictitious scent produced by trailing or *dragging* along the ground a rabbit-skin, wisp of straw, piece of rag, or any receptive substance soaked in aniseed. *Drag hounds* is the term applied to a pack (generally a very scratch one) kept particularly for this sort of chase, which is at least as good a *sport* as hunting the carted deer, and for the most part much better fun.

DRAW: used of the hounds ranging for their game.

EARTH: the underground home or burrow of the fox.

EARTH-STOPPER: the man whose business it is to see that all the neighbouring earths are duly stopped on hunting-days. This must be done overnight, when the foxes are abroad after their food.

FEATHER: when a hound has a fancy that he scents his game, but is not yet quite certain enough to give tongue or speak to it, his stern will be observed to be violently agitated: this is called '*feathering* on the scent.'

FEUMENT, or FEUMISHING: the dung of the deer.

FOIL: an animal *runs its foils* when it returns on its own tracks.

FORM: the seat, or kennel, of the hare.

FULL-CRY: originally used of the chorus of tongues when all the pack acknowledge a burning scent; but the phrase now is generally taken to mean that period of the chase when the hounds are fairly settled on the line, and all, hunted and hunters, are doing their best—a period when hounds are as a rule going too fast to have much wind to spare for any musical performances.

HARBOURER: the man whose business it is to mark down for the huntsman the covert where a warrantable stag is lodged, or *harboured.*

HARK-FORWARD: the huntsman's cheer to his hounds to encourage them on the scent.

HEADED: used of the fox and hare, as *blanched* of the deer.

HEEL: see *Counter* and *Foil.*

HIND: the female of the red deer.

HOLT: see *Couch.*

HOVER: same as *Holt.*

JACK-HARE: a male hare.

JUMPING-POWDER: a facetious name for any stimulant taken to cheer a fainting heart, on the old principle of keepin spirits up by pouring spirits down.

KENNEL: the lair of the fox either above or below ground.

LATCHFORDS: a name applied to the spurs from a celebrated maker of those useful implements.

LEVERET: the young of the hare up to a year old.

LIFT: to take the hounds from the point where they have lost the scent quickly forward without waiting to cast on the chance of hitting it off again. A hazardous game to play, but sometimes very effective with a clever huntsman on bad scenting days.

MASK: the head of the fox.

MORT: the note blown on the horn at the death of the deer.

OXER: a diabolical sort of fence peculiar to the grazing countries, and named from its being designed to keep the cattle in their pastures. It consists of a tolerably high and strong hedge with a rail on one side, perhaps on both, standing out just far enough in the field to turn a horse neatly over after he has cleared the hedge, and a ditch *somewhere.*

PAD: the foot of the fox.

PATE: the head of the fox.

PEARLS: the rough circular bases of the stag's horns.

RIGHTS: a stag is said to have his *rights* when his antlers show the full number of points, 'brow, bay, and tray, and three on top.'

RIOT: when fox-hounds hunt any scent but that of the fox they are said to be *running riot.*

RUNNABLE: a deer fit to be hunted; in the case of the stag, this is at five years, when the antler shows not less than two points on top, though sometimes, when stags are scarce, they are hunted at four; hinds have of late years increased so greatly on Exmoor that they are now hunted as soon as they are strong enough to run before the hounds.

SCORING: hounds are said to be *scoring to cry* when the scent is very hot and every hound in the pack is speaking to it.

SCUT: the tail of the hare or rabbit.

SEAL: the foot-marks of the otter.

SINGLE: the tail of the deer.

SKIRTER: a hound that runs wide of the pack, 'playing his own hand,' so to speak.

SLOT: the foot-mark of the deer.

SO-HO: the cry raised when a hare is viewed (probably a corruption of 'See, ho!')

SOIL: a hunted deer is said to *take soil* when it takes to the water.

SPRAINT: the dung of the otter.

STAGGART: a male deer at four years old.

STERN: the tail of the hound.

TINE: the point, or branch, on the stag's antler.

TRAY: the third point on the antler.

TALLY-HO: the cheer announcing that the fox is viewed.

TUFTER: the hound sent into cover to find and drive the deer out; two or three couple of the oldest and wisest in the pack are used for this purpose.

VENT: to breathe, used of the otter; the bubbles of air floating on the surface of the water, which indicate his course below, are called his *ventings.*

VIXEN: the female of the fox.

WARRANTABLE: see *Runnable.*

WHELP: a hound puppy at a very tender age.

WHO-HOOP: the cheer announcing the death of the fox.

WHIPPER-IN: the huntsman's subaltern, so called from one of his many offices being to impress upon the hounds the necessity of strict obedience to rules, an impression which has sometimes to be made with the whip.

APPENDIX D.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF HUNTING AND HUNTERS.[1]

Art de Venerie le quel Maistre Guillaume Twici venour le Roy d'Angleterre fist en son temps per Aprandre autres. This is the manuscript mentioned by Strutt in his *Sports and Pastimes* as the earliest known to exist on the subject. The King of England was Edward II., so the manuscript must have been written between 1307 and 1327. See Chap. I.

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The Art of Hunting, by W. T., huntsman to King Edward II. With preface, translation, notes, and illustrations, by H. Dryden. Daventry. Privately printed, 1843, 4to.

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The Treatises of Hawking, Hunting, Coat-armour, Fishing, and Blasing of Arms. Edited by Joseph Haslewood, printed by Wynkyn de Worde. Westminster, 1486, fol. Another edition of the above.

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[1] Merely technical books, or books which have no special reference, among other things, to hunting in any of its branches, are not included in this catalogue: e.g. general books on the horse, or horsemanship. The date given is always, where possible, that of the first edition.



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Cavallarie; concerning Horses and Horsemanship, as much as is necessary for any man to understand, whether he be horse-breeder, horse-ryder, horse-hunter, horse-runner, horse-ambler, horse-farrier, horse-keeper, coachman, smith, or sadler. Together with the discovery of the subtil trade or mystery of horse-coursers, and an explanation of the excellency of a horse's understanding; or how to teach them to do tricks like Barkes his Curtall: and that horses may be made to draw dry foot like a hound. Secrets before unpublished, and nowe carefully set downe, for the profit of this whole nation; by Gervase Markham, London, 1617, 4to.

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